STORAGE-ITEM
MAIN

LP9-Q23A
U.B.C. LIBRARY

A. Clyne Advocate

1848

Anne Mennie

THE

# CALEDONIAN ITINERARY;

OR,

## A TOUR

## On the Banks of the Dee:

## *A POEM,*

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

---

Qui cupit optatum cursu contigere m metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer.....HOR.

Je n'ai jamis eu grande foi aux corrections; la plupart ne sont que des fautes nouvelles: lorsque n'est plus dans la chaleur des premiers idees, on ne prut trop se defier des secondes.....CREBILLON.

---

*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

BY ALEXANDER LAING, ABERDEEN.

VOLUME I.

Aberdeen:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1819.

*PRICE SEVEN SHILLINGS IN BOARDS.*

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of British Columbia Library

http://www.archive.org/details/caledonianitiner00lain

Anne Menne

*DEDICATED,*

WITH PERMISSION,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

*JAMES EARL OF FIFE,*

VISCOUNT MACDUFF, BARON BRACO, AND LORD LIEUTENANT OF BANFFSHIRE,

By his Lordship's

Most humble,

Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

ALEX. LAING.

Clare & Bleasdale

THE

# CALEDONIAN *ITINERARY.*

A lovelier Stream than Dee, Phœbus sees
Not in his wide career; for all that life
Can ask; salubrious; mild. The Hills are
Green with Birch, or covered o'er with Shrubs, or
Blooming Heath; the Groves are spacious; the
Prospects fair; the Meadows fertile; and,
To crown the whole in one delightful word,
It is our Home and darling Native Soil.

O! Come Calliope;* haste, fair maid, and bring,
Balsamic drops from the Parnassian spring.
Haste, strike the lyre, and touch the vocal shell,
Thy notes more charming than sweet Philomel.



* Calliope, the first of the nine Virgins, called the Muses, daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, or Memory. Calliope by her sweetness of voice and rhetoric, was the most excellent of the nine.

Thy lyre will aid me, and inspire my song;
And raise my mind above the vulgar throng,
To sing of Heroes, and their matchless deeds;
Of camps, dire wars, sweet groves, and fragrant shades.
The morning herald bids me touch the string,
And to thy altar my weak tribute bring.
Awake sweet natives of the verdant spray;
Awake, and hail Aurora's morning ray.
Ye Sylphs, and Syrens, that frequent the grove;
Attune your shells; no more in frolics rove.
See the sweet heralds leave the dewy lawn,
And hail with music the returning dawn:
Their songs responsive bid all nature rise,
And pay to Allah, matin sacrifice.
While fair Aurora sparkles on her throne,
Ere Phaeton's coursers climb the Horizon:
And binds his cincture round the heavenly sphere,
Replete with gold, illumes with day, earth, air.
Won by Aurora, and the dew ting'd fields,
And scented flow'rs which balmy odour yields;
I strike the lyre, my seat a verdant shade,
And warblers harping, hover o'er my head.
The primrose cups are op'ning to the view;
Each flow'r o'erhung with tears of morning dew.

Mellona's offspring, with the Zephyrs rove,
And cull Ambrosia from the blooming grove.
Sip nectar'd store from Jove's high courts distill'd,
On springing flow'rs that deck the verdant field.
With small proboscis, drain the honey'd prize;
To Hybla's altars bring the sacrifice.
The silver tide reflects the morning ray,
Where speckl'd fishes in the current play.
Each brook serpentine play'd among the trees;
Sung bubbling anthems with the Zephyr'd breeze.
Thro' verdant groves Favonius sings his theme;
And mimic echo answers back the same.
The plumy choir rehearse their tales of love;
Reverberating thro' the leafy grove.
The timid fawn in youthful gambol plays;
And lambkins sport across the flow'ry leas.
On rosy thorn the linnets warbling sing,
And crested lapwings sport on various wing.
A thousand beauties rise to charm the eye,
But bloom unheeded, and unpitied die.
Fair Marian sings, while tending her young store;
Or culls sweet bouquets from the flow'ry shore.
Such charming scenes shall now employ my pen,
Calliope, then deign to aid the strain.

Dee's rising spring,* and silver waves pursue;
Betulian groves, and hills cloud-cap'd with blue.
In Sylvan temple the bright font is found,
In argent mantle bursting from the ground.
Ten thousand minstrels on the branches sing,
Or in the fluid dip their plumy wing.

---

* The river Dee rises in the western extremity of Aberdeenshire, in the Caledonian Forest, 97 miles from Aberdeen. The mountain from whence the Spring issues, bore the name of "Caibh con Dhee," *i. e.* the Cap or Head of Dee. It now bears the name of "Cairntoul." This hill separates the Vacomagii, *i.e.* Lochaber and Badenoch, a Country abounding with Granite, Limestone, and Marble, equal in lustre to the Parian Marble. Phoroton, *i.e.* Moray, Taiazli, *i.e.* Buchan and Formartin, and Vermicenii, *i.e.* Kincardine and Angus. Caledonii, formerly Caeldoch, *i.e.* Mar, Caeldoch from Caelna Choil, (Wood) and Dun, a Hill, *i. e.* Caledon or Wooded Hill. The Caledonian Forest, formerly reached from Stirling to Lochaber.—[*Statistical History of Scotland.*

The pleasant Scenery of the Caledonian tract has been long celebrated in rural Song. They are indeed extravagantly wild, and charming. Here a luxuriant field of waving green, the Hope, and Joy. of the Husbandman.

The balmy cup freed from th' enclosing earth,
Collects new charms, and to fresh charms gives
birth.
On every side the lofty mountains rise,
Their tufted summits hid in vaulted skies;
With foliage glancing in the noontide sun.



---

There the mountains hoary-browed overhanging the dale, shagged with parched timber, the remains of conflagrations in the forest. On one hand, a Hamlet amidst blooming trees, the cheerful Cottagers attending their flocks and herds on the tow'ring cliffs, whose projecting summits, covered with majestic pine, vie which shall cause most admiration. The Dee now seen in an opening, gently gliding among rows of verdant willow, softens the scene, and reflects the majestic landscape: at a short distance, an impetuous torrent presents itself, dashing in foam and noise down immense precipices, and forcing its way through rocky channels. These noble prospects in alternate succession, yield entertainment all the way through the spacious forest of Mar.

The Celtic tongue, mixed with the Saxon and low German, is used here. Of its first inhabitants, History gives little or no information; they are said to have been emigrants from Scythia, on the borders of the Euxine or Black Sea.

The Grouse are seen, Eagle and Ptarmigan;
The Hart, Hind, Roebuck, here in herds appear.
Crop the green herbs, and quaff the current clear;
Each side displays sweet flowers and meadows green,
Where shades of birch and yellow corn are seen.

---

"Diodorus, Pliny, and Strabo, say, that the Scythian and Tyrian emigrants, under the command of an errant Monarch, sailed from Scythia, in quest of some new territory; they landed on the western shores, which they named Britain, on their landing, from Britannus, the name of their leader. Sir Isaac Newton fixes the æra of their landing, eight hundred and eighty-three years before Christ. And twenty-one years after the burning of Troy."—[*Sir William Jones's Asiatic Poems, vol.* 2.

Buchanan, and other writers, derive the word Britain, from the American Brit, or Brith, to paint or dye, from the custom of staining their bodies with the juice of certain herbs, in various forms; as Cloathing was worn by none but their Chiefs. They roamed through the woods uncontrolled, as their subsistence depended entirely on game, wild fruits, roots, and herbs. Their drink was a pleasant liquor, extracted from the full blossomed heath, and from that called heath-ro-mead. As they lived on what

Meandring rills roll on, the Dee to meet,
And pour their treasure at their Mistress' feet.
The Nereids wanton on the silver tide,
Now slow, now courant the sweet graces glide;
The plumy choirists warble Hymns of joy;
And Hybla's Virgins diurnal hours employ.

---

they caught in the chace, they displayed great dexterity; being neither rendered imbecile by voluptuous luxury, nor by profligacy, the reigning vices of our modern Beaumonde. They felt no restriction from Clerical laws, living under the Polygamic age, each man having ten or twelve wives at his command. Their arrows were pointed with beautiful triangular cut flints, which shew that even the uncivilized natives understood the lapidarian art.—Architecture was unknown among them, until initiated by some German emigrants, who taught them to make burrows or subterranean caves, rendered warm and secure by art; they were from five to seven feet broad in the internal parts, but contracting gradually towards the entrance, securely lined with rough peebles, piled stratum above stratum, and covered with flat stones. At the centre, stood a barrier of mud, or large flat stone, and over that, an aperture for the admission of light and evaporating smoke. What remains are found of those caverns, are

Malvina sings, Hail fair meand'ring stream,
On thy green verge young Colin breath'd his flame.
Hail chrystal Dee, thy varied scenes are dear
To me, thy Naiads and thy Mirrors clear,
When falling gently thro' Betulian shades;

---

now known by the name of Earth-houses.—[*Hall's Encyclopædia, vol.* 1.

Statoricus was the first King elected by the Caledonians, before Christ, 635 years. When the Romans landed, they found them a warlike people, under regal authority.

As to their clothing, the tinge or dye sufficed, until introduced by the Scandinavians. The first garment that appeared, was a loose robe, reaching to their ancles, fastened by a cincture round their loins, plain or ornamented, according to their tribes. They were of a robust gigantic stature, of a swarthy complexion, and carried staves six feet in length. This with their corporal form gradually decayed by inter-marriage

No jarring discords, or religious broils, disturbed their felicity. As the Zabianistic religion was then prevalent, "They believed the world to be eternal, and governed by an eternal mind, whom they worshipped under the symbol of Fire. They paid a proportional reverence to the

Or dashing foamy down the deep cascades.
Thy falling notes are music to my ear.
The verdant lawns where Flora's babes appear.
Ye birds bear witness, and ye streams that flow;
Ye balmy shrubs, that on each margin grow.
Sweet are the scenes, the herbs all wet with dew;

---

Sun, its apparent source; to the Moon, and Stars. In consequence of these principles, they invented significant rites, and pious practices, expressive of their veneration; and calculated, as they thought, to obtain the favour of these inferior rulers of the universe. This system, we find, was precisely the religion of the ancient Chaldeans, and this the Oriental Sages called the primary and most ancient Religion in the world.

In this, they say, the most literate of the Rabbim was Abraham, who was educated in this religion among the Chaldees, his countrymen. And this was the foundation of the religion practised by the Hindostan Magii, and the Priests of the Assyrian, Median, and Persian Empires.—Worshipping of Fire is of great antiquity, as we find it mentioned by the Hagiographers—Job i. 15. and Joshua xxiv. 2. It was called Hellenism. Terah the father of Abraham, was brought up in this system."—[*The Loves of Othniel, and Achsah, vol.* 1 *and* 2.

And landscapes rising in perspective view.
Each verge displays rich vales and meadows green,
Adorn'd with herds and Ceres' gifts between.
Wash'd by clear currents that meand'ring play,
Where Nereids wanton in the noontide ray.
Malvina sings of Caledonia's sons,

---

The Bull was worshipped after the abolition of Hellenism, and continued until the Grecians extirpated the Druids from Anglesey and Man, who fled to Scotland as their last refuge. The Greeks sailed from Javan or Greece, called Javan, from Juvan or Javan, the son of Verkoli, or rather Markoli, a native of the city of Zaittuna, in Attica. Javan was the first inventor of Astronomy.—[*Ibid.*

The DRUIDS were the immediate descendants of the Bramins, who emigrated from Tibet to Tartary, and there uniting with the Celto Scythians, introduced the Bramin religion, which, mingling with the tenets of the Celto Scythians, soon spread over Europe.—[*Grant's History of Moray.*

Their antiquity was esteemed equal to the Persian Magii, and the Babyloni-h Chaldee, and the only descendants of the Bramins of India. And whoever considers the surprising conformity of their doctrine, will find suffi-

Who beat the Romans, Danes, and Saxon Huns.
The Celtic clans pursu'd their foes afar,
And crown'd with laurels, left the field of war.
Then rous'd the Hind, young Fawn, and nimble Roe;
On rugged cliffs, crown'd with eternal snow.

---

cient reason to think, that the Druids and Bramins were the only descendants of Noah. They chose for their abode, and for the scenes of their religious solemnities, the deep recesses of the thickest forests, where they cultivated with the utmost care the Oak; around which was entwined the Misletoe, to which they attributed a mysterious power.—They commemorated in verses, which they learned to to repeat, "the mysteries of their religion, and perhaps the annals of their country. The reason of their chusing Groves for their worship, arose from an idea, that the souls of their friends hovered in the woods and tombs, and places they had frequented when in the world; and from this sprung up the veneration for the Groves, as it was usual to invoke the shades of those they believed haunted them; and there besought them by votive oblations and sacrifices, that they would vouchsafe to watch over their flocks and herds."—[*Heron's History of Scotland.—Banier's Mythology, vol.* 2.

Then chac'd their prey o'er rocks and trackless hills,
And quench'd their thirst from the chrystaline rills.
Ere pride sprung from the Pandemonian shore,
And luxury the strength of Caledonia tore;

---

From their veneration of the Groves, and their adoration bestowed on the Oak, they obtained the name of Druids, as Δρυς, signifies an Oak in the Greek; Deru, in the Armorican; Dera, in the Saxon; and Saron, in the Phœnician. Under the venerated Oak, the Druids performed their adoration, and religious ceremonies.

"Though the reason of such prepossession in favour of the towering Monarch of the British plains, is now registered in the archives of oblivion; yet it is remarkable, that the ancient rustic natives of Britain should adore the Oak, as the sacred productions of the earth; which the more refined natives of this island revere as their national bulwark on the main."—[*British Topography, part 5th, Wiltshire.*

"The Groves and Forests were searched with great scrutiny, for the tree of the Gods, *i.e.* The Oak, and when they found a tree with Misletoe upon it, they shouted for joy; as they accounted it a sure sign, the Gods had

No more our sons can bear the ponderous mail;
With their own weight their pigmy bodies fail.

C

---

marked that tree for the exercise of their religion.—*Maitland.*

Their altars were covered with the boughs of Oak, before which they performed their adoration, exulting at the happy discovery, as they esteemed the Oak, as the emblem; or rather the residence of their Sylvan God Hesus.—[*Hall's Encyclopædia, vol.* 1.

The oblation ended, their Primate, *i. e.* the High Priest, ascended the sacred tree, clothed in an Alb; and when he had selected a proper branch, it was cut down with an instrument called a Celt, reserved for such occasions. The branch was carefuly wrapped up in his Alb, and he descended amidst the joyous acclamations of an enraptured multitude, who then deemed it the happy omen of a prosperous year.

All that were concerned in the oblation, and even the Laii, were decorated with garlands of Oak leaves.—"The Misletoe, which nature had taught to embrace and grow on the towering Oak, came in for a share of their veneration, as they deemed it the peculiar gift of the Deity, and held its virtues universal in Medicine." Diana; and in *Topography, part 5th, Wiltshire.*

Debility treads Caledonia's isles;
And pride with gins our innocence beguiles.

---

They prepared their sacrifices under this sacred Oak, which consisted of Bipeds and Quadrupeds, at their celebration of the New Year; when Luna was six days old, their New Year commenced. At this festival, they brought two white Bulls, whose horns then, and not before, were encircled with twigs of Oak; for in most of their ceremonies they took occasion to use some members of the majestic Monarch of the Grove.—[*Maitland's History of Scotland.*

Their Biped, as they called them, or Human Sacrifices, were offered to their God Thautis, or Theautis. "As they held, that the life of man, either in danger of death by war, or severe sickness, could not be secured, unless another suffered in his stead; therefore on such, and on many other occasions, the Biped or Human Sacrifices were offered, which they thought would be highly acceptable to Theautis; for this end, their selected victims were Murderers, Thieves, Robbers, and other Malefactors; but for want of those, innocent victims composed the "[illegible]." After an oration to Hesus, they formed a scrutiny, for[illegible]ker twigs, wove in the manner of a basket, when they fou[illegible]lled with their victims, and after a solemn for joy; as

On hills and dales, encampments meet our view,
Where Rome resolved Britannia to subdue,



---

hymn, it was set on fire; and thus, the objects ended their life in the devouring element.—[*Voltaire's Philosophy of History.—Maitland.*

All their religious tenets which they taught the people, teemed with the grossest superstitions. The first part they had in common with the Persian Magii, who taught that pleasure was the only moving spring of man's heart; the other parts of their religion were compounded of the Scythian Gaelic, Celto-Scythian, Phœnician, and Celtic Systems.

Their principal Deities were Mercury, Jupiter, Apollo, Hesus, Mars, Theautis, and others of a subordinate Class; after the descent of the Romans, they added Hercules, Minerva, Venus, Andates, their Goddess of Victory, and Diana, Goddess of Hunting, the favourite exercise of the age. Diana it seems came in for a large share of their veneration, as the temples and images reared to her honour in most Countries evince. In Ephesus, her grand temple was adorned with gold, silver, and gems. When digging to fix the foundation stone of the magnificent fabric of St. Paul's on the verge of the Thames, there was discovered the vestage of a temple of Diana; and in

And bind the natives in their galling chains;
Then they'd exult and triumph at their pains.

---

1602, while ploughing a field in Monmouthshire, there was turned up an image of Diana; and one of her grand temples stood in the Caledonian Forest, which gave rise to the appellation of the Caledonian Queen. She was called Diana on earth, where she was worshipped; Luna and Astarte in Heaven; and in Hell, she was called Hecate.—[*British Topography, part 5th, Wiltshire.*

"Their religion could not refine their moral sentiments, or correct their customs; but, it gave by its influence a powerful sanction to those principles, which were prevalent, and to the sentiments that were admired among them; for their Priests aided by fancied divinities, and armed with the terrors of futurity, had acquired an authority far superior to that of the Chiefs."—[*History of Scotland and England, vol.* 1.

"The Sun, Moon, and the Stars, were the objects of their rude Sciences; and possibly came in for a share of their worship, along with their supernumerary Deities, whom they fancied to preside over the order of nature.—They were divided into three classes, each class distinguished by its office, as Druids, Bards, and Eubates." *British Topography, part 5th.*

But as true Patriots with their noble blood,
They paid her ransom, and Rome's hosts subdu'd.

c 3

---

The first class called Druids, were the Ecclesiastics, and selected the Groves for their Sacerdotal rites, where they reared their fanes; the Vestiges of many of them are seen in the circles of upright stones, so frequently to be met with on the Plains of Scotia.

"These circles of stones stand in a vertical position, and at equal distances; but the areas, and number of stones, vary according to circumstances.

"Near to these circular temples was generally erected, a Mound of Earth and Stones, called by them Gorseddaie, *i.e.* Seat of Justice, from which issued their Sentences and Ex-communications, from the mouth of the Arch-Druid.

"The largest temple found on the British plain is at Stonehenge, said to have been reared in 493, by Aurdius. Within, or beside some of these circles are to be seen, two stones, the one so artfully poised upon the other, that the slightest effort would have moved it from side to side, though the combined force of many was not able to overturn it from its place. This artfully fixing the stone, joined to a pretended intercourse with the Gods, never failed of attracting reverence from the ignorant Laii, who

With final breath enjoin'd their sons to tread,
Firm in their path, and crush Rome's hydra head.

---

were persuaded that nothing less than a supernatural power, was sufficient to make such astonishing predictions.

"As the Priests boasted of their great skill in magic, and could foretell the times, quantities and duration of eclipses; by this, they impressed on the ignorant multitude, that they were possessed of a supernatural power, and could so easily command the intervention of those Deities whom they adored.

"This command and veneration, when placed in the hands of interested imposture, superstition is easily moulded into a system. Their exemption from taxes, and their security from military services; their wealth, honour, and power, induced the lower order to enter into their communications, and embrace their religion."—*British Topography, part 5th.*

On viewing ancient History, and considering the ancient Theocracy, we find, that after the Greeks had taken their final departure from Gaul, the Druids again resumed their government.—[*Voltaire's History of Philosophy.*

"They taught the Metempsichosis, of the immortality

The valiant clans t' avenge their slaughter'd sires,
With bosoms warm'd with patriotic fires,

---

and transmigration of the soul; which penetrated into these Northern regions. The Celts looked upon it as an unquestionable fact, that they should transmigrate into other bodies; but, if they had subjoined along with this Metempsichosis, the doctrine of prohibiting the eating of flesh, they would not have been obeyed."—[*Ibid.*

One of their greatest principles in establishing their authority, was the immortality of the soul, which they taught in common; they taught that the vital and sentient part of man, surviving the supposition of the body, passed through various stiles of honour or ignominy, of happiness or misery, according to its moral merits or demerits.

They mentioned in their songs, that the souls were at death invested in a light ærial vehicle, and passed into the ærial empyreum, and hall of mist and clouds.

There they enjoyed in some respects, happiness and power, more than human; yet were otherwise in conditions, in which they might envy the strength, the valour, the glory, and the felicity of the yet mortal heroes.

These inhabitants of the clouds, were still tenderly interested in the fortunes of posterity, and surrounding friends; they still retained their wonted resentment against

Drew the firm cord, and bent the pliant yew ;
And did the Romans, Saxons, Picts, subdue :

---

their ancient enemies, and were ever ready to pursue them with deads of hatred: such were the prevalent ideas in the days of Ossian.

The ceremonies of Sepulture used among them were simple, as were their ideas of futurity, and ætherial existence; their graves were dug in the mountains, and in the valleys, as churches and church-yards were only the fruits of christianity. St. Augustine, in the year 798, earnestly petitioned Pope Adrian I. for the privilege of church-yards, which his holiness granted. The Druidical Sepulchre, consisted of six oblong stones; of these, one was laid in the bottom under the corpse, one on each side, and one at the head and foot; this being done, the body, with some weapons and trinkets used by the deceased, were deposited; after some ceremonies performed by a Druid, the whole was covered by another large stone, and the chasm filled with earth and stones. A rude pillar of stone might sometimes be fixed, to distinguish the tomb of an eminent chief; and piled earth, or several large stones, to protect the grave.

Those miscreants who suffered a violent death, had to perpetuate their infamy, by a heap of stones, thrown

Expell'd the legions from the Scottish shore ;
And bade them visit Caledon no more.

---

loosely on their carcases: this the Hebrews practised in the same manner—"And when they had stoned Achan, the accursed of the Lord; they piled over him a heap of stones."—Joshua, vii. 25. 26.

We are unacquainted, and remain ignorant of the Caledonian ceremonies, upon the introduction of infancy into social life.

The second class were called BARDS, or composers of Verse; who compiled and delivered all the mysteries and ceremonies, in verse, composed for that purpose: it being one of their maxims, not to suffer any of their religious writings to become public, made their system appear the more mysterious; as being unknown to any but themselves.

"Little as the ancient Caledonian natives were acquainted with the physical phænomena of nature, without settled principles of morality, without established polity, and subject to a religion, of which, the direct tendency was, to stamp yet deeper the impression of their native barbarism; yet they had learned to practise in its purest perfections, the noblest of the fine arts: they soothed their distresses, they animated their courage, they che-

Thus Caledonians gain'd our long lost fields,
And in their halls they rais'd the feast of shields.

---

rished their tender affections, they preserved the memory of departed Heroes;" and they fired the breasts of the masculine youth with a patriotic ardor, to emulate the actions of their progenitors, by the fascinating chords, and harmonious magic of vocal music. The enchanting and enlivening measures of their verses never failed to captivate the heart. Without a flattering national partiality, the Caledonian songs are sweet, and each stanza mixed with a harmonious wildness, most descriptive of nature in its real state; a beauty unknown in other nations.—[*History of Scotland and England, vol.* 1.

Their youth were early sent under the tuition of the Bards, and soon imbibed the magical and secret doctrines; and more mysterious rites of their religion, conveyed in songs commemorative of public events, and the feats of other times.

"The Bards sung in recitative measure, the praise of great men. They originally were disciples of the Druids, and had their minds opened, and their ideas enlarged, by their being initiated in the learning of that celebrated order; their office in time became hereditary, and Bards were kept in every family of distinction.

Then on the hills pursu'd the agile Roe;
And to Diana bent the yielding bow.

---

"It is to this vanity alone, that we owe the preservation, and the remains of ancient poesy."—[*Critical Dissertation on Ossian.*

They were men of a religious order, and had their worship, or body of divinity, in verse; they were venerated, beloved, and esteemed; and were attendants at the sepulture of their chiefs, to celebrate their actions in song, and to soothe the lamentations of the mourners. The mourning at funerals is noticed in Hagiographic writings. Ecclesiastess xii. 5.—Matth. xi. 17. There were weepers by profession of both sexes, who sung mournful tunes over the deceased. The Bards at the close of their song, deified the deceased, if his actions were memorable.

Their songs were esteemed as glorious offerings to the examinate, as useful donations to the living, and acceptable tributes to their deities.

They were the only national preceptors, having the sole care of educating youth of both sexes, and of all ranks, to the harmonious song, and the graceful cadence. It is not surprising, that the principal people should be, and were ambitious to have their children and relations admitted into their classes; and that the vulgar regarded them

Now pleasing charms fall on the list'ning ear;
The Zephyr'd breeze, and aviarian choir.

---

with equal veneration, as they did their deities, whose immediate agents they imagined they were.

Their ceremony of the annual branch of oak, was parallel with Judges ix. 48. 49.—"And when Abimelech ascended the trees, he cut down the branches thereof with an axe."

"The third class was denominated EUBATES, or VATES, who were selected out of the best families; and the honours of their birth, joined with that of their function, procured them the highest veneration among the people."—*Hall's Encyclopædia, vol.* 1.

They were well versed in Augury, Geography, Horticulture, Astronomy, Geometry, Politics, and Natural History.

These Sciences induced the vulgar laity to consult them as beings of supernatural knowledge, superstitiously believing they knew all things past and future.

And on this ridiculous notion was founded, the gross and superstitious chimera of the second sight, so firmly adhered to, and believed by the vulgar to this day; who actually encourage, and believe the infernal fictions, retailed by the wandering and vagabond Gipsies.

Hark the wood minstrels carrol on each tree,
And mimic echo, lisps their melody.

D

---

The VATES were a body of men who acted in a civil as well as ecclesiastical capacity, though generally considered as preceptors; and the reason of their becoming possessed of a clerical and secular authority, was owing to an opinion, then prevalent among the people, that none ought to submit to punishment for any crime whatever, but by divine authority, which authority was delegated to, and lodged in the Priesthood only.

Their Primates or High Priests were constituted by election, and appeared to lead devout and austere lives, in order to blind-fold the vulgar. They walked barefooted as a seeming act of penance, to appease the wrath of the Gods. As to their dress, their robes were black and reached to their ancles, bound firmly round their loins with a leathern belt, and at their right side was suspended a budget, for holding the donations from the laity; on their heads were caps cut in the form of Grecian Hoods, and called Cukits. But when employed in any of their religious ceremonies, their garments were white, and remarkably long, and they wore an ornament enriched with gold, known by the name of the Druid's Egg; their necks, arms, and girdles, were decorated with bracelets, and gold chains. Their beards were remarkably long, plaited in two divisions, under their nostrils, and descended to their loins. In their right hands they carried

The hortensian offspring rise beneath the feet,
Perfumes each zephyr with a balmy sweet.

---

rough clubs, five feet in length, called Diogenes' staves, and under their left arm books. Added to this severe and morose countenances, down looking and sorrowful foreheads, and their eyes constantly fixed on the ground.

Hence the Vates possessed not only all the power and learning, but the principal archives, and places of trust in the nation. They being the only Priests, Magistrates, Botanists, Poets, Preceptors, Musicians, Philosophers, Physicians, Orators, Astronomers, and Magicians.

They presided over, and regulated all public affairs, both spiritual and temporal. Their decisions were final over lives, and effects. And a principal part of their business was to direct and adjust all the public sacrifices, and to search annually for the sacred oak, which we are to observe, was practised in succession from the days of Noah, as it is often mentioned in holy writ 2 Kings xviii. 16. Ezekiel vi. 13. Hosea iv. 13. Deuteronomy xii. 2.

On viewing the Vedam of Hindostan, the Judaical Talmud, the Yking of China, the Jadder of Chaldee, and the Persian Zend, we find a superior honour paid to the Eternal Governor of the Universe. Although the Druids and other Pagan nations had a veneration and esteem for so many ideal deities, yet they acknowledged one only living and Omniscient Being, far surpassing all

Embow'ring groves umbrageous shades surround,
Where plumy warblers raise a dulcet sound ;



---

human knowledge, all their symbols of worship were offered to him, though veiled in allegories. It must be confessed, that the Druids had an uncontrolable power, as ruling Magistrates, over the minds and persons of the laity, and arbitrators in civil concerns, and judges in criminal matters, likewise, public oracles for the community.

Hence we may imagine, that all their sentences were without appeal, and indeed few dared to dispute their infallibility. But, if by chance, any wretched individual had such boldness, he was punished by an excommunication, which they interdicted, so cruel and terrible, that the excommunicate would gladly have exchanged life for the most excruciating death. For from the moment of excommunication, the person was considered as one abandoned both by God and man. The interdiction was carried so far, that the criminal was universally hated and contemned, so that no man dared converse with him ; and in this manner, he was suffered to drag through a miserable existence, till penury, or sorrow, snatched him from a world, where he could find neither pity or relief, being stigmatized with the odious name of profani."—*Maitland's History of Scotland.*

The Druidical Allegory of the Immortality of the Soul, was not according to the Pythagorean system, but rather inclining to the Hebrew and Grecian doctrines.

Shrubs complicating with sweet shrubs entwine,
The fragrant birch and tall sylvestraen pine.

---

In all countries possessed by the Druids, their knowledge of natural causes, and the properties of certain things, the experimental fruit of age; gained them a mighty reputation among the people, which soon increased into a veneration for the order, and this these cunning and ambitious priests, took care to improve, to such a degree, that in a manner they engrossed the whole national affairs.

Among themselves they enjoyed harmony and concord, and no disturbance occurred, but on the death of their Primate, when such earnest endeavours were made to get appointed to that honourable office, that the freedom of election was frequently disturbed by appeals to the sword. On all other occasions they acted with great justice, disinterestedness, moderation, and temperance, which at once secured and increased the respect, that the people naturally entertained for them.—[*British Topography, Part V.*

"In all their government, they never could acquire such ascendancy over the native Caledonians, as they had gained over the softer and more polished Britons in the south."—[*History of Scotland and England, vol* 1.

"Though their idolatry was abominable, and their human immolations execrable: yet their moral philosophy has been the admiration of modern ages, and many of

The clasping boughs each zephir'd gale receives,
That wantons softly thro' the rustling leaves;



---

their maxims, that stand on record, have met with eulogiums from the pens of the most celebrated and polished writers."—[*British Topography, Part V.*

Thus they continued to exercise their authority until engaged with the Romans. At this contest, they expostulated and essayed their privilege of selecting their Primate, which soon ended in a total overthrow of their religion. It is then we find them unheeded by the world, and dwelling as hermits among rocks.—[*Dissertation on Ossian.*

"The remains of their circular temples are found in Norway, Iceland, and several other countries of Europe. They are called Dom. Thing. Ting. i. e. Judical Temples." *Grant's Survey of Moray.*

Their yoke was shaken off by the south Britons, about A. D. 239. And in A. D. 549, Bruidi, King of the Picts, was carried to the Baptismal Font, embraced Christianity, and entirely extirpated them from Scotland. Their extirpation, or utter abhorrence of their rites ensued; all that had any knowledge of their customs became extinct, and the nation having grasped the silken cord of Christianity, soon lost the remembrance of their barbarous ceremonies.

History, ancient and modern, convinces us, that all nations strive to be happy, and wander in pursuit of an in-

Sweet sylvan temple, winged souls resort,
And with soft music shake the verdant court,

---

estimable jewel called truth, and often are so blinded, that they lose it when found, and wander in labyrinths ad infinitum, nor ever gain their desired haven.

Many of the writers of Scottish History, make Kaled, i. e. hard, (a Celtic verb) form the name Caledonia, by the addition of the two letters y n making Kaledyn, i. e. hilly country. Others make it from Cheila, a servant, and Dhia, Cheiladhia, Culdee, i. e. servant of God.—*Goodall's Introduction to the Antiquities of Scotland.*

But the Romans found the word Caeldoch too hard for them to articulate, and in order to molify the sound, they transposed the letter l. in Cael. and substituting donii for doch, formed Caledonii, which was changed for Caledonia, in the beginning of the third century. Before Christ 55, the Emperor Caius Julius Cæsar, after cruising for some time, in order to make new discoveries, observed the Cliffs of Dover. The Britons, on seeing such a formidable fleet on their coasts, assembled to oppose their landing. Cæsar sailed two leagues farther, and was followed by the Britons, who still opposed them. The standard bearer of the 10th legion leaped into the water, exclaiming Romans, fellow-soldiers, follow me to the temple of victory; or ignobly lounge on board your vessels, and suffer our invincible Roman Eagle to be laid in chains on a foreign shore!

The nimble Fawns in sportive gambols play,
Dee's mantling waves reflect each noontide ray :

---

This speech so animated the legions, that they quitted their vessels and plunged into the liquid element, to meet their opponents. The Britons fought strenuously, and obstinately, the legions were on the point of yielding, when Cæsar sent more cohorts to their aid, which made the Britons fall back, and the Romans pressed the opportunity; pushed the Britons, who retreated in great confussion, and left Cæsar master of the field.—Cæsar returned to Rome in the year of the world, 3909.—[*Goldsmith's History of Rome.*

The Romans, still intent to add this new country to their Empire, returned in May 3910, with an army thrice as great as that of the former; their fleet amounted to 80 ships of war, containing an army of 20,000 foot, and a competent body of horse.

The Britons led by Cassibellanus, King of the Trinobantes, new Hartford, attacked the Romans with great resolution and bravery, displaying all the tactics of disciplined troops; the contest was severe and bloody, victory hovered in suspense over both armies, not knowing where to fix the verdant diadem. At last Cæsar gained the victory; the Britons lost 40,000 soldiers. Cæsar now advanced farther into the country, and la... siege to Verulamium (new Essex) and after forcing the Britons to give way, he burnt the city, and compelled the inhabi-

Behold the tide clear as the ambient air,
In turns serpentine wanton here and there.

---

tants to articles of subjection, and passed into Gaul.—*Tytler, vol.* 1.

The insurrections and intestine broils in Italy gave tranquillity to the Britons, for almost a century. But in A. D. 42, Claudius Cæsar and Vespasian landed in Britain, and compelled the south eastern provinces to submission In the year 52, Ostorius Scapula encountered the Britons under Caractacus, whom he conquered and carried to Rome. On beholding the magnificence and grandeur of Rome, Caractacus exclaimed, " can ye who revel in such luxuriant pomp, sigh for the wretched hovels, and rugged mountains of Caledonia."

Cæsar and Vespasian penetrated northward as far as Camelon, now Edinburgh.

In A. D. 79, Julius Agricola entered the southern wing of Scotland, and visited the country on this side the Grampians, after obtaining several victories over the Caledonians. Agricola, in 81, built a large wall, as a boundary, to prevent the enemy from making inroads into that part of the country he had subdued. In his 7th campaign, A. D. 83, he encamped on Garnio hill, a mountain in the Grampians, near Dunkeld, with 80,000 foot and 3000 horse. Galgacus, the Caledonian General, occupied the vale at the foot of the mountain, with 30,000 foot and 2000 horse. Both armies marched to

Fall from its lov'ly golden pebbly course,
And dashing echo marks the impetous force;

---

Arduthy, where they again encamped, at Kempstone-hill, in view of the German Ocean. They encountered the Caledonians, who were vanquished, and lost the flower of their army. In A. D. 85, he performed his 8th and last campaign, with Corbred the 21st King of Scotland. Corbred, encamped on Mons Grampius, a hill 3240 feet above the level of the sea—Agricola was again victorious.

Domitian, envying the valour and merit of this General, commanded him to return to Rome, where he was poisoned in the year 87.—[*Maitland's History of Scotland.*

This vain Emperior, wishing to raise his own honour by conquest, sent Guenius Tabellius into Caledonia, with a powerful army, in the year 89, who subdued the Orkneys; Richard de Circenster, has their stages marked from Camelon to Banatia, on the river Ness. Camelon, Keir, Ardoch, Camp Castle, Strathgeth, Bertha, Dun, Caledon, Tamea, or, Braemar, their strongest hold on the western coast. From Tamea to Banatia, we find Tuesis, or the verge of the Spey, Ptorton, or Moray Frith, Banatia on the Ness.

The Roman camp occupied a rectangular plot of ground, surrounded with lofty ramparts, and immense ditches fronting the south. When on march, the Centurion went some days before, in order to choose a com-

Ingulph'd with rocks, the confin'd billows roar,
And heave their spray as rain upon the shore.

---

modious situation. They first assigned a station where they might overlook the camp, so that when any alarm or sign was given it might be discovered from all parts. This pavilion was round and high, and by them called the Prætorium, and the General, or Leader, Prætor. In this place they stuck a white flag or marquee, from which they measured one hundred feet as the area. They then considered which side lay most convenient for water and forage, and on that side the legions encamped; they were divided one from another, by a street or lane one hundred feet broad. Between the tent of each company, in every legion, and from the Prætorium, was a lane one hundred feet broad, throughout the camp. The tents of the Tribunes fronted the head of the legions; and the cohorts, and turma, or horse troops, were at the head of the camp, according to the number of legions that were in the army. The ditches were eight feet broad, and eight feet deep. The ramparts, from the brink of the ditch, were three feet high, covered with turf in the manner of a wall. The centinels divided the night into four watches; the first commenced at six o'clock, P. M. the second at nine, the third at twelve, and the fourth at three, which ended at six, A. M. They were distinguished by the sound of a coronet, which was known by different sounds. The charge of sounding belonged to

The hills resound, the foamy Naiads cry,
And twist in throes and force themselves a way;

---

the chief Centurion, and was directed by an hour glass. Their cohort ensign was an eagle. The Maniples had a head, a dragon, a wolf, or sphinx. These went before, and pointed the way the legions were to march."—[*History of Rome.*

The boundary, or wall, erected by Agricola, received additions by Adrian, making it 80,000 paces in length, but being built of turf had no duration. In 209, Septimus Severus repaired and extended the wall from the Frith to the Forth, or 180 miles. Severus returned to go to Rome, but died at York in the year 210.

"The Roman wall, through the engagements of the legions, and activity of the Scots, fell into decay, until Caurausius, a Menapian by birth, was vested in the regal purple, in 234. This monarch being victorious in several battles against Maximinian, repaired the wall in 287."—*Tytler, vol.* 1.

In A. D. 357, the Scots engaged the Romans near the wall, in order to shake off the Roman yoke; but in this engagement they were vanquished, with the loss of 50,000.—[*Brittsh Records.*

Elated with this brilliant victory, the Romans dared the armies of the south and north Britons, but suffered for their boasting, having lost in this battle 15,000 men. A. D. 426.

Now freed from gulfs, what beauties hail the change
The spumy billows 'gain meandring range.

---

After this blow the Romans applied for a reinforcement, which having received, entered combat with the Scots, in which they were victorious, and the Scots armies nearly annihilated.

Unable to support a foreign yoke, which they now found too galling, the Britons and Scots collected a formidable camp, in order to regain their ancient freedom. The Romans applied to Rome for aid, but was denied, owing to the broils then in Rome. Both armies entered the field, and keenness was maintained on both sides, but victory favoured the Scots. The Romans, finding all hopes of relief cut off, and unable to keep the field, bade a final adieu to Britain in A. D. 542. The Caledonian armies now enjoyed their hereditary privilege of independence, and found relaxation from the field of war.

Braemar retained the Roman name Tamea until the beginning of the eight century, when it received the name of Kindroghet.

This country extends 15 square miles, and yields the greatest plenty and variety of game. The birds of prey are the Eagle, (called the Ern) the Hawk, the Kite, and Raven. The birds of game are the Ptarmigant, a bird of beautiful plumage, found only on the mountains, the Pheasant, Plover, Grouse, Woodcock, Duck, Teal, &c. The quadrupeds of prey are the Fox, Otter, Pole Cat,

In bubbling cadence chrystal conduits play,
And gently glide along the pebbled way,
By the green verge the nymphs hortensian spring,
And birds of plumage on the branches sing;
Enclos'd with arbours, where the Sylvans play,
Young Fawns and Kids sport in the solar ray.

E

---

&c. The game is the Hare, Red and Fallow Deer, &c.

The most noted mountains in this country are Blunnabord, or the hill of wood, 3940 feet high. Loch-na-garraidh, Bhin-na-mach in daidh. The two last are from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

This country forms an extensive forest in the centre of the Grampians. It belonged to the Kings of Scotland, and was called the Royal Forest of Mar, or Sylva Caledonia.

The natives of this country are generous, open, and courteous to strangers; but owing to their seclusion from literature, superstition seems to be an inmate among them, by their firm belief in chiramancy and the second sight, and adherence to them.

The rivers and lakes in this valley are the Dee, Aeye, Coich, Cluny, and Loch Callader, and Brotachan.

Metalic and mineral kingdom. In this valley we find several veins of calcareous stone, which yields a good lime. The rocky mountains consist of durable granite, slate stone, lead and iron mines, with a variety of beautiful rock chrystals.

Mar Lodge* appears, and beautifies the scene,
With obelisks and variegated green.

---

* "Mar Lodge, a beautiful villa on the northern verge of the Dee, a seat of the Right Hon. JAMES DUFF, Thane and Earl of Fife. This noble family is derived from Fife Macduff, a man of great wealth and power, in the reign of Kenneth II. who assisted that monarch in the wars against the Picts, in the year 834. On their reduction in 840, Kenneth bestowed on him the lands of Othelinar; and as a reward for his services in taking the field from the Picts, extended his lands from Fife to Clackmannan, from east to west; and from the river Forth on the south, to the rivers Erne and Tay on the north. This extensive tract of land he called Fife, and was created hereditary Thane or Baron thereof: and this dignity was enjoyed by his posterity, in a direct line, to Macduff the eighth Thane, who, with the assistance of Malcolm III. vanquished Macbeth at Lumphanan, and aided the restoration of Malcolm to the sceptre of Scotland. Malcolm confirmed to him the lands of Fife, and created him Earl thereof, in 1061." "In 1288, Macduff was Regent of Scotland: and in 1390, Robert, second son of his Majesty David II. was created Earl of Fife."—*Alexander's Lineal Survey of European Sovereigns.*

"As Macduff's title became extinct in 1353, on the death of Duncan the 13th Earl, who died without issue, in 1401, David Duff, a descendant from the ancient fa-

Where noble Fife, when cloy'd with balls and court,
With hound and horn pursues th' enliv'ning sport;



---

mily of Duff, gained from his Majesty Robert III. the Barony of Muldavit, which continued to be one of the chief titles of the family, until alienated in the beginning of the reign of Charles I. William Duff of Braco, descended from the great Macduff, married Helen Taylor, Lady Braco, and had a daughter, who married Patrick Duff of Premnay, Esq; Commissary of Aberdeen; but dying without issue male, his uncle, William Duff of Dypple, Esq; succeeded him, who married Helen Gordon, daughter to Sir George Gordon of Edinglassie: issue, one son and four daughters.

" In 1727, William Duff was chosen Representative for the County of Banff, and strenuously adhered to the interest of Scotland; but preferring a private to a public life, declined being returned to the next Parliament.

He was created Lord Braco, of Kilboyde, by the Privy Seal of Queen Carolina, when Regent, bearing date at Kensington, June 17, and by Patent, at Dublin, July 28, 1735; and was further advanced in the Peerage, being created Viscount Macduff, Earl of Fife, by Privy Seal, dated at St. James's, April 4, and by Patent, April 26, 1759.

" During the rebellion, his Lordship joined the Duke of Cumberland at Aberdeen, March, 1745, and made a free offer of his service to Government, in any manner

Midst sylvan bowers behold the villa rise,
In spiral columns pointing to the skies.

---

his Majesty should require. He married first, Lady Janet Ogilvie, daughter of James Ogilvie, Earl of Findlater and Seafield, and Chancellor of Scotland. She died, leaving no issue, in 1772. Secondly, he married Jean Grant, daughter of Sir James Grant of Grant, Bart. by whom he had issue, and died Jan. 16, 1788, ætat. 83.

" James, second Earl, succeeded his father, and was created Baron Fife, in the English Peerage, Feb. 19, 1790, which title became extinct at his death. In 1766, he married Dorothea Sinclair, sole heretrix to Alexander Sinclair, ninth Earl of Caithness.

" James was made Lord Lieutenant of the County of Banff, and died Jan. 24, 1809, without male issue.

" Alexander, his brother, succeeded him. He married Maria Skene, daughter to George Skene of Skene, Esq. Issue—James, and Alexander, Major General in the army."

The Earl died April 16, 1811, and was succeeded by James his eldest son, the present Earl.

Arms.—Quarterly, 1..4. sol. a lion rampant, ruby. 2. 3. pearl, nebule, two stags' heads, emerald, ruby, three counters.

Supporters.—Two men nudus, wreathed, holding in his exterior hand, each a bludgeon proper.

Crest.—Over a Baron's crown, a Chevalier mounted

Where murmuring brooks in graceful cadence sing,
And downy warblers move on pinion'd wing;
Favonian graces hoist the aerial sails,
And Hybla's myriads rove in zephyr'd gales.
To fields enamell'd with serpillian dye,
That in each breeze perfumes the fleeting sky,
Then revel o'er each flow'r in humming pride,
That rears its head in field, or milder shade.
Suck the sweet Nectar from the dew ting'd cup,
In straw built cities lay the treasure up.
Then to Mellona pay the sacrifice,
The honey'd offering and suavic prize;
By pleasures led o'er lawns and yellow fields,
Where smiling Ceres her rich treasure yields;
Urns cornucopian spreads upon the board,
And stands depicted with her harvest sword.
See Cluny† pouring her aquatic stores,



---

cap-a-pee, for Thane of Fife. Motto, "*Virtute et Opera*," by Virtue and Works.

Seats.—Duff House, Rothiemay, Balveny Castle, Innes House, Mar Lodge.—[*Debrett's Peerage.*

† Cluny, a small stream rising in the Grampians, where the three Counties of Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness conjoin. On its margin stands the ruins of a square vitrified tower, a royal hunting seat. Those

In cooling streams upon the verdant shores;
Behold the seat where youth the yew tree strung,

---

ancient piles, so frequently found in Scotland, have given rise to innumerable fabulous legends, which induce us to enquire into Masonry, and its progress, from their introduction to the abolition of barbarism, and the conjunction of the fine arts in Scotland.

We noticed in a former part, that the subterranean caves were the first buildings known in Scotland. The second state was introduced by the Saxons; this state consisted of rows of stakes fixed in the ground, and wattled in the manner of a basket, and plaistered with clay. The first Christian fane, that adorned the British plains, was erected so early in the Christian æra as in the year 31, by Joseph of Arimathea, and consecrated to the Mother of Christ, on a field called by the Britons, Iniswriten, and by the Saxons, Uvalon, and now known by the name of Glastenbury: the building was 60 feet by 26. This form of building gave way to the stone and lime buildings of the Spanish Moors, which continued to be in use until the introduction of the Grecian and Roman architecture.

"Of all the ancient inhabitants of Britain, none ever found or had the art of stone and lime buildings, but the Romans and the Moors of Spain."—*Heron's Tour through Scotland, vol.* 2.

It however must be acknowledged, that the Græcians

And smiling Hebe with the warblers sung;
Where Scotia's monarchs scour'd the verdant grove,

---

completed the art of building, and gave a more brilliant lustre to the order of masonry, by their uniting the useful with the elegant and agreeable; and that to them and the Romans, we are indebted for the five beautiful orders of architecture, viz. Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and the Composite.

"These are distinguished from each other by the column, with its base and capital, and by the entablature." *School of Arts.—Heron.*

On searching over all the buildings of antiquity in this country, we find them entirely Roman, or in the Roman fashion, corrupted by their incapacity, or by their fantastic ideas of beauty, strength, and utility—or in the Moorish fashion, altered in the same manner—or in a style compounded of the Roman, Moorish, Teutonic, and the Celtic.

About the year 755, the Gothic and vitrified architecture commenced, the form being borrowed from the ancient Gauls, "by the introduction of savage foreigners, who mixing with the ruder class of Celtic natives, initiated a system little remote from barbarism: prompted to imitate, but imperfectly, the few specimens of Græcian, Moorish, and Roman magnificence they had seen, as far as their weak conceptions would admit."—*Champion*, 1814.

To rouse the Fawn, and sing IOPÆN to Jove.
At closing day the Nectar passed around,

---

From the year 17 until the year 250, architecture and all its connected arts flourished in Scotland: "but from the year 300, until the final departure of the Romans in the year 542, architecture visibly declined, and was followed by a total overthrow: again the untutored natives returned to their savage state, and reasumed their subterranean caves. But in the year 745, it began to revive under Nactar, a Pictish monarch. In the year 710, that monarch, writing to Ceofred, the then Abbot of Weremouth, most earnestly petitioned him to send over some architects to erect Churches for public service, when the vitrified masonry was introduced."—[*Hall's Encyclopædia, vol.* 1.

"This order was composed of lime and clay, beat with a mallet for a length of time, then mixed with a quantity of unhewn pebbles; which compound formed a kind of amalgam, ready for use, which was thrown into encaisemens of wood, generally six feet in length, the breadth and height in proportion; this they were under the necessity of removing as the building extended. This, when finished, gave the appearance of Freestone. After the composition was thrown into the encaisemens, in order to bring it to a consistency, and to accelerate its drying. Prior to the walls being quite dry, they were overlaid with several coatings of quick lime, and plaister

Each chalice with the smiling God was crown'd;
Closed those scenes, no more Malvina sings,

---

mixed with the albumen of eggs, glared with salt, which made the whole mass knead in a firm gultinous form, that it appeared to the spectator, en passant, as encrusted walls."—[*Albanis Beaumont's Travels.*

" This vetrified and Saxonic Gothic architecture, which succeeded the Moorish and the more pure Græcian and Roman system, may have its epochs distinguished like the other branches. The first stage presented some visible relation to the Greek and Roman principles, although it corrupted them. This stage has been commonly marked, at least by the Europeans, by the name of Saxon, and been sometimes called the Old Gothic."—This system ended about the year 1070.

" The second state was an entire departure from the Greek and Roman principles, and called the modern Gothic, and has been given to the Goths, and at other times to the Saracens, to the latter probably with more justice; and again, it has been given to others, both in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres.

" To the eye of a connoisseur, the modern or Saracen Gothic can be easily pointed out, as consisting of round arches, and round headed windows, adorned many ways indeed with a regular capital and base. This system gave way, in the year 1186."—[*Monthly Review*, 1784.

" And was supported by the Gothic Saxon, tinctured

For rosy Bacchus flits on vinous wings.
Pale ruin rides triumphant o'er the towers,

---

with the Sarcenic costume, which split the round pillar into a number of pillasters. This order decayed in the year 1200, and was followed by the Saracenic Saxon, who lengthened the short round headed windows into an oblong form, with a painted top. This order displays three of these windows together, the centre one elevated above the two lights on the sides. This system decayed in the year 1298, and was supported in the year 1304, by the absoluted Gothic, who divided the windows and enlarged their dimensions, and split them into several lights, and branched at the top, into a multiplicity of whimsical shades and compartments; one of its most distinguished characters is the ramified windows. This order drooped in the year 1437; and gave place, in the year 1441, to the Ornamental Gothic, and was united with the Florid Gothic in the year 1480."—[*Champion*, 1814.

From the departure of the Romans, until 1510, the architects knew not the art; nor were they sufficient amateurs to combine order with elegance, until the happy coalition, when they were united in the bonds of philanthrophy, under the name of Free and Accepted Masons, after the Order of the Knights Templar, or Knights of Jerusalem, who were united and sanctioned by his Holiness Pope Gelasius, in the year 1120.—[*Keith's Catalogue.*

Where regal Sovereigns spent their summer hours;
There desolation pale and haggard reigns,

---

Our Scottish masons followed their example in 1140, at the building of St. Mungo's Cathedral, Glasgow, but in 1510, they received their first Charter.

From them were our modern fraternities formed, and Scotland has reason to rejoice at the coalition, as the first step to order, civilization, and the sabre to crush the germ of barbarism; the Order of Masonry became grand, and the fine arts were revered and nurtured.

In 1613, the Roman architecture revived, and the five orders were combined: and in the beginning of the seventeenth Century an order was added called the Ashler. Science has drawn our modern Masons from their Gothic errors, who vulgarly imagined, that their buildings received all their beauty from their towering elevation, while symmetry and proportion are the modern binding principles, not for the purpose of physical accuracy, but for those of grace and satisfaction to the eye, ascertaining the weight each shaft and column can support.—[*Essai sur les Causes de la Perfection de la Architecture Antique.*

The Castle of Kindroghet was reared in the year 1059, by Malcom Ceanmore, for a hunting seat, being so elegantly situated, though now in one heap of ruins.—"Here the Gentlemen assemble to pursue the chace, during the season of sport and hilarity. In 1528, at a hunting in this forest, appeared the Hon. and Noble Lords

And imps all ghastly clank their sable chains.
The spungy moss clasps hard the falling stone,

---

and Courtiers of his Majesty James V. John Erskine, Earl of Mar; James Stuart, Earl of Moray; George Gordon, Earl of Enzie, son and heir to the Marquis of Huntly; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan; and John Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar; Sir William Murray of Abercarney, with their Countesses and Ladies, attended by hundreds of Knights and Esquires, all and every man in general in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality.

"During the month of August, and part of September, the Nobles pursued the sport in the valley of Braemar, where they conformed themselves to the habit of the Highlanders, who for the most part speak the Celtic tongue; and in former times, were those people which were called the Redshanks. Their habit is shoes with but one sole a piece, called Brogues; stockings, which they call short hose, made of warm stuff of divers colours, which they call Tartans; breeches are worn by few—in their stead they use a jerkin of the same colour with the hose, called a Philabeg, or kilt; their garters are twisted bands of straw or hay, with a piece of cloth about their shoulder, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, called a Plaid; with flat blue caps on their heads, called Bonnets; a handkerchief, knit with two knots about their necks, complete their garb. Their weapons for the

And hollow vaults in plaintive murmurs groan;
Old Superstition waves her iron sway,
And weilds her sceptre o'er the ruins grey.
Fast fell the tears to see the des'late scene,
The stately fabric scatter'd o'er the plain;
Till rous'd by music of the echoing horn,
And wide mouth'd hounds o'er fields by scenting borne.
Closed by the horsemen, hills their shouts resound,
And hollow dens retort the jovial sound;
Fife led the van, two hundred youths advance
In Celtic garb, with large and polish'd lance;
O'er hill and dale they sought the timid deer,
The shrill ton'd horn the noble hunter's cheer.
When Ceres altars are with vintage crown'd,
The prancing bay foots the enamell'd ground;



---

chace are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, musquets, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms they proceed to the hunt: any man, of what degree soever, that comes among them, must not disdain their attire, for if he does, they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if a visitor be kind unto them, and conform to their manners, then they are filled with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful.—*Marmion.*

Till bright Astarte mounts her silver car,
And sheds her radiance over realms afar.
Then Bacchus rules with universal sway,
His cheering voice drives all dull cares away;
The quav'ring song reverbrates thro' the hall,
And jocund duets, next the splendid ball;
Where Seraphs sparkle in their rich brocade,
And foot fantastic to the serinade.
Until Aurora mounts her radiant throne,
And lucid morn plays on the horizon.
Bright Phœbus leaving Neptune's coral bed,
Deck'd the atmosphere in bright streaks of red;
Reflecting Jubars with the morning dance,
And rosy day play'd o'er the bright expanse.
The matin warblers chaunt their dulcet theme,
And spumy Naiads skim the silver stream;
Betulaen shrubs sweet tears of odour weep,
Fair Chloris pipes, upon the heath clad steep.
The kine in meadows drink the silver dew,
And fleecy lambkins climb the mountain brow;
Sylvaestraen pines in graceful columns rise,
And seem inwoven with the floating skies.
While nature spreads her carpets to the eye,
Where thousand beauties scent the air and die;
Born but to bless the hand that gave them birth,
And sinks unheeded in the mould'ring earth.
Thus led o'er lawns where sweets alternate spring,

And plumy minstrels on the branches sing;
Mellifluous anthems wake the scented grove,
And Turturella mourns her absent love:
While Thrush and Blackbird mimic her complaint,
And zephyr'd gusts pay back the compliment;
The humming insects rove from flower to flower,
And bear ambrosia to their thatched bower.
See on the verge a pleasant hamlet rise,*
The traveller's solace, when the sheeted skies
Are veil'd in night, and bats forsake the tower,
To sport till Phœbus leaves his liquid bower.
Behold the seat where Mar in autumn lay†

---

* Castletown of Kindroghet, or Braemar, a village, or hamlet, pleasantly situated on the verge of the Cluny. A convenient stage on the road leading from Edinburgh to Fort George, accommodated with two commodious inns, and a neat Roman Catholic Chapel, dedicated to St. Andrew. The Parochial Church stands a little distance from the village. The prospect here is so luxuriantly wild and charming, that it is celebrated in a song, called the Braes of Mar.

† Braemar Castle, a building erected in the year 1483, by John Stuart, Earl of Mar, for a hunting seat. It was burnt in 1691 by King William's forces, but since rebuilt, and occupied as a garrison by Government until

On couch of love, in dalliance and in play,
Now the fix'd throne of Jays and birds of night,
Whose grating music echos hideous fright;
While passing swains with horror haste away,
And tales report of sheeted spectres grey,
Seen on the towers, and dragging chains of fire,
Until the herald strikes the matin lyre:
Turn from the walls, while yet the chariot flies,
That bear the Sun unto the western skies.
In silence pace the field once dy'd in gore,
The blood red current stain'd the verdant shore;
Aid me fair Pallas, haste thy succour bring,
While carnag'd fields and feats of war I sing.‡
A council call'd, when the great god of war,
Proclaim'd his fiat from his thund'ring car;
Thrice shook his spear, his frown the court alarms,
And sparkling furies drink the poison'd charms:
Bellona call'd, the mania goddess rage,
With urns of poison from the infernal stage;

---

1797, when finding it unnecessary, the troops were withdrawn; it is now uninhabited.

‡ This battle was fought in the year 1691, between King William's soldiers, under General Mackay, and John Erskine, Earl of Mar, in which Mar was vanquished.

Discord and Rage forsook the Courts below,
Hell nurtur'd germ as husbandmen to sow;
They sow'd, it grew, the hosts of war combine,
And blasts of Vengeance sound in either line.
Brave Erskine call'd his highland clans to fame,
Be bold 'tis ours, the laurel wreathed gem;
M'Ray undaunted, tore the boasted wreath,
And spurn'd Mar's troops, dismay and raging death.
Both troops rush on, the broken bayonets ring,
On their tried temper rode the grisly king;
Foes rush on foes, the horses snort death pride,
Till Flora's mantle is with purple dy'd:
From perfor'd steel arose the saphire flame,
And every eye with rage and envy gleam;
Stroke echos stroke, and from the gashing wound,
Blood vomits forth and sinks into the ground.
The blood stain'd casques no more with sun beams shine,
And men and steeds in groans their lives resign;
In awful forms the dire contagion spread,
Vast souls broke forth to Courts empyrean fled.
Fierce Mars arous'd the stain'd embattl'd ground,
And mad Bellona threw her darts around;
Confusion broil'd, and spued her sperm more fell,
Than Cacodemons sulphur'd breath in hell:
The volley flies, rocks, caves, and forests shake,

Huge mountains groan, and hills and vallies quake;
The steel clangs louder, rapid flows the gore,
O'er the crush'd herb, and awful thunders roar.
A carnage whirlwind sweeps along the plain,
The soldiers wade, and tread on kindred slain;
The Pandemonians leave their dark abode,
And on each ball with glare insatiate rode.
Sulphurous hail fell on the clotted field,
The lamp of day from both the hosts was veil'd;
The column close, again they open wide,
Each motion by the clarion is obey'd.
Mar's highland clans now rush with fury on,
To fix the Stuarts on the Imperial throne;
On neighing steed Kildrummy's chieftain rode,
And in each breeze his painted feathers nod.
With studded faulchion oft he cross'd the plain,
Where music drown'd the groans of wounded men;
At every stroke Death's poison'd cup was given,
And ope'd a passage to wing souls for heav'n:
Till Fortune jilting, turn'd the scale of war,
The White Rose crush'd upon the plains of Mar;
As Hecate darted from the Orient shore,
To end the combat, and the tide of gore.
The bugle sounds to stop the carnag'd fight,
In flaxen city each to pass the night,
Sleep pours his drug to cancel all their woes,
The wearied soldier finds a short repose.

And now the Pleiades their flambeaux illume,
The galaxy in ev'ning grandeur bloom;
Cynthia pours a radiance from her throne,
Her argent sceptre and enchased zone.
Serene the sky, nocturnal minstrels sing,
Till morning's queen from Neptune's altars spring;
Soon as the goddess quits her liquid bed,
With tincture glowing brilliant lov'ly red,
At her approach the clouds of darkness fly,
And morning Heralds warble in the sky:
The balmy breath all nature's children feel,
Each op'ning cup the genial powers reveal.
O heav'n, what beauty prospects op'ning round,
Charm crowds on charm, fields with bright dew drops crown'd;
The heath clad mountains sloping on each side,
And purling conduits in soft motions glide.
Steams of perfume, the verdant meadows fill,
And sheets of incense crown the tow'ring hill;
Charm'd with these scenes, the mind is led along,
The enamell'd verge pleas'd with the water's song.
See Cluny House* stands on a verdant field,
Where Flora has her nectarine sweets reveal'd;

---

* Cluny House, an elegant villa on the south verge of the Dee, belonging to the Farquharsons of Invercauld.

The new born graces with the zephyrs play,
And plumy minstrels sing on every spray:
The golden monarch pours his vivid beams,
On hills, vales, meads, green woods, meand'ring
streams;
The limpid currents ever on their round,
With fresher beauties are each moment crown'd.
Trace all their windings till each spumy crest,
Is laid recumbent on Dee's mantling breast;
The flowing urns pour their aquatic store,
In mantling currents to the German shore.
Hark on each steep fair Zephyrissa sings,
And downy miriads spread their glossy wings;
Fast by yon mountain tow'ring o'er the flood,
Adorn'd with verdure and umbrageous wood;
There Invercauld,‡ enclos'd 'mong mountains lies,

---

† Invercauld, seat of the Farquharsons, on the north side of the Dee, in the centre of the Grampians. On the hills surrounding are found a variety of beautiful rock chrystals. James Farquharson, Esq; is adorning the view by improvements: the beauty of this scene has given rise to that favourite air, The Reel of Invercauld.

The Farquharson family are descended from the M'Intosh clan. Their arms are quarterly, argent parted gules; Vert, an Oak Tree, Cairn na Cuimhne.

Whose alpine crests are hid in floating skies:
The forest rings, the music of the stream
And lab'ring herds cheer'd by the rural theme,
The Mavis whistles, Turturella moans
Her absent love, and echo mocks her groans.
Thro' verdant boughs, see Cairn na Cuimhne*
appears,

---

Supporters.—Argent cats, wreathed proper.
Crest.—Gules, a lion demy.

* Cairn na Cuimhne, or Cairn na Quheen, *i. e.* Cairn of Remembrance. A rendezvous where the Clans assembled during the feudal system. "Those piles, or tumuli, are sometimes found of a conical form, and others of an irregular oblong, with a flat stone crowning the apex.

"Many assign those massy piles to have been inaugural monuments, or Zabianistic altars. Such, indeed, might have been their use, where the evidence of stone chests, urns, and lachrymatories, are wanting. But these are so generally found, that they seem to determine the most useful purpose of the piles in question to have been sepulchral monuments; as stone chests, the repository of urns and ashes, are lodged in the earth beneath." *Pennant's Tour through Scotland.*

"Such as have been opened were found to contain either human skeletons or calcined ashes of bones, toge-

O'ergrown with moss to point the lapse of years;
Where highland clans long rear'd the cross of oak,

---

ther with warlike instruments, and such other things as the deceased used when in life.

"Dr. Stukely opened one of these piles, and found therein an urn containing ashes, some bones, and other matters, which had resisted the violence of fire. And by the collar-bone, and one of the jaw-bones, which were still entire, he judged that the person when living must have been about fourteen years of age. And there being several female trinkets, the Doctor supposed the defunct to have been a heroine; among the trinkets found there was a javelin head, which served to confirm the conjecture. The other trinkets consisted of a great number of glass and amber beads, of various shapes, sizes, and colours, together with a sharp bodkin, pointed at the one end, and at the other round.

"This discovery induced the Doctor to make further observations on other three; in some that were opened by the Doctor, there were found human bones, together with those of horses and dogs, and other animals. In one of the piles was found a sword of brass, together with an instrument called a Celt, supposed to have been used by the Druids in cutting off the misleto from the oak.

Among other curiosities, dug up in those heaps, was a curious piece of alabaster, beautifully sculptured, of an oval form, about twenty-two feet in length, and one in

When feudal wars the ties of friendship broke.
With shield and casque and burnish'd armour bright,

---

the broadest part of the diameter. In the middle part was the representation of a woman, habited as a queen, with a crown, sceptre, and globe, wrapped in a mantle of state; in a compartment over her head was three figures, supposed to represent the three persons of the Trinity, and round the side were Angels, intermixed with some of the Apostles. The exquisite workmanship of the woman, who seems intended for the Virgin Mary, the strong as well as the tender expression in her features, and the elegance of the drapery, shews it to have been the work of a skilful artist. If these figures have any relation to the mysteries of the Christian Religion, it is evident the work is of a modern date, and probably of a much latter date than the tumulus in which it was found. *British Topography, Part V. Wiltshire.*

"Sometimes only one of these Kistraens, or stone chests, are found under these tumuli; and sometimes more are found thus deposited. Pennant mentions seventeen being discovered under one Cairn. The Tumuli or Cairns are of different sizes, and some of them very large. Pennant mentions one in the east end of the Isle of Arran, one hundred and fourteen feet over, and of a vast height. They may be supposed to have been proportioned to the rank or popularity of the person. The

Each bosom panting for the bloody fight;
In Celtic garb the Scottish youths appear,

---

people of a district assembled (en masse) to shew their respect to the defunct, and by an active honouring of his memory, soon accumulated heaps of stones, equal to those that astonish us in this age.

But those Tumuli or Cairns were not merely the honours of the day; as long as the memory of the deceased endured, not a person passed without adding a stone to the Cairn, they supposed it would be an honour to the memory of the dead, and acceptable to his manes.

Quamquam festinas non est mora licebit, injecto ter pulvere curras.

Stop traveller, stop, I ask no long delay,
Upon my grave a parting tribute pay.
One pebble throw my memory to revere,
This boon I ask, the task is not severe.
Thrice pulver'd sand lift from the humid ground,
With hand unsparing spread it on the mound;
Run stranger, run, the easy labour's o'er,
This mouldring heap demands thy stay no more.

A Suppliant in Scotland will tell his Patron—*Curri mi cloach er de Charne:* q. d. When you are dead I will honour your memory—which became a proverb. *God I wat, gin I live ahin ye, I sall fling a stane to your Cairn.*

The proverbs, taken from these tumuli, are not all of a complimentary kind. *A Cairn on your head.*—A word

With bossy target, mail, and burnish'd spear.
The painted ensigns floating in the wind,

G

---

of eontempt for an injury.—[*Hall's Encyclopædia, vol.* 1.

Cairns are found in Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales.

In the year 1797, one of those tumuli, in the Muir of Kinnellar, lands of Boghead, was opened, where was found an urn, and a large ring of an unknown material, appearing like veined marble, perforated at one end, as if it had been an appendage. Both are in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan.—[*Statistical History of Scotland, vol.* 3.

October 1, 1806, on opening one of those numerous cairns in Dunterbourne, Abbot's parish, Gloucestershire, there was found a Kistræn or Cromleck, containing the ashes of eight or nine bodies of different ages: many of the bones and teeth were entire.—[*Le Beau Monde Magazine*, 1806, *vol.* 1.

In 1776 was found an urn, containing some calcined bones, near Chapel Ronald, lands of Glenkindy, Strathdon parish.

Such has been the use of the many cairns found in Britain. But to return to Cairn na Cuimhne, the rendezvous of Strathdee. A huge heap of loose stones, on which they erected a pole, burnt one end, and dyed with blood; and this they termed in the Celtic—Chroash Darauidh, q. d. the bloody Oak Cross. On the appearance

And hopes of glory glows in every mind;
With polish'd armour dazzling to the view,

---

of war this pole was taken down with great ceremony, and borne through the country, as a signal to assemble the Clans within twenty-four hours at the rendezvous, without distinction, each man armed, and bearing a knapsack containing three days provisions, one shirt, one pair of shoes, and one pair of stockings.—[*Statistical History of Scotland, vol.* 14.

This form of raising soldiers was introduced by the ancient natives, who had their appointed field and war cry. On this ground they reared a shaft, to which they fixed a shield, and raised the war Threnody: and as a bass or cadence, the Bards, with the blunt end of a spear, at certain times struck the shield. They then prepared the war offering and feast, which they roasted in a large circular pit, about twenty feet in diameter, which was well faced with pebbles; this they properly warmed with heath, and then spread the venison to be roasted, which they covered with flat pebbles, also warmed, and overspread with heath, and thus piled above one another until the pit was full, which they cemented on the top, after set on fire to confine the steam. Many of those pits are seen through the country. During the feasting, which continued three days, Captains were dispatched to coalesce the tribes from their native streams, where the aquatic conduits were collected into large lakes, at the

With bended bows cut from the pliant yew:
With loaded quivers, where destruction dwell,

---

foot of the mountains, and formed rivers. The vallies were called Straths or Glens.—[*Critical Dissertation on Ossian.*

Many of these Slughorns are now worn out, and some are yet remembered. The Buchanan Clan had for their war cry—Clare Inch, the name of a beautiful island in Loch Lomond.—[*Chalmers' Caledonia.*

The Slagan of the Clan Forbes was Loanacht, a well known mountain on the northern verge of the Don, belonging to Charles Forbes, Esq; M. P. This magnanimous family are so ancient, that we lose the origin in the region of fable. We shall trace the noble family from the valiant Solavius Forbes; to him his Majesty Gregory the Great gave his daughter Marivilla, in the year 870, as a reward of merit: and from him sprung a numerous progeny.

From the year 1057, under the reign of Malcolm III. called Ceanmore, until the year 1657, the name flourished in Scotland.

In the year 1236, John Forbes was presented with an estate on the banks of Don, from his Majesty William the Lion, and called it the Baronry of Forbes. His son, Fergus Forbes, obtained charters on the Baronry from Alexander, Earl of Buchan; which charters were attested by William Cummin, brother to the Earl, and John

Colleagu'd with carnage, and disease fell ;
Sharp pointed sabres edged oft in war,

---

his eldest son. Fergus was succeeded by Alexander Forbes, Captain of Urquhart Castle, who distinguished himself in the wars between Scotland and England, in the reign of Edward, and died in the field.

Alexander Forbes, his posthumous son, succeeded him, and fell in 1332, at the battle of Duplin, under King Robert Bruce.

John Forbes, his posthumous son, was his successor, who distinguished himself under Robert II. and III. and gained from Thomas Mar, Earl of Mar, other lands in Aberdeenshire, which were confirmed to him by charters and letters patent, signed Robert Rex II. 1373. He also received the lands of Findrassie, by charters signed Robert Rex III. July 3, 1378. He likewise was constituted Justiciar of Aberdeenshire, and witnessed the charters given by Isobella, Vicountess of Mar, on the lands of Bonjedworth, to Thomas Douglas, 1404.

His son, John Forbes, was created Lord Forbes of Castle Forbes, on the Peerage, 1440; and in 1472 built the ancient House of Castle Forbes, now Drumminor in ruins. The present Villa of Drumminor bears the date 1577. From John, Lord Forbes, descended the families of Tolquhon, Pitsligo, Formartin, Culloden, Foveran, Watertown, Brux, Strathdon, &c.—[*Scots Magazine.*

Their Arms are Saphire, three Boars' Heads louped,

And martial music sounding in the air.
Lochaber axes oft dipt in the flood



Pearl, muzzled Ruby. Crest, on a wreath, a Stag's Head erased, proper. Motto—Grace me Guide.—[*New Peerage, vol.* 2.

The Grants had for their war cry—Craig el Laghie, a rock on the Spey, in the county of Banff.

The war cry of the M'Kenzies was Tulloch-ard, i. e. the High Hill, a well known mountain in the district of Kintail, Ross-shire, and which claims particular attention, on account of the veneration it commanded in ancient times. Like the temple of Janus, in ancient Rome, it indicated peace or war. For when war commenced, a barrel of burning tar, on the highest peak, was the signal; and all the tenants and vassals round Seaforth, in twenty-four hours, assembled at the Castle of St. Donan, armed *pro aris et focis.* This mountain is yet the crest of Seaforth's arms.

The war cry of the M'Farlane clan was Loch Sloy, a part on the end of Loch Lomond, called Arrochar.—County of Dumbarton.

The M'Pherson clan had for their war cry—Craig an Fluttich, i. e. Rock of the Raven.—[*Scots Mag.* 1809.

The war cry of Mercer of Aldie was the Grit Pool.

The M'Gregors had for their war cry—Ard. Challich.

Districts had peculiar war cries, different from the Slughorn of the Clans: such as, Knock Fherghaun for Strathdown, and Boghail for Glenlivat.

Of life, besmear'd with drops of purple blood;
No more false Discord sows her baneful seed,
No more the youth in feudal contests bleed;
The Peasant whistles at the painful plow;
The Shepherd pipes in vale and mountain brow.
No oaken cross tow'rs on the moss clad pile,
Nor Clans usurping tread our fav'rite isle;
Malvina mourns her absent love no more,
Nor from his bosom wipes the clotted gore:
But turns and views the soft meand'ring tide,
And lists the warblers raise their songs in pride:
Hail balmy peace, hail, hail, all hail they sing,
How sweet to rest beneath thy balmy wing.
Down as we pass to the scented gale,
That from the Rose and op'ning cups exhale;
The op'ning Primrose, and the daisied mead,
Where charming Phœbe leans her love sick head:
Behold the site,* once grand with rising towers,

---

Cairn na Cuimhne is now inclosed with plantation, and has given rise to a favourite air of the name.

* Monaltrie, seat of the Farquharsons, burnt in 1746, and now erased.

Arms quarterly, first and fourth Or, a Lion rampant gules. Second and third party, vert an hand couped,

Where Farquharson in pleasure spent his hours;
By curling flames hurl'd headlong to decay,
The halls and turrets levell'd with the clay.
Crush'd is the villa that in grandeur shone,
As orient mosque or grand imperial throne;
Hail ground rever'd, great Farquharson the name,
Enchas'd in gold, adorns the page of fame.
Firm in the field to crush usurping pride,
Oft was his sword with vital purple dy'd,
While round his camp would winged gorgons yell,
And Caccodemons sung the notes of hell.
Dame Retrospection bids me lift the spear,
And seek Monaltrie in the field of war;
When black Erinnies thirsted sore for blood,
Pseudo Christians quaff'd the stygian flood.
The Furies howl, and Charon's bargemen roar,
And Christian friendship leaves the Scottish shore.
The imp Pandora left her dark abode,
And spread her bagio, hell's detested load;
On British shores she dropp'd her poison'd sperm,
And Pandemonians nurse the hated germ:

---

armed proper. Ermine and gules, a Banner and Lion rampant: vert, an oak tree blossomed.

Crest.—A demy Lion gules. Motto—Fide et Fortitudine. I force no Friend, I fear no Foe.

Vice shakes the die, Tartarian taverns roar,
Sweet philanthropy dwells on earth no more.
Ye sacred Priests who scan the holy page,
Does mild Religion love rapine and rage?
For shame, ye blush, to break her cordial laws,
Her volumes tear, and sail on stygian prows?
Religion bids all broils and tumults cease,
And mortals dwell in regions of mild peace;
With iron hand old Pluto loos'd the chains,
And sent his legions to terrestrial plains:
With hell dipp'd swords to cut the bonds of love,
And Astrea's children from the earth remove;
The churchmen first the poison'd spiders feel,
And prompts the laii to unsheath the steel.
Graham takes the field to loose the madd'ning charm,
And transdevana shews his potent arm; [charm,
Religion droops, he mourns her burden'd fate,
He draws his sword to prop Church, King, and State.
With chosen men he marched forth to save [State.
The altars from the covenanting wave,
Monaltrie call'd his highland clans around,
The distant Straths rose at the warlike sound;
At Cairn na Cuimhne, near the meand'ring Dee,
The clans collect, in order grand to see.†

† In 1645, when Montrose breathed war on the Covenanters, on this side the Grampians, Donald Far-

One thousand soldiers, faithful at the word,
With bonnets blue, claymore, and keener sword;
Sons of Braemar vow'd by the Cross of Oak
To have the anti-covenanters broke:
Or cloth'd in blood sleep in the arms of death,
For Covenant they swore to yield their breath.
Strathaven sent her children to defend
The new born Church, or their hearts blood to spend;
In garb of Gaul the soldiers were array'd,
Brogues, philabeg, and folded tartan plaid.
Glenlivat cries, arise my sons to arms,
Rise and destroy the Southron painted charms;
With sounding bagpipe and the hollow drum,
They march to send the Southron legions home.
In every corps the painted ensigns fly;
And nodding plumes float in the zephyr'd sky;
The trumpets sound, the swelling bagpipes roar
The native air, or Lochaber no more.
To Durris march'd, Strathboggy's camp to join,
The van commanded by the brave Aboyne;

---

quharson of Monaltrie collected a corps from the vallies of Strathdee, Strathaven, and Glenlivat, and marched to Durris to join Lord Huntly, and oppose Graham.—*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 2.

There they encamp'd until the steeds appear,
That draw Aurora to illume our sphere.
The trumpets sound, the valiant Captains meet,
With open hearts, and ties fraternal sweet;
They quaff'd the nectar luscious to behold,
And o'er the chalice sung the deeds of old.
Thrice in the air they pitch'd their bonnets blue,
And vow'd no feuds should cut their love in two;
They sung when Pluto in his iron car
Ca Ira sung, and led the troops to war.
On high Culblean, Perth, Brechin's gory plains,
Where Celtic Clans gained the medallion chains;
Our highland soldiers in the gory field,
Bore off the palm, and made their foes to yield:
When Charles Stuart sought Scotia's diadem,‡

---

‡ In 1745, when Charles Stuart, called the Pretender, aspired to the Britannic throne, the Celtic clans armed to aid him, which caused a rebellion. Farquharson of Monaltrie headed an army against the Hanoverian, as he was pleased to call him. Monaltrie was joined by Captains Stuart and Gordon, and marched to Inverury to combat the clans commanded by M'Leod of M'Leod and Munro of Culcairn. The fight began December the 23d, at six o'clock, P. M. by the light of the moon. The contest was severe, but the Farquharsons were victorious. Gordon of Prony, and Stuart of Auquhoile, distinguish-

And made a feint to seize the studded gem.
The sons of Mar upon the field are seen,
With white cockades and tartans blue and green;
With floating plumes, pure as the snow in dye,
With perfor'd armour pointing to the sky.
The trumpets sound, the clans forsake the north,
Munro in order calls his vassals forth;
God save King George, the royal soldiers cry,
For George we fight, resign our breath, and die.
Stuart's firmer stay, the Farquharsons again
With hearts of steel camp on the Donean plain:
Long live Prince Stuart, Monaltrie's soldiers sing,
Sound trumpets sound, God save our Royal King.
From Hell's wide portals wars great agents sprang,
And on the earth blood and Ca Ira sung;
Her snake twin'd whip the mania goddess threw,
And o'er the field the foaming coursers flew.
Round the mad steeds the Imps and Harpies roar,
Rebellion stalks on the Britannic shore;
The brave Monaltrie bade his soldiers arm,
Ye Dee-men, while your hearts and blood are warm,

---

ed themselves on the field. In Monaltrie's regiment were three hundred of the name of Farquharson.—[*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 2.

Rush on your foes, and crush the boasting clan,
1 and Auquhoile will direct the van.
Culcairn's soldiers range to meet the foe,
And vow'd by Jove to lay the Dee-men low,
Or sleep in death: Clan Chattan thus began,
" Are you my soldiers frighted at that man,
Unfurl your standard, let your bugles sound,
Make victory sit on Dee-men's camp enthron'd,
Your blades unsheath, and brandish in the air,
The tri-edged bayonet and the pointed spear;
Point to the Doncan wond'ring troops an host,
Array'd for freedom and fair Scotia's boast:
Think on the feats that gild a Scotchman's name,
Shrink not, be bold, and gain the gem;
Think on the field how firm our fathers stood,
Until Harlaw was drench'd in human blood:
The air was dark'ned with the vital steam,
More awful made by steel's electric gleam;
Macdonald vanquish'd, left the gory fight;
Where hundreds slept in the realms of night.
Think on those deeds, think on your peaceful
home,
And on Dee's banks fix the green blooming palm:
Here bend each knee, and vow to see no more,
Your lawns and grots, nor Dee's empebbl'd shore,
In ignominy. Rise, your cannon play,
Cut down their ranks and break their firm array,

Let lightnings flash and gloomy horrors spread,
And wade to glory o'er the mangl'd dead;
Shew them the Dee-men are the Lords of day,
And foes before us pass as mist away."
The trumpets sound, the hosts in fury charge,
Smoke flies, death rides, and shews the bloody
targe;
Astarte's horsemen drew the shining car,
To see the conflict, and the flash of war.
The silver Empress, and her shining train,
In splendour rode o'er the empyrean plain;
The hosts of war with rage insatiate spring,
While shot and steel the soldiers dirges sing.
Swords fly in shivers, sparks illume the sky,
And death and carnage o'er the armies fly;
Vast souls broke loose and left this world of pain,
And seek the shades where death and darkness
reign.
The Farquharsons so firm and constant stood,
Till Ury's fields were dy'd in human blood;
Culcairn's soldiers leave the field of war,
Nor dare before Monaltrie's clan appear.
M'Leod enrag'd, cried dastards dare ye fly,
Halt to the right, and make the foe give way:
His words are air, they quit the gory plain,
While pity wept to see the heaps of slain.
With Farquharson we'll leave the carnag'd tide,

To see the Dee in graceful motions glide;
Enamell'd fields, green vales, and shady groves,
Where Zephyrissa and Favonius roves.
Scenes picturesque green of rising ground,
In the wide gaze the wond'ring fancy's drown'd;
All nature revels, flowers perfume the air,
Lambs frisk, birds carrol, joys on joys appear:
The silver tide in bubbling motion sings,
And choirs of warblers strike the choral strings;
Dee mantling soft the clear and oozy bed,
The banks and meads with flow'ry carpets spread:
Within the grove, where beauty strikes the eye,
And Sylvan artists every order ply;
Balmoral‡ rises, op'ning to the view,
Nor Titian's pencil brush'd a fairer shew.
The billing turtles, harbingers of love,
In dulcet cooing wanton thro' the grove;
The waters sing, the waving verdant trees,
Respond in cadence every murmuring breeze.
The pluimy warblers touch the vocal lyre,
Pan tunes his reed with the harmonious choir;
The Heron stalks, the buzzing insects sing,

---

‡ Balmoral, i. e. Earl's House by the stream; a neat Villa on the south side of the Dee, in the centre of a grove.

And o'er the stream the Martin plies his wing.
The daisied meads in Eden grandeur rise,
And alpine cliffs seem lock'd in azure skies:
Nature displays her soft hortensian skill,
With beauty clothes the valley, mead, and hill.
Among yon hills, clad with eternal snow,
Where misty vapours wet each craggy brow,
High Loch na Garraidh* behold majestic rise,
The heath clad summit hid in vaulted skies;
O'er the brown top what dewy tempests sweep,
And limpid currents oozing from the steep:
Each liquid conduit tells a bubbling tale,
Or falls in torrents to the dreary vale;
Here sheeted fogs obscure the noon-tide sun,
The cloud dispels the drizzling vapours run.
Again the monarch shews his genial beam,
The thunder rolls the forked meteors gleam;
The mount unmov'd mocks the fierce wintry ire,
The forked bolts, and heav'ns electric fire.
The shaggy cliffs smile at the Borean flood,
Frosts gelid power, and angry tempests rude;
The hunter climbs the rocky cliff to gaze,

---

* Loch na Garraidh, or Loch na Garr, Hill of the Lake, 2000 feet above the level. This mountain abounds with a variety of beautiful rich chrystals.

On prospects round, then lost in wild amaze,
Surveys the vallies and the landskips fair,
Till all is lost in horizontal air;
The feather'd brood whirs o'er the flow'ry heath,
The sportsman aims the messenger of death;
Marks the fledg'd covey, and with keen desire
Pours on the groupe the fatal rays of fire:
The voley flies, the rocks retort the sound,
The fated victim stains with blood the ground;
The agile Roe starts at the murd'ring groan,
Fleet as the wind flies from the sight of man.
These varied scenes paint in the gazing soul,
A fixed regard to him that governs all;
Eternal power, and Majesty immense,
Sublime, unmeasur'd by weak mortal sense.
In that wide vale, well fenc'd with verdant wood,
Once the grand altar of devotion stood;†

---

† The vestige of a Church on the lands of Abergeldie, whose followers were of the order of St. Augustine, a Monk of the Convent of St. Andrew's at Rome. He was educated under St. Gregory, afterwards Pope Gregory I. by whom he was sent to Britain in the year 596, with forty Monks of the same order, where he was chosen first Archbishop of Canterbury. This order were originally hermits, whom his Holiness Pope Alexander

Where tonsor'd Priests in veneration sung,
And hallow'd notes re-echo'd from each tongue.



---

IV. first congregated into one body, under Lanfranc, their Bishop, in the year 1256. After this order was instituted in Britain, they erected thirty-two Priories. *Hall's Encyclopædia, vol.* 1.

The Priests were clothed in black, and made one of the four orders of mendicant Friars. From these arose a reform under the denomination of barefoot Augustinians, or Minorities, or White Friars minor. There were also Nuns and Canonesses of the Augustinian order, who wore white gowns, and over them rochets of white linen.

The Chapel of Abergeldie was consecrated to St. Columba, who landed in Britain in the year 565, and took possession of the isle of I, or Hy, a small island in the Hebrides, three miles in length and one in breadth. This isle is still visited and venerated, as once containing the sacred lamp of Christianity, and the seat where the veil of Druidism was first drawn aside, and shewed the beauty of Christianity to the English Saxons, and where the Monarchs of Scotland were inaugurated and sepultered. The island was then called Iona, (Hebrew) i. e. a Dove, in allusion to the landing of Columba: and becomes a field for the antiquarian, on account of its antiquity and its ancient religious establishments.

The island abounds in metals, minerals, and fossils;

Hail sacred seat, the sacred throne of peace,
Hail antique pile, where now all warbling cease,

---

the coast side is mostly flat, but the middle rises into small hills; the western wing is rocky and barren.

The Cathedral Church was an elegant fabric, built in the form of a cross, 115 feet by 23, transept 70.

The pillars of the choir had their capitals charged with Scripture pieces. The walls for the most part were of durable granite. In the centre of the Cathedral stood an elegant cross, of one granite stone, 14 feet high, 22 in breadth, and 10 inches thick. The See was endowed with 13 islands.

The Augustinian Church was 59 feet by 18; adjoining to the Church stood a cloister, 41 feet square: two of the sides were composed of seven low arches, composed of two thin stones, 3 feet high, with a flat stone on the top of each, serving as a plinth; and on them two other stones meeting at the top, and forming an acute angle, by way of an arch. On the foreside are five small arches. Several other buildings joined this, which are all in ruins.

From the year 596, that Columba died, until 607, Eumines and Adamnus were Abbots, and enjoyed quietness: but in 807, the Danes pursued the Monks from the island, with Kellach, their Abbot.

The Danes were no sooner retired, than a new order of Monks was formed, called CLUNIACS, which continu-

Within the walls meek silence breathes around,
And whistling zephyrs murmur on the ground:

---

ed until the Revolution, when the reversions were annexed to the See of Argyle.

Alexander I. on a voyage to the Isles, was driven by storm on the island of Hy, where he was in danger of perishing, when some of his attendants discovered the cell of a hermit; to commemorate this event, his Majesty caused erect a Cathedral on the ruins of the former, 38 yards in length, and 8 yards in breadth, the transept 24 yards The east window displays a beautiful specimen of Gothic workmanship; the capitals were ornamented with sculpture. In the middle of the Cathedral was a dome three stories high, supported by four arches, and ornamented with bas reliefs.

Near the altar, which was of Parian marble, is a tombstone of black marble, on which is seen a fine recumbent figure of the Abbot Macfingone, as large as life, with this inscription---Hic jacet JOHANNES MACFINGONE, Abbas de Ii, qui obit anno M. D. cujus animo propicietur altissimus. Amen.

On the floor is the figure of an armed Knight, with an animal sprawling at his feet. On the opposite side are the tombs of the Abbots Kenneth and M'Kinnon.—[*Pennant's Tour to the Hebrides.*

The Library, in books and manuscripts, was truly valuable, as Iona was the seat where the national archives

And when bright Phœbus shews his parting beams,
Thro' roofless walls the glimmering taper gleams;

---

and other valuable manuscripts were kept. The registers and records were all wrote on parchment and cards; some of the books were presented by Fergus II. as part of the plunder of Rome by Alaric, King of the Goths, many of which were consummate at the Reformation. Some of them, that were snatched from the flames, were carried to the English College of Douay in France, a Seminary erected in the year 1562, where they remain. Others were carried to Aberdeen in 1525, near illegible. Near the grand Cathedral stood three globes of white marble, in three granite basons.—[*British Tourist, vol.* 1.

The Nunnery of the Augustinian Canonesses was an elegant fabric, 58 feet long and 20 feet broad. On the floor can yet be seen, the tombstone of Lady Anne Donald, last Prioress. On one half of the stone is her figure cut; her head is supported on the right and left side by two angels; above is a comb and an eucharistical wafer, and the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus: over them is inscribed—Sanctæ Mariæ ora pro me. Round the Prioress is—Hic jacet Domina Anna Donaldi ferleti filia, quondam Prioressa de Iona, quea obit, A. D. MDXI. Ejus animas altissimo commendamus.

Between the Nunnery and the Cathedral extends a broad paved way, called the Main Street, which is joined by two others. In this street stands an elegant Cross,

Now cloth'd in ruin the grand fabric lyes,
The hallow'd relic of departed days.

---

called Malcolm's Cross, the only one of 360 that has escaped the ravages of the Reformation. In the court of the Cathedral stand two crosses, dedicated to Saints John and Martin.

On the right of the Cathedral, but contiguous to it, are the ruins of the College. Some of the cloisters are visible, and the Common Hall entire. A little to the north of the Cathedral is the vestige of the Bishop's House; and on the end of the Cathedral are seen the ruins of St. Mary's Chapel.—[*British Tourist, vol.* 1.

The Church of St. Oran is yet entire on the eastern wing. On the ground floor is the tombstone of one of the Prioresses, with this inscription—Reilig Oran, i. e. the Burying Place of Oran. Near the door of the Chapel is the pedestal of a cross, on which are certain stones, apparently the supporters of tombs. Round the grave of St. Oran are a number of stones, now illegible by the dung of cattle and grassy weeds. In a large enclosure are several Chapels, in which are to be seen the royal tombs, containing from Fergus II. to Macbeth; 48 Scottish Sovereigns, 4 Hibernian, 8 Norwegian, and 1 French Monarch.—[*Topographical History of Scotland.*

Much has the public done for the preservation of Inish Druinsh, i. e. the Island of the Druids, (the name given to it before the landing of St. Columba). Much has been

Still as the stranger the fallen grandeur views,
Where holy choirs pay'd their religious vows,
A sacred awe pours gently on his soul,
And fancy wings beyond this transient pole:
Where hosts celestial hymns of tribute pour,
And ruin shews his carnage face no more.
But see the morning pours his genial light,
And drives from earth the sable clouds of night;
The feather'd tribe their grateful homage pay,
To Him the Lord of heav'ns eternal day:
The op'ning buds send forth a rich perfume,
The varied meads in florean splendours bloom.
Among sweet shrubs that crown yon verdant height,
See Abergeldie tow'ring to the sight;‡
Where winged cherubs sing soft tales of love,

---

done an account of this venerable antiquity, and the repository of regality, which suffered so much at the Reformation, when the walls were demolished, the altars broke, and the ornaments and crosses thrown into the sea.

The Chapel of Columba, on the lands of Abergeldie, is now inclosed with young wood.

‡ Abergeldie, Abar or Aper, a Bank or Stoppage, and Geldie, the name of a rivulet, rises in the towering mountain of Loch na Garraidh, and falls into the Dee.

And gentle breezes fan the verdant grove;
Whose boughs umbrageous shade the flow'ry plain,

---

The Castle is very ancient, once the residence of the Muat family, until the beginning of the fifteenth century, when a feudal contest arose between the Camerons of Brux and the Muats of Abergeldie. The parties met on a hill on the southern verge of the Don, called Drum Guardrum, on the lands of Brux. Cameron had only twelve men, but the treacherous Muat brought two men on each horse; notwithstanding the disparity of number, the parties engaged with keenness. The two sons of Muat, and a gentleman called M'Fadden, and eleven of Muat's men, fell, and were all interred on the heath, with Cameron, which ended the line of Brux. He leaving no issue to deplore his loss, but one daughter in her minority, her he entrusted under the Earl of Mar, before he engaged Muat. Catharine Cameron, having attained the stage of puberty, was surrounded by admirers; but learning the cause of her father's death, vowed to give her hand to none, but that man who dared revenge the death of her father, which made them fall back. Lord John Forbes, of Castle Forbes, had four sons who sued for the hand of Catharine, but retired on hearing her vow. Robert, the second son, returned to the pursuit, determined to gain the horse or lose the saddle, to gain her hand or embark with Charon. Accordingly, he

Where range the flocks and sport the fleecy train.
The heath clad summits height the tinted view,

---

challenged Muat to meet him on the field of Badenyon, May the 8th. Each leader commanded 600 men to prevent treachery, when Forbes addressed Muat to this effect:—What pity to dip so many swords in human blood? We will encounter arm to arm, and the soldiers will live in friendship with the victor. To which Muat assented with an oath. On an instant they engaged with resolution, and stood firmly for some minutes, when Muat resigned his life into the shades. Forbes returned to Kildrummy, and led the blooming virgin to the altar, and fixed their seat at Brux, and from them descended a numerous progeny. At their death, they were interred at Kildrummy, and a rude recumbent figure marks the ground.

In 1487, Alexander Gordon, second son to Alexander Gordon of Midmar, was presented with the lands of Abergeldie, and was one of the witnesses that took oath on the plate and vestments in the Church of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen, at the Reformation, Jan. 17, 1550.

The present proprietor, in 1817, is Peter Gordon, Esq.

Abergeldie Arms.—Azure, three boars' heads; or, parted by a chevron. Crest.—Over a warrior's helm, a greyhound passant. Motto—God with Us.

The scenery of this spot is charming, and is celebrated in a song, called "The Birks of Abergeldie."

Soft lawns, rich meads, and mountains capp'd in blue;
Betulæn bowers, and pines alternate green,
Majestic oaks and aller shrubs between.
When thro' the groves the gentle zephyrs play,
And balmy odour scents the robes of May,
All hail ye shades, hail variegated scene,
Sweet blooming groves, majestic blue serene.
The Dee romantic winds along the shade,
And on the verge reclines the black hair'd maid;
Where Sylvan beauties in their splendour reign,
And Flora spreads her garments on the plain.
The Dee soft winding, kiss'd by waving trees,
That move harmonious to the zephyr'd breeze;
On every spray sweet warblers strike the lyre,
Pan's oaten reed joins the symphonic choir.
And now we quit the flow'r bespangl'd field,
To climb the cliff's that scenes romantic yield;
Where blooms the heath, where Grouse and Pheasants play,
And Ptarmagants sport in the solar ray.
The blossom'd heath sends forth a rich perfume,
The pansy, milfoil, and sweet violets bloom;
What pen can trace the beauties here display'd,
The tow'ring hill and interwov'n shade.

Behold the Lake,§ the Grampian mounts between,
The verge enamell'd with a zone of green ;
Where sportive Naiads on the surface play,
And lave their tresses in the noon-tide ray.
Then from their urns the silver tribute pours,
To nurse the flow'ret on the verdant shores ;
Each sloping bank with flow'ry carpets spread,
Where tufted daisies rear their spangl'd head :
Here led where Priests oft sung the missal song,*

---

§ Muick, a Lake, about two miles in circumference, collected in the Grampians, and feeds a rapid stream of the same name, called Glen-Muick, i. e. the Valley of Swine : a little after the stream leaves the lake, it is thrown over a ledge of rocks, forming a striking picturesque view. The water falls nearly twelve yards, and then takes a rapid course over a rugged channel to the Dee. The air here is salubrious, few diseases being known among the inhabitants. The natives assemble annually on the 13th of February, being their Patron's day. The Church was made tributary to the Cathedral of St. Machar, Aberdeen, by James IV. The lands of Glenmuick were presented to Sir Alexander Gordon of Huntly in 1449, and received the Royal Seal, March 15, 1457.—[*Gordon's History, vol. II.*

* The ruins of an old church on the lands of Auquhoile. Near this stood the ancient House of Auquhoile,

And fragrant incense offer'd by the throng.
The laii sung Thou Great JEHOVAH GOD,
Our crimes cancel and wash us in thy blood;
But all is hush'd, no more I hear the theme,
No choirs the Trine in choral songs proclaim:
No Stabet Mater by the Priests are sung,
All stillness reigns where Misericordia rung:
No eager souls are to the altar led,
To bend their knee and dust throw on their head;†
The vesper choir Regina sings no more,
Nor star translucent sing the laic choir;
The walls no more in vocal music ring,
Hail holy Lord, hail sempiternal King;
Here too Auquhoile felt the leaden stroke,
Its grandeur bow'd, and all the charms are broke.
The swallow wantons and the night bird sings,

---

which was forfeited to the Crown in 1745. It is at present in the possession of James Farquharson, Esq; of Invercauld.

† A custom used by the Roman Catholics in the beginning of Lent, when ashes are put on their forehead by the Priest, and from this is called Ash Wednesday. This fast was first instituted in 487. The ceremony of of putting dust on their head was instituted at the Council of Beneventum, in 1091.

And guests nocturnal ply their sooty wings;
Where halls re-echo'd the convival roar,
And Maia's chorus grac'd the warbling lore:
No more the dance within the walls appear,
No flowing song, but whistling winds we hear:
The shepherd swain upon the ruins sing,
Where Adelgitha sweep'd the vocal string;
The river weeps, and floating Naiads mourn,
The roofless halls, and grass clad walks forlorn.
Down as we pass the clear meand'ring tide,
Displays more charms, fresh beauties crowns each side.
The op'ning cowslip, lovely painted flower,
Adorns the valley and the Sylvan bower;
The tender lambkins gambol on the plain,
And Hybla's babes the dew wet vessels drain.
Ten thousand flowers, fairer than Tyrian dye,
Perfumes the field and zephyr borne sky;
What beauties rise, the aerial natives sing,
The Shepherd's reed makes woods and mountains ring.
Birch-hall appears in grove of blooming trees,*

---

‡ Birch-hall, a neat villa adorned with rising wood, erected as a Jointure House for the Lady Dowager of Abergeldie.

That move in concert with each gentle breeze;
Where Sylvan myriads in the verdant halls,
In robes etherial trip the festive balls.
On yon green mound, behold the roofless tower,*
Where Bats and Ravens spend the midnight hour;
The turrets loos'ning from their firmer bed,
Casts a still gloom, and fills the mind with dread.
The croaking Jays perch on the walls forlorn,
Where vocal music echo'd in the morn;
Brown walls encrusted with the frost of years,
Where spreading moss distils nocturnal tears,
The Raven caws upon the roofless tops,
Where damps distil, and saline moisture drops.
Here leave the pile, and turn to Dee's clear stream,
And hear young Colin cheer his dragging team.
Cross rising lawns, clad in the vernal flowers,
Enamell'd meads, and soft Elysian bowers;



* Cnoc, a square tower, on an eminence, built for a hunting seat by Gordon of Terpercy, which fell into the lands of Abergeldie. In 1590 it was burnt by the Clan Chattan, but was again repaired, and in 1706 inhabited by Lady Euphemia Graham, of the county of Forfar, The tower is unroofed, and enclosed with young wood; the lands are now in possession of Alexander Gordon. Esq. Westward is the vestige of a Chapel, in the vale Ghirnoc, on the lands of Abergeldie.

Where op'ning cups perfume the liquid sky,
The texture richer than the Tyrian dye,
In foaming order Gairns rapid tide,‡

---

‡ Glengairn, (Gaelic) from Glean-garbh-amhain, i. e. Rough running Water. This river takes its rise in the mountain called Bhin-a-mhon; and after winding through a barren glen, enters on an open country, and passes on the north of Runeaton. The hills here have a rugged appearance, and contain several veins of limestone. The river passes the House of Runloan, a stage on the road leading from Edinburgh to Fort George; here is an elegant bridge thrown over the stream. On the south of the bridge stands the neat villa of Gairn Sheal, belonging to the family of Invercauld. On the east stands a supplementary Parochial Church: and about one mile farther east, at a place called Clash-na-ruith, is a small Roman Catholic Chapel, and the ruins of another, two miles to the east of this. The Church of Cairn was consecrated to "Kentigern, alias Mungo, a pious Priest of royal parentage, illegitimate son of Eumenius, King of Scotland, and Tamoteus, daughter to Lotho, King of the Picts. The Pictish Princess, finding herself with child, and conscious of her crime, withdrew privately from the Court of Lotho; and in order to conceal the birth, and preserve her own honour, put to sea in an open boat, trusting to the mercy of heaven. After several days struggling with the boisterous element, the boat

Where nature paints in varied robes each side,
A heath clad summit gives the conduit birth,
The infant current disembogu'd from earth,
In wanton circles 'mong the verdure plays,
Each serpent curl reflects the solar rays;
In limpid streams rolls on the Dee to meet,
And throws her tribute shining at her feet:
With rural landscapes rising to the sight,
Green meads, the stream, and rugged heath clad
height;
The cloud capp'd Morven rises to the view,†

---

was thrown on shore near Culross, on the north side of the Forth, where she was delivered, and baptized the child Kentigern. She afterwards bestowed on him a liberal education, and placed him under the tuition of St. Sylvanus, afterwards Bishop of the Orkneys. Christianity in Scotland at that age was but in the embryo: Kentigern was chosen Bishop of Glasgow. He was a man of rare piety, and exceeding bountiful to the poor; he died January 13, 601, aged 85."—[*Mure's History of Glasgow.*

The natives commemorate his memory by assembling annually on the 13th of January.

† Mor-bhin-Morven, i. e. the great Hill, "a hill on the northern verge of the Cairn, part of the chain of mountains running from the south to the north, bearing

Half hid in fogs and wet with falling dew.
Where Nebulosa combs her snowy hair,
And spreads the ringlets to the passing air;
Diana's Priests pursue the nimble Roe,
And sing Io Paen the echo rings below.
The blooming heath a grateful odour sheds,
And fragrant offsprings raise their tinctured heads;
There from the brow what prospects rise in sight,
The fertile dale and horizontal height.
Smooth winding Dee is seen in all her charms,
Receive each conduit with maternal arms;
Effulgent light in ev'ning grandeur shone,
The silver Moon deck'd the blue horizon.

---

the name Morven, as the Grampians."—[*Notes on Ossian.*

Two hills are all that bear that name in Scotland. The Morven on Gairn, and the Morbhin, or Morven, in Argyle. The celebrated Fingal, together with Ossian his son, (who died in 283) flourished in Argyle. Owing to the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, Argyle became the Seat of Inauguration, and contained the grand marble Inaugural Stone, now in Westminster Abbey. In the year 906, this Imperial Chair was removed to Scone, where Constantine was crowned by Bishop Kellach, and Scone became the last Seat of Inauguration. *Sconiana.*

Charm'd with the scenes that on each spot I found,
My knees I bent, and prais'd the Power profound
That governs all. Then view'd the spangl'd bed,
The luscious hoard with wild ambrosia spread;
Above in splendour roll'd the vesper flame,
With azure brilliants round her diadem.
The Lunar Queen moves o'er the shining plain,
The Stellar Nymphs are her attendant train;
Nocturnal warblers move their downy wings,
And vesper hymns of adoration sings.
While gazing on the grand illum'd expanse,
Where Pleiades shine and Orion's cinctures glance,
I cried, great Empress of the silent night,
Ye sparkling myriads, veil'd in robes of light,
Ye shining orbs adorns the ev'ning sky,
And guides the pilgrim on his lengthen'd way,
Your fate is wrote, your lustre too will fade,
And sink annihilate in eternal shade.
All nature springs, nursed by a parent kind,
And bows before the chilling wint'ry wind;
Thou Queen that rides in silver axl'd car,
Diffusing light o'er earth's wide mobile star,
From pole to pole, thy coursers wing their flight,
And shews each isle beams of etherial light:
Thou draw the reins, thy beauty's seen abroad,
And all confess an omniscient God.
O Sempiternal! may my soul survey

Thy boundless mercies, and confess thy sway,
Thy mystic Godhead in each hour confess,
The Three Eternal may each soul express.
Aurora mark'd with ruby streaks the east,
The little herald leaves his platted nest;
The sportive Lapwing rais'd his matin song,
The timid Grouse distends his whirring tongue,
And Phæton's steeds returning day proclaims,
The orient gales in golden colour beams.
With flexed knees, hail op'ning day I sing,
These feeble words fell rapid from my tongue:
Has then Aurora left the deep, and found
Me stand inactive on the dew clad ground,
When lo! all nature to her office wakes,
The Plover chirps, and Ducklings skim the brakes;
The chrystal drops from op'ning flow'rets rise,
Creation pays a matin sacrifice;
O'er the ting'd lawns I will my walk pursue,
And from the cowslips brush the drops of dew;
And sing while day the guiding star supplies,
And sparkling jubars rule the concave skies.
See from each cup falls the chrystalline gem,
And stains with fragrance Flora's diadem;
Thou great I AM, celestial Parent hail,
Infernal darkness from our minds exspel;
O'er earth and air diffuse thy glorious beams,
From Zion's font in silent balmy streams.

Resplendent light, the little chorists sing,
The hills and forests with their warbling ring;
With plumage wet in pearly dew they rise,
And warbling music floats on morning skies,
I cried, sweet minstrels borne on fluid air,
My soul is ravish'd with your notes so rare;
No books display your charming self-taught song,
By nature taught, man borrows from your tongue.
The harp, and flute, and sounding vocal lyre,
But all are mimic to your warbling choir;
Now dews ascend, I left the cloud capp'd hill,
Inhal'd the odour Flora's maids distil.
The Martin skims and sips the silver wave,
Clear as the urns with which the hourii lave;
Their ebon limbs, each mead adorn'd with flow'rs,
Where Nymphs Hortensian* spend their vernal hours;

---

* Nymphs Hortensian, a borrowed expression for flowers: formerly the Nymphs were adored as Divinities. Servius, in his mythology, makes them two hundred; but Hesiod counts upwards of three hundred. Those fanciful Divinities arose from the word Lympha, and from the fantastic idea of souls hovering near the tombs where their friends were buried, as Nympha signifies a Soul.—[*Banier's Mythology, vol. II.*

Young zephyrs sport among the verdant trees,
The mantling water echos every breeze.
Myriads of insects float on liquid air,
And such the nectar Flora's maidens bear;
In waxen urns house the ambrosial store
That crown our banquets, makes our cups run o'er;
Where granite mountains rise to azure skies,
And birch and oak in vernal grandeur rise:
Glengairn ruins† on a mount appears,
Eras'd and pointing time and rust of years;
No more the domes tow'rs to the fleeting sky,
Nor spiral columns raise their apex high;
The purple Foxglove and Urtica spring,
Where Bacchanalians touch'd the vinous string:
The walls re-echo'd as the duets mov'd,
And each hero toasted her he lov'd.
Bats now and Jays haunt on the ruin'd walls,
No glasses sparkle in the roofless halls;
Behold again Dee's blue meand'ring stream,

---

† Glengairn Ruins—once a hunting seat of the Forbeses, near the noted Pass of Ballater, a chasm cut by nature through a rock, where the road passes; the only natural curiosity on the Dee. Here is a lead mine in the hills, and a subterranean cave near the Gairn.

And hear the ploughman cheer the dragging team.
See Phœbus chariot climb the horizon,
And genial radiance streaming from his throne,
On flowers and herbs in vernal robes array'd,
O'er which the graces in full splendour ride,
Among sweet meads and green umbrageous groves.
Where Sylvan minstrels, chaunt to charm their loves.
Ballater House, adorns the blooming lawn,
Where Farquharson‡ hails the gay morning dawn;



‡ Farquharson, a numerous clan on the banks of the Dee, who trace their origin from the German Catti, or Clan Chattan. Macduff, Thane of Fife, their Phylarchae, had an ancestor named Sheagh or Shaw Macduff, second son to Constantine, third Earl of Fife, and great grand-child to Duncan Macduff, last Thane, and first Earl of Fife. This Sheagh was Captain under Malcolm IV. on the expedition against the Murrays of the Province of Moray, in A. D. 1163. For his valour, Malcolm made him Governor of Inverness Castle, and gave him the lands of Peaty, Brachley, with the Forest of Stratherin, which belonged to the rebels. The country people on his descent gave him the name Macintosh, or Thane's Son, which continued to his progeny, yet some of them claimed the name of Shaw. One of them was Shaw of Rothiemurchus, whose offspring settled in

There nature revels, and is ever gay,
And Flora wears the rosy garb of May.
Each plant, each shrub, a fragrant zephyr yields,
And sports fantastic o'er the leafy fields;
Mosaic carpets scent the fluid air,
In ermine robes the babes of spring appear.
Largess immense, man surely never can
Trace, or the pencil, or the artist hand;
Scene crowds on scene, fresh prospects op'ning round,
Alps rise o'er alps, with oak and verdure crown'd;
There sheets of mist and dewy vapours rise,
And kindly mingle with the floating skies.
Such charming views, makes sons of Eve exclaim,
JEHOVAH, Lord Eternal, truth the same.
See on the plain the Fanes§ o'er top the wood,
Where choirs in music chaunt sweet hymns aloud.
Hark in the grove the charming Redbreast sing,

---

Strathdee, and were named Farquharson. From Ferquhard Shaw, the eldest son of this family, are the Farquharsons of Invercauld, Inverey, Monaltrie, &c. Arms, see Monaltrie.—[*Buchanan's Rise of the Clans.*

§ The Church of Ballater, an ashler fabric, built in 1798, seventy-three feet by thirty-three. The spire, from the base to the vane, measures 100 feet, The Church unites Glenmuick, Glengairn, and Tullich.

Among the temples of eternal spring;
Tempe and Flora in the forest play,
And feather minstrels chirup on the spray.
There ancient Brachley on a height is seen,*

---

* Brachley, or Braikly, an ancient seat of the Gordons. The late Baron and all his family were beset by the Clan Chattan, and murdered, and the Castle burnt. See the ballad:

O Inverey came down Dee-side,
Whistling and playing;
He's landed at Braikly's yates,
At the day dawning.
O! came ye by Braikly,
The seat of great care;
Saw ye pretty Peggy,
Tearing her hair.

In 1590, the Clan Chattan, composed of the Farquharsons, M'Intoshes, and Grants, with several other vassals of the Earl of Moray, conspired to assassinate Huntly, or at least to destroy his lands and tenements. Angus MacWilliam, Chief of one of the Clans, enters Braemar, and was joined by Farquharson of Inverey and others. They entered the Vale of Glenmuick, and slew several of the peasantry, and then by violence entered the Castle of Braikly. Sir Alexander Gordon gave them a cordial reception, which was repaid with plunder and death by the banditti. Sir Alexander at that time was on

Crush'd to the ground, Bards mourn the tragic scene;
The flow'ry walks with noxious weeds o'ergrown,
The garden reft and every sweet has flown.
No more the Belles on promenades are found.
The pointed ploughshare tears the flow'ry ground;
No trace remains where pomp and beauty reign'd,
Pale desolation in the hall lies chain'd
Each tree and shrub in hollow accents mourn,
The listless plain and ruin'd walls forlorn;
The breezes thro' the walls and orchards stray,
No scented streams the aerial tides convey.
I left the site where ruin loves to dwell,
And to the winds her plots and engines tell:
Down as I pass, charm'd with the western gale,
Where aerial Graces on the zephyrs sail,
Sweet scenes, I cried, how oft ye charm the mind,
And throws ennui's ponderous load behind?

---

the decline of life, and was remarked for his benignity and hospitality, and was never known to do wrong to any, nor meddled with the quarrels and discords of others, and his doors were open for the admission of strangers: yet the Clan Chattan killed him, his children, and servants, then plundered and destroyed the house.—*Gordon's History of the Gordons, vol. II.*

The silver Dee, where aerial Naiads play,
And bathe their bosoms in the liquid ray,
Rolls gently on, the bubbling cheers the soul,
Drives melancholy far beyond our pole;
On either verge the Sylvan artists join
Their verdant robes, a sweet umbrageous line,
Ten thousand warblers stretch their little throats,
And in sweet concord chaunt their self-taught notes.
Their charming song hails the returning day,
And in sweet concert pass the night away;
With matin light the gentle zephyrs sport,
In wanton circles round sweet Flora's court.
And now I enter the Elysian grove,†



† Elysian grove, Pannanich woods—any delightful ground: I borrowed the expression of Elysian grove to this scene. But the mythological Elysian Field is a fictitious garden, or Mahommedan Paradise, where souls inhabit after death.

All nations have formed to themselves a Paradise. The Phœnicians appear to have given the example to the Egyptians, and the Egyptians to the Grecians: and it has been thought probable, that the spacious plain mentioned in Diodorus Siculus, in his account of Egyptian funerals, was the Elysian Field of Egypt, which he places near Memphis, on the border of the Acherusian

Where Hebe and Adonis daily rove;
The rising hills with misty vapours crown'd,
Where Pan and Pales ever are enthron'd.
The oak and pine in verdure clad arise,
In rural splendour to the vernal skies;
Among the branches, winged minstrels dwell,
And to their Chloris, tell an amorous tale.
Cephalus there, with Deadilla sports,
And rides on zephyrs, to Hymenus courts,
Where loves resort, and blooming beauties reign,

---

Lake, which is surrounded with spacious and most delightful meadows. Homer relates, that the spirits of the dead, or dead men, as he writes it, inhabited these delightful meadows, because they were the burying places of the Egyptians, who carried the bodies of their dead over the Acherusian Lake. From this sprung the poetical fiction of the souls of the dead passing the Lake Acheron in Charon's boat.—[*Lives of Othniel and Achsah, vol II.*

By this the Jewish Heaven should seem to be a material one, as well as the Mahommedan. "But those who believe, and do that which is right, we will bring into gardens through which rivers flow: and they shall dwell therein for ever, and there they shall enjoy wives free from all impurities. And we will lead them into perpetual shades."—[*Alcoran, Chap. IV.*

Whose diamond eye-balls captivate the swain,
Hail thou fair grove, that all those graces bear,
And all the beauties of the vernal year;
From the sweet bower to tow'ring heath clad hills,
The zephyrs run in fluid ætherial rills,
The blossom'd thorn each fragrant gale receives,
And throws fresh odour from the op'ning leaves;
The fields in beauty hail the charming maid
That paints the grove, dale, and enamell'd shade.
Bees load their limbs, with precious nectar'd store,
Drawn from the centre of the op'ning flow'r;
O'er beds of thyme, the stag bounds to the stream,
To sip the current, and to bathe each limb.
The lambkins play, off tow'ring mountain top,
And shaggy goats from shelves of granite, hop
In youthful sports, the mountain natives play,
And plumy beauties, warble on the spray.
The leafy forest forms a rural bower,
To house the warblers while the graces pour
Eternal verdure, paints the golden broom,
And gives the herbage beauty and perfume.
On rosy thorn, adorns the tow'ring hill
The linnet sings, the woodlark's pipe so shrill,
Invites the chorists to the warbling song,
Mel dious notes now swell each little tongue.
Responsive zephyrs waft a gentle breeze,
That skims the lake and plays among the trees;

The bubbling music of the mantling stream,
In concert plays the sweet Æolian theme,
Mellifluous music trembling on the sky,
Told in soft strains the Chalices are nigh ;‡
That hails the fluid bursting from the ground,

---

‡ The Chalices are nigh: Chalice or Cup. The fountains of Pannanich, are medicinal springs of water, that contain hydrogen gas, and other mineral substances, in its solution. During the summer months, numbers visit these wells, to bathe and drink the waters for their health. There are several commodious houses for the accommodation of the visitants near the wells. The circumjacent country is filled with inhabitants throughout the summer. One mile from the wells, through a pleasant avenue, stands Pannanich Lodge, on the verge of the Dee; a convenient seat for the more opulent during the season of the waters. This country, for romantic beauty and enchanting prospects, may be called the Elysian Field, or Terrestrial Paradise. Here we are delighted with the crowded promenades, the meandering Dee, the music of the grove, the towering cliffs empurpled with fragrant heath, and adorned with goats and sheep, collecting their lacteal juice from the graminous herbs. In fine, for routine, beauty, and mirth, it claims equality with the far famed Pitcaithly. Here we have a grand picturesque perspective view of Ballater Bridge, the Church, and Hamlets.

The new born currents yield a lovely sound.
The feather'd tribes here lave their glossy wing,
Sip the clear tide and more melodious sing;
The chrystal streams in wanton circles play,
And sparkles richly with the noontide ray,
The limpid current waves with every breeze,
And glides majestic 'mong the tufted trees.
Hail balmy cup, thou health restoring spring,
That charms the ear, to list and hear thee sing;
The grass and flowers in vivid colours bear,
Their brilliant liv'ries thro' the vernal year.
When Sirius mounts his bright igniting throne,
And glowing gold adorns the horizon;
The lovely Belles, tir'd with the civic fume,
Walk in the groves where nature's infants bloom.
No rouge urbanial, soils the female face,
Nor noxious quacks molest the happy place;
The balmy current kills the cancer care,
And health triumphant fills the regal chair.
The Beaux walk out to snuff the breathing spring,
To sip the fluid and hear the minstrels sing;
Forsake the concert, masquerade, a while,
And rural charms the fleeting hours beguile.
The crested herald calls them forth each morn,
To hear the linnet warble on the thorn;
Where air untainted shews its potent power,
And decks each cheek more brilliant than before.

No Galen comes with bills and nostrums crown'd,
To crush these charms and taint the spangl'd ground;
Here hand in hand the happy mortals move,
To hear the Throstle and the cooing Dove:
Then curse the Pander, and his snake that lures
With Syren art that instantly devours.
Unthinking bipeds drawn within his fangs,
Who wake to feel excruciating pangs;
At Pannanich no nostrums shew their face,
Nor Buchan's chemists taint the healthful place.
Each spring is fraught with choicest gifts, each flower
Fresh odour waves, the balmy fluids all pour
Their Hebean verdure on the lawns and field,
More sweet than Celsus gilded potions yield.
His potions gilded with infernal skill,
Blasts health, makes febrile, then the poisons kill;
Hail lov'ly grove! all hail, thou lovely spring!
Hail Pannanich! where blooming myriads sing!
Health reigns, wit circles, rocks and woods resound,
As the full chalice passes on its round:
Where Hebe and her darling children play,
And drives disease where Pluto waves his sway.
Hygea reigns, her waters bid return,‡

---

‡ HYGEA, the Goddess of Health, daughter to Escu-

The spring of health and nerves each vital urn;
O'erjoyed, all nature hails the genial breeze,
That wafts fresh vigour thro' the grove of trees.
Refreshing current, where the Graces trip,
On toe fantastic round thy balmy cup;
Hail gift of heav'n, where the graces reign,
And zephyrs wanton on the flow'ry plain.
Around the cup the verdant branches spread,
Ten thousand beauties raise their tufted head:
Thro' grassy herbage and sweet Sylvan shades,
The silver current falls in soft cascades;
The nectar tide in silver garb appears,
With beauties blended, shedding healing tears.
On the bright tide the Naiad graces move,*

---

lapius, son to Apollo, and Corronis, a famous Chemist, that found out the virtues of the snake in medicine He was killed by Jupiter, that he might not surpass him in knowledge.—[*Tooke's Pantheon.*

* Naiad Graces. Naiads, or Water Nymphs—ideal Deities worshipped by the ancients. They were not reckoned immortal, but they were imagined to live long, even to nine thousand seven hundred and twenty years. It has been thought, that the idea of Naiads arose in Mauritania, at the foot of Mount Atlas, because the souls of heroes were said to dwell there after death.

And wanton Dryads skim the leafy grove;
The chrystal chalice bursts ennui's chain,
And kindles vigour in the drooping vein.
Surrounding beauties charm the languid eye,
Where Graces blossom, fold their cups and die;
Elysian groves the blushing beauties spring,
And on each spray the plumy chorists sing.
A western garden, rich as Tigris lav'd,
Clear jet d'eau and groves full blooming leav'd;
Here blooms the rose and vernal scented grove,
Where Turturella sings platonic love:
The violets flourish and the linnets sing,
And zephyrs waft the lovely breath of spring.
Sweet as the gales that skimm'd Elpharat's stream,
When Adam sung his flowing matin theme,
Before his consort left the hallow'd fane,
And sought new pleasures on the leafy plain:
No more in beauty bloom'd the vermeil Eve,
Fairer than Houri bathe in fiction's wave;
Her roses fade, hid by the falling tear,
In bestial robes our parent's then appear.
The tears distil, the chrystal fluid breaks

---

The Atlantic women were called Naiads, or Nymphs. The sacrifice offered to them was milk, oil, and honey. *Banier's Mythology, vol. II.*

The carmine features on her lovely cheeks ;
In sorrowing strains the Tigris Naiads mourn,
The blooming garden where the saffron morn
Untied her cincture, and display'd abroad
Her radiature and the works of God.
Ye Nereids cease floats on the silver stream,
Ye Naiads wanton to the noontide beams,
Soft falling Dee has charms and loaded board,
With fruits and flowers such as old Eden stor'd.
Before the serpent to fair Heva sung,
And flatt'ring accents gilded his curs'd tongue;
Hail silver Dee ! meand'ring liquid plain,
Hail lovely tide ! restores these sweets again.
The virtues dwell on this Elysian sphere,
Where rich Pomona and her nymphs appear ;
Ye Sylvan myriads touch your lyres and sing,
And in full chorus hail the breathing spring :
Ye roses blossom round fair Flora's throne,
Favonius waft thy aerial tides that run
In streams unseen, o'er every springing flower,
Adorns the lawn, the mountain, dale, and bower.
Weep not, nor mourn Elpharat's wither'd pride,
The urns of Dee have all the loss supplied ;
Rise Caledonians, shake the sounding string,
Ye dews fall soft, ye silk cloth'd roses spring :
Sing the bright chalice and the spangl'd flowers,

Hygea's altar and enamell'd bowers.
Mosaic carpets with ambrosia spread,
Where Hybla's virgins drink the precious mead;
Awake my lyre, awake my feeble song,
With gratitude inspire my mind and tongue.
Jehovah gives, awake ye vocal choir;
Jehovah reigns, haste strike the sounding lyre;
Awake sweet minstrels of the leafy grove,
Awake and tune your little hymns of love:
Awake each zephyr on the western shore,
With gentle breezes fan each lovely flower:
Mellona's minstrels spread your silken wing,*
In fluid æther tune your shells and sing;
Come Heva's offspring strike the choral lay,
To Jove the sovereign ruler of the sky.
Hail living fountain of eternal love,
Hail Prince of Peace, that rules in courts above,
Life, Truth, and Mercy, still support thy throne,
Sweet Clemency is thy foundation stone:

---

* Mellona, a rural Deity, who took care of the bees, their hives, and production. Many were the ideal divinities supposed to watch over the bees, as Hybla, Aristæus, and others. They are only ranked among the demi-gods, and received honours peculiar to them —[*Banier's Mythology, Vol. III.*

Glory and power attend thy regal gate,
And Holiness around thy portals wait.
When mov'd Great Prince, who can withstand thy ire,
Thy judicature and thy bolts of fire;
Can man repine when the Almighty God,
To punish folly lifts the chast'ning rod.
His strokes are lenient, every action wise,
None but his own Jehovah will chastise;
His smile benignant and his frown is mild,
Preparing mercies for each fav'rite child:
Revere his call, be virtuous, nor despair,
Your crimes alone draw down the ills ye bear.
But see Erebus mounts his sable throne,
And o'er the sky the opake coursers run;
The steeds triumphant gallop o'er the air,
And Phæton's horses dip in liquid sphere:
The golden chariot leaves the azure sky,
The gates nocturnal shut on parting day;
The noontide monarch seeks the distant west,
And leans his head on Amphitrite's white breast.*

---

† Amphitrite, wife of Neptune: she was the daughter of Oceanus and Doris. Neptune long sought her in marriage, but could not gain her consent. He sent a dolphin, who wrought on her so far, that she married

The gems adorn the mead and verdant plain,
Enfold their cups, and drag the Morphean chain;
The vesper lamp forsakes the horizon,
And sits triumphant on her argent throne.
The sparkling Pleiades in full splendour rise,
And Orion's cincture gilds the azure skies,
The night-bird whistles, and pursues his sport,
Until Aurora opes the orient port.
Aurora's horses break the golden chain,
And drives Erebus to the western main;
The lamp of day forsakes his liquid bed,
From Neptune's bosom lifts his Ophir head;
The downy myriad hail the blushing morn,
The roses spread the dew drops on the thorn;
The liquid chrystals on the grassy plain
Are bright, the warblers chaunt their matin strain.
The groves respond, and Maia's dulcet note
In concert joins, the vocal catches float
On streams of air, the herald spreads his wings,
And morning hymns of adoration sings,
On flowery altars new born graces reign,
And waft fresh odour o'er the spangl'd plain;
The warblers carol in the leafy grove,

---

Neptune. As a reward, Neptune placed the dolphin among the stars.—[*Banier's Mythology, Vol. II.*

Their tales of spring and hymns of purest love.
The cowslip blooms, the violet drest in blue
Extend their vesture wet with sparkling dew;
The flaky Naiads skim the silver tide,
And spumy Nereids on the surface glide;
While matin jubars light the shady grove,
The winged cherubs tell their tales of love.
See on the ground, yet wet with dews distilled,
From Jove's arcanum and empyrean field,
Saint Marnoch's site, where clerics touch'd the string,†
And choirs responded, now the night birds sing;
Still silence reigns, but Norval's rural strain,
Encor'd by echo from the woodland plain.
No tonsur'd Priest here tunes the harp of love,



‡ Saint Marnoch's Site, i. e. Dee Castle. The church was dedicated to St. Marnoch, Bishop and Confessor, who flourished in the year 297, in the primitive age of Christianity, where, by his sanctity and austerity of life, he converted numbers. He was an eminent Pillar of the Church, and died in the year 322. The people assemble annually on the 13th of March, in memory of their Patron. There is a vestige of a Chapel on the south west Isle of Bute, bearing also the name St. Marnoch.

The hills on each side of Dee Castle are covered with tumuli, and other vestiges of war.

But winged people that revere the grove,
Who sing responsive to the æolian breeze,
That plays melodious thro' the leafy trees.
The vernal diamonds with the dew drops shine,
And insect myriads sip the nectarine;
The Blackbirds notes salute the list'ning ear,
The Redbreast warbles the Palladian air.
The fields a robe of various dye displays,
And humming choirsts hail the golden rays
Of the bright sun, then skip from flower to flower,
And drinks sweet nectar thro' the diurnal hour:
From the green meadow steals the honey'd prize,
And to Mellona gives the sacrifice;
From hallowed fane the anthems rise no more,
Nor harps are tun'd the Godhead t'adore;
Nocturnal horrors tread the silent plain,
And desolation clanks her iron chain.
The downy minstrels on the leafy thorn,
In plaintive song the silent organs mourn;
And altars vanish'd, where the taper'd blaze
Beam'd bright, when Aaron tun'd the missal lays.
The incense fum'd, and loud Hossanah's rung,
Responding choirs the choral anthem sung;
The nettle waves with each favonian breeze,
The altars crush'd, hush'd are those songs of praise.
That noxious weed reigns where the crosier stood,
And bread substantiate to the flesh and blood;

Of the great Father that resign'd his breath,
Fall'n man to ransom, and to conquer death.
The cups contain the sacred food no more,
No censer smokes, those hallowed rites are o'er;
No fire consumes the hecatombs of love,
No white rob'd churchmen sues Almighty Jove
To bless the land, and break Beelzebub's yoke,
And chain the tyrant in realms of smoke:
Ye holy souls, who harp before the throne,
And anthems sing to Three conjoin'd in One,
Haste, spread your wings, and with benignant smile,
Vouchsafe to guard our verdant sea beat isle,
From desolation of the sacred word,
War, inundation, fire, fell plague, and sword;
Come inspiration, hallow'd flame divine,
Come sacred unction, co-eternal Trine,
Teach me to say our Father, lend thy aid,
Thy will be done, forgive, and give us bread;
Thy kingdom come, awake my soul and sing,
Ye nations laud the omniscient King,
Who clothes the lilies in their brilliant hue,
The fragrant rose, Cyanus drest in blue.
The noon-tide ray from thee receives his heat,
Each grove soft verdure, hail immensely great;
Ye creeping tendrils, woodbines wet with dew,
Umbrageous woods, and mountains capp'd with blue,

Lift up your voices, and in lasting lays,
Articulate Jehovah's name in praise.
From this lone isle avert the gazing eye,
And view yon heaps of scatter'd rubbish lye ;§
Where once the youths, when Dian's sports were o'er,
In vocal themes rehears'd the martial lore ;
The feats of arms since valiant Gordon stood,*

---

§ Cean-na-Coil, i. e. Head of the Wood, a ruined Castle on the south banks of the Dee, erected in the year 1450, by Sir George Gordon of Huntly, for a hunting seat The Castle was burnt March 23, 1641, and was suffered to decay. The lands, in 1817, belongs to George, Earl of Aboyne. From part of the ruins is erected a house for a Roman Catholic clergyman, to perform his office to a few surrounding peasantry. Near this house stands an aged birch tree, visited by numbers, as it is said to spring from the hall where George, Marquis of Huntly, was born. On an eminence is seen a house, where Huntly sat to view the deer.

* Adam de Gordon, the first of the name, Captain of the Life Guards under Malcolm III. who, in the year 1057, presented him with an armorial bearing—Or, three Boars' Heads erased in a field azure, parted by a Chevron, as the reward of honour. The name Gordon originated in the county of Berwick, from the chatteau

With keen resolve and bath'd his shield in blood;
On Sliach plains the Gordons fought so true,

---

where Adam resided. The lands presented to view remains of war, and were named in the Saxon tongue, Gore-don, i. e. Hill of Blood: now modernized by the combination of the two syllables, and the omission of the vowel, into Gordon. Numerous writers affirm, that the name was unknown in Caledonia until the year 1066, when some of the gentlemen that flew before William Duke of Normandy bore the name of Gordon, and that they came over from France. In the history of that country, there is no mention of any bearing the name of Gordon until the reign of Charlemagne, when the High Constable was Jean, Duc de Gordoun: and in the year 1658, Gordon de Bealand wore the honorary badge. Others relate, that the name came from Gordonia, a city so named in Macedonia. Leaving all these conjectures, Ferrerius next claims our attention in his relation of the Gordons, which he debases too far, purloining his honour gained in the field under Malcolm, and ranking him as a gladiator, encountering only the savage herd that roams the wood. From Adam descended a race of the name that adorns the historic page.

In the year 1309, a General named Adam de Gordon was presented by his Majesty with the lands and castle of Strathbogie, forfeited by David Cumming, Lord Strathbogie, at the battle of Sliach.—[*New Peerage, Vol. II.*

And gain'd a shield emboss'd with regal blue:
For the reward likewise Strathbogie's plains,

---

In the year 1311, when his Majesty and his Council were assembled in the city of Perth, the Charters were sealed with the Royal Seal, and the Castle was changed from the name Strathbogie, and was called Huntly Castle.

Adam in 1312 fell at the siege of Alnwick, and was succeeded by Alexander, which some call Adam, who vanquished Athol at Culblean, Sept. 12, 1335, and in 1346 fell at the battle of Durham. His son John gained from David II. a Charter for uniting all his lands into the Baronry of Huntly, and was created Lord Gordon. The Charter is dated June 16, 1376.

Sir John fell August 5, 1388, at the battle of Otterburn, or Chevy Chace, where fell 1839 men, and 1700 wounded.—[*New Peerage, Vol. II.*

Adam Gordon, his successor, married Elizabeth Keith. Issue, one daughter. Adam, in 1402, was killed at the battle of Halidon Hill in Northumberland.—[*Fielding's Peerage.*

Adam had two illegitimate sons by Miss Elizabeth Cruickshank of Aswanly, to them he gave the lands of Lessmore and Scurdargue. His daughter, in 1408, married Alexander Seton, second son to Sir William Seton. Issue, two sons; Alexander, and William, first of Meldrum. Seton distinguished himself on the field of Harlaw, July 24,

Where noble Huntly to this age remains.
On Alnwick's field, with wreaths of honour crown'd,

---

1411.—[*History of the Gordons, Vol. II.*

Alexander, his successor, married Honoria Keith, daughter to Robert Keith, grandson to Sir William Keith, Marischal of Scotland; and his Majesty James II. presented him with the name and arms of Gordon.—[*Debrett's Peerage.*

He was succeeded by Sir George, who was presented with the lands of Glenmuick, Glentanner, Tullich, Aboyne, and Cluny, by James II. in 1449. Issue, two sons, George his successor, and Adam, first of Aboyne. The Earl died in 1479.—[*New Peerage, Vol. II.*

George, second Earl of Huntly, married Jane Stuart, daughter to King James; and 2dly, Agnes Hay, daughter to William Hay, Earl of Errol. Issue, Alexander and Jane.—[*Rudiments of Honour, Vol III.*

In 1489, the Earl built a Castle on the banks of the Spey for his residence, a superb Ducal Palace, 560 feet in length.—[*Grant's History of Moray.*

The Earl died in 1507, and was succeeded by Alexander, third Earl of Huntly, who married Jane Stuart, daughter to King James IV. Issue—George, Alexander, Bishop of Galloway; William, Bishop of Aberdeen; Janet and Isabella. In 1512, the Earl obtained a victory over the Earl of Moray, and in 1513, Sept. 12, fell at Flodden field.—[*New Peerage, Vol. II.*

The valiant Gordon in that lists is found. [won,
On Durham's ground great feats brave Huntly

---

George, fourth Earl of Huntly, married Elizabeth Keith, daughter to Robert Keith, son and heir to William Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland. Issue, eight children. In 1546, Maria Stuart, Queen of Scotland, in the fifth year of her reign, appointed him to the office of Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. Her Majesty likewise presented him with the Earldom of Moray, and afterwards with the Lordship of Abernethy. In 1362, October 28, the Earl fell at Corrichie.—[*History of the Gordons, Vol. II.—Debrett's Peerage.*

His daughter Jane married, first, the Earl of Bothwell; 2dly, Alexander, fifteenth Earl of Sutherland. Elizabeth married John Stuart, Earl of Athol, and Margaret married the Hon. John Forbes.—[*New Peerage.*

George, fifth Earl of Huntly, High Chancellor of Scotland, and Lieutenant General of all her Majesty's forces in the North, married Joan Hamilton, daughter to James Hamilton, second Earl of Arran, Regent of Scotland. Issue—George, and Jane married to George Sinclair, Earl of Cathness.—*Rudiments of Honour, Vol. III.*

George, sixth Earl of Huntly, married Henrietta Stuart, daughter to Esme Stuart, Duke of Lenox; and in 1596 fought and vanquished the Campbells at Glenlivat. He died 1598.—[*New Peerage, Vol. II.—Grant's History of Moray.*

And left a chaplet to his valiant son;
When Percy vow'd to kill our fleetest deer

M

---

George, 7th Earl of Huntly, married Ann Campbell, daughter to Archibald Campbell, 7th Earl of Argyle. By her he had George, that was slain at the battle of Alford, July 3, 1645; Louis; Charles, Lord Aboyne; James, Viscount of Aboyne, who fled to France; and John. Ann married the Earl of Perth; Henrietta married the Lord Seton; Jane married the Earl of Haddington; Margaret married Irvine of Drum; Maria married Count Morton. Huntly was chosen Captain of the Scots guards in France, under Louis XIII. and by letters patent, signed James VI. April 17, 1599, was created Marquis of Huntly —[*Debrett's Peerage.—New Peerage, Vol. II.—Rudiments of Honour, Vol. III.*

July 12, 1633, and May 9, 1634, Huntly was confined in Dee Castle by sickness, while holding council on the burning of Frendraught. In 1638, Lady Ann Campbell died, and was buried with great solemnity in the Cathedral of St. Machar's of Aberdeen, on the 20th of June.—[*Spalding's Troubles of Scotland, Vol. II*

In 1647, the Marquis was taken prisoner at Dalnabo, in the parish of Kirkmichael, county of Banff, and carried to Blairfindy Castle, in Glenlivat, parish of Inveraven, county of Banff. From Blairfindy he was escorted to Edinburgh, where he remained until August 30, 1649, when he resigned his life on the block.—[*History of Moray.—History of the Gordons, Vol. 2.*

On Cheviot hills, the horse and hounds appear,
With bowmen muster'd on the verdant plain,

---

Louis, 2d Marquis of Huntly, succeeded to the Earldom, and married Isabella Grant, daughter to Sir John Grant of Grant. Issue one son, George, 3d Marquis of Huntly, married Elizabeth Howard, daughter to Henry Howard, Duke of Norfolk; and for his fidelity and bravery, by letters patent, dated Whitehall, Nov. 1, 1684, was created Duke of Gordon, signed Carolus II. Rex.

He was succeeded by Alexander, 2d Duke of Gordon, who married Henrietta, daughter to Charles, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, and died 1728.—[*Rudiments of Honour, Vol.* 3.

Cosmo, 3d Duke of Gordon, married Catherine Gordon, daughter to William Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, and died in 1752.—[*Fielding's Peerage.*

Alexander, 4th Duke of Gordon, married Jane Maxwell, sister to Sir William Maxwell of Monreith. Issue, George, Marquis of Huntly; Magdalene, Duchess of Manchester; Duchess of Richmond; Marchioness Cornwallis; and the Duchess of Bedford.—[*Debrett's Peerage.*

George, Marquis of Huntly, Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire, Colonel of the Royal 42d regiment of foot, Chancellor of Marischal College, Aberdeen, 1816.—Married, December 1813, Eloisa Brodie, daughter to Alexander Brodie of Burn.—[*Debrett's Peerage*, 1814.

Titles.—Duke of Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, Count

And polish'd spears reflecting light again.
Earl Douglas marched to the hostile ground
With hauberk bright, and plumy chaplets crown'd;
The Celtic heroes banners float in air,
The pipe and drum our dauntless soldiers cheer.
See Huntly mounted on a prancing steed,
And streamers floating round his helm bound head,

---

of Enzie, Viscount of Inverness, Earl of Badenoch, Lochaber, Strathaven, and Balmore, Lord Gordon of Auchindown and Gartly; Earl of Norwich, July 2, 1784, K. T. Keeper of the Great Seal in Scotland, Hereditary Keeper of Inverness Castle, Chancellor of King's and Marischal Colleges, Aberdeen; Officer in the Royal Highland Society in London.—[*Gordon's History of the Gordons, Vol. I. II—Mackenzie's Prize Essays, Vol. I.*

ARMS—Quarterly, First azure, three Boars Heads, or, Gordon.—Second, or, three Lions Heads gules, Badenoch.—Third, or, three crescents within a double tressure, flowered and counter-flowered, Seton.—Fourth azure, three cinquefoils, argent, Frazer.

CREST.—A Marquis Coronet, or, a Stag's Head, guardant proper.

SUPPORTERS.—Two Greyhounds, argent gorged, with collars, gules, charged with three buckles, or.

MOTTO.—*Animo non Astutia*—By Courage not by Craft. *Bydand*—Abiding or Lasting.

When hundreds sunk in the realms of night,
To tell the shades the tidings of the fight:
Strathbogie rode, and led his soldiers on
To wrest the laurel from old Percy's son.
When Donald came to storm the gilded chair,
And on his brow to bear the royal sphere,
Fir'd to the soul, brave Huntly marches forth
To kill the rebel whose unmanly worth,
Drove him to deeds of infamy and shame,
Our Thistle's soil and stain the Stuartian gem.
With polish'd axe Strathbogie pac'd the heath,
Nor fear'd the meteors wing'd with instant death,
Till victory came with casque and studded shield,
And crown'd our soldiers masters of the field.
Plum'd with green laurels Huntly tun'd the shell,
And o'er the cups rehears'd the martial tale;
When the great portals of the east display,
The golden vesture of returning day.
Soon as Aurora shews her radiant store,
The horsemen leave the soft lectalian bower;
And on the field pursue the nimble game,
Till woods retort the soft IO Pænic theme.
How sweet to see the sweet delightful scene,
The fleetest coursers skim the verdant plain;
Men, horses, dogs, now pour from field to field,
Each mind with vigour and contentment fill'd.
The charms of health adorn and paint each face,

And joys are found triumphant in the chace;
Yet all these sports nor wean'd the warlike man
From feats of war: to curb rebellious plan.
When mad Bellona drove her iron car,
O'er Flodden field in all the pomp of war,
The brave Strathbogie heard the clarion sound,
And soon encamps on Flodden's flow'ry ground,
Where spears and helmets in disorder flew,
And blood the grass and flowery plants bedew.
Behold him stand, and with gigantic arm,
Send many heroes to their grave, while warm
With youth and strength, none dar'd their courage stain,
Till Huntly sent them to their dark domain.
When sanguine currents dim'd the herbage green,
War's curtain drawn, and shew'd an awful scene
Of carnage: soldiers grapling hard with death,
And on the ground resign'd in groans their breath.
Strathbogie fought till sweat and blood drops fell
From off his brow, and stain'd the glancing steel,
When fate destin'd the Noble Lord to fall,
And plac'd his statue in Victoria's hall.
When Maria Stuart bore Scotia's painted sphere,
And sent a mandate from the regal chair,
To wreathe Strathbogie with a myrtle chain,
And crown him Lord of Abernethy's plain.
The Earl of Moray thirsted to betray

Strathbogie's trust, and take his life away.
But still the Gordons keep the ducal throne,
The robes of state, and ornamental crown;
The noble Huntly wears the diadem,
More lasting than the brilliant studded gem.
A Patriot strenuous, constant, firm, and brave,
To deeds ignoble scorns to be a slave.
Long may Strathbogie crown the flowing bowl,
And may sweet virtues guard his aerial soul;
Long may the greyhounds hold the golden shield,
And boars and lions grace the azure field.
May courage reign, nor craft his actions stain,
And yellow cinquefoils flourish on the plain.
But fair Astarte climbs her azure throne,
And shews the brilliants in her argent zone;
The stellar horses pace the ev'ning sky,
And Pleiad diamonds in their courses play;
Ten thousand rubies walk the milky road,
And tell the world the power and works of GOD.
The azure beauties trim their lamps so bright,
And pour on earth the radiant rays of light;
Radiance sublime, once more the argent queen,
Bursts from the cloud, and all is light again.
The ev'ning lamp nocturnal splendour brings,
The holy recluse in his chapel sings
Soft vesper hymns to GOD: the dews proclaim
Returning day; the herald sings his theme.

Haste golden sun, unfold the gates of day,
Dispel the clouds, and drive the mists away;
Turn where you mountains climb aloft in air,
And where the robes of Hora's loom appear.
St. Nethale's ruins call a moment stay,†

---

† St. Nethale's ruins, i. e. Tullich, an old Church on the north side of the Dee. It was consecrated to Saint Nethale, a Bishop and Confessor that flourished in the beginning of the fifth century, when Scotland was tearing the sable veil of druidical ignorance. This support of christianity resigned himself into the arms of death, on the 8th of January, 452.—[*Statistical History, Vol.* 12. *Keith's Catalogue.*

The church is unroofed, the walls are 66 feet by 32, the north door closes at the top with an elegant Gothic arch, and there are two doors on the south. Over one of the doors is a cross lying at the foot of Calvary; in bas relief—OUR RANSOM IS PAID, HE BORE THE LOAD, THRO' THIS WE GAIN VICTORY. This village is situated on a level plain beautified by the Dee on the south, a small rivulet on the west, and a range of hills on the north. At the foot of these lofty hills is seen the ancient Via Romanorum, or Roman road, running from Tamea or Braemhar, or Mar, to Lake Blean, now Ceannord, where it united with the communication line running north and south. In this country are several striking symptoms of iron and lead ore, and some veins of lime-

Where tonsur'd clerics tun'd their vocal lay;
The roofless walls no more responding ring,

---

stone, but of a poor nature, being found to contain sand, mica, &c. in its body. The village is 40 English miles from Aberdeen, and was one of the places that was held by the Knights Templars, Knights of Jerusalem, or Red Friars; a religious body of men established in Jerusalem, A. D. 1118, by Hugo de Pagaus Gaufridus de Sancto Aldemaro.—[*Statistical History, vol.* 12.

King Baldwin II. of Jerusalem gave them a residence near the Temple of that city: from this they were called Templars. They followed the rules of St. Augustine, a religious Monk that flourished in the latter part of the sixth century, and the beginning of the seventh. Pope Gregory, in the year 700, sent this Monk to Scotland, and gave him authority over all the Bishops then in Britain. Along with the Augustine rules they joined the constitutions of the Canons regular of Jerusalem. Their office and vow was, to defend the Temple and Sepulchre of Jerusalem, to entertain strangers and pilgrims charitably, and guard them safely through the Holy Land. They were very rich and were clothed in white, and coalesced in a fraternal tie; which coalition was sanctioned by his Holiness Pope Gelasius, in the year 1120. And in the year 1145, Pope Eugenius III. caused a cross of red stuff to be sewed on their cloaks.—[*Keith's Catalogue. Statistical History, vol.* 12.

Misericordiæ, eternal King!
From Nethale's fane no loud Hosannah's rise,

---

At a Council held in the year 1312, at Vienne in France, Pope Clement V. ordered the suppression of the Templars for supposed errors, confiscated their lands and effects, and gave them to the Knights of St. John, another order of Jerusalem Knights, that had their rise from certain devout merchants of the city of Melphi, in the kingdom of Naples, who negociated with the mercantile inhabitants of the Holy Land, and obtained from the Caliph of Egypt a permisson to build a Church and Monastery at Jerusalem, for the reception of pilgrims who came to visit the Holy Land, and on that account gave them an annual tribute. Afterwards they built two Churches, and consecrated the one to Mary Magdalen, for the female pilgrims; the other to the Virgin Mary, for the men. In these asylums, they found hospitality and great charity. When Jerusalem was taken by Godfrey de Boullin, Gerard de Mauritinque, a native of Probine in France, built a large Church for them, and an Hospital for the accommodation of febrile pilgrims, in the year 1104, where the Knights resided, and obtained their name. In 1187, when Saladin expelled them from Jerusalem, they retired to the fortress of Margatin in Phœnicia, afterwards to Acme or P'tolemas; from thence they followed John de Luzignan to Cyprus, and from Cyprus to Rhodes. But Rhodes being taken in the year

Nor Hallelujahs shake the laic voice.
See the wild thistle rear to air its head,
And to the breeze the vanous leaves are spread;
Where hidden manna immolated lay,
And silver censors fum'd on festal day.
No more the choirs in choral chanson move,
Nor altars glow with hecatombs of love;

---

1523, by Soliman the Magnificent, Emperor of the Turks, they settled in Viterbo in Italy; and in 1534, the Emperor Charles V. placed them on the island of Malta, from whence they were called Knights of Malta. Their arms are, a shield gules, flowered and counter-flowered; argent, a cross patee.—[*Keith's Catalogue.*

No man was admitted into their society without making sufficient proof of his birth, and justifying his character, and other documents, his descent for four generations on paternal and maternal side, and his legitimation: the illegitimate sons of Kings and Princes were excepted. This order had constant war with the Turks; and every member, on his initiation, took on the vows of the order, which were poverty, chastity, and charity. They were clothed in black, with a gold cross of eight points, enamelled white on their backs, for the eight beatitudes. There are but a few of this order to be found in Germany, being almost extinct.—[*Keith's Catalogue.*

The roofless walls no songs of love retort,
Still silence reigns, no laiacs tread the court.
From the lone walls I turn'd to view the ground,
Where Flora's damsels are with brilliants crown'd;
More rich in splendour than the sapphire blue,
The pearl or topaz, sparkling to the view,
Each floreau ruby gemm'd with morning tears,
In brilliant lustre every flower appears.
Ten thousand beauties on each side are seen,
The azure mountains and the forests green;
Enamell'd fields in tinsied vesture drest,
Dame Flora's texture has supplied each vest.
The limpid fluid laves the spangl'd loom,
And floating zephyrs yield their rich perfume.
The plumy songsters sing their dulcet tale,
Pan tunes his reed, each mountain and each vale
Resounds in echo Strephon chaunts his theme
To banish care, and cheer his dragging team.
See, on the left, the cloud capp'd mountain rise,
Cloth'd in sweet heath, bright as the spangl'd skies;
Culblean, renown'd in tales of blood and war,‡

---

‡ Kilblain—so named from a Church on the west of the lake Cean-ord; a corruption from Kil, a Church, and Blain, a blooming Hill of wood, now known by

Where mad Bellona drove her sanguine car.
I view'd the ground where flaxen cities stood.

---

Culblean, a lofty mountain, once forming part of the Sylvæ Caledonia. Monuments of war are seen on this mountain, such as tumuli, and the site of encampments, &c. This mountain is bounded by the hill of Skorbuie on the west; Morven on the north north west; Ceanord lake on the east; Cromar on the north; and Dee on the south.

In the year 89, Domitian sent Guenus Tabellus to Britain, with a powerful army. The Britons gave him battle, and obtained victory. In this battle Guenus fell, the Romans retreated from the field, and fled north to to the forest of Culblean, where they encamped for some time, and elected Clielius for their General; they took the field, and again were vanquished by the Caledonians. In the 14th century, when Edward sought to add the Crown of Scotland to England, Cummin, Lord Athol, to ingratiate himself into the favour of Edward, applauded his design, and offered himself as an auxiliary. Accordingly he marched, with three thousand men, to storm the Castle of Kildrummy. Their Commanders were—General Cummin, Lord Athol; Sir Robert Menzies, Sir Adam Murray, Lord Arthur Cummin of Lorn, Sir Walter Cummin, Sir Robert Brady, and Sir Thomas Cummin.—[*Abercrombie's Mart. Ach. Vol. III.*

On the 9th, the English pitched their camp on the

Where pointed spears rose as the tow'ring wood;
I weep'd, while gazing on the carnag'd plain,



---

west of Kildrummy Castle, on an eminence called Cooke's Hill. His Majesty, David Bruce, mustered only 1100 soldiers, commanded by Sir Alexander Gordon of Huntly, Patrick Dunbar, Earl of March: Sir Andrew Murray; and Sir William Douglas. The western army, 300 strong, was commanded by Sir Thomas Craig, then Governor of the castle. Early on the 10th, Athol raised the siege, when a smart battle commenced on a hill south of the castle, called the Glaschuil. Here Lord Arthur Cummin fell, and was entombed on the heath among the slain. The Kildrummy army was on the point of giving way, and their right wing, commanded by the Earl of March, was much disabled. But rallying again, they evinced Celtic bravery, until borne down by superior numbers; when on the point of sounding the retreat, the reserve, commanded by Sir Thomas Craig, entered the field, with banners flying. The English, on seeing the reinforcement, fled from the field, and encamped at the head of the river Deskrie. Finding they were pursued by the Kildrummy army, they retired to the forest of Culblean, where they mustered their forces in battle order, on the approach of the Brucian army. Here they again encountered; but the Kildrummy corps bore off the palm of victory. The English in this combat lost 1200 of their army. Sir Robert Brady, Sir Adam Mur-

The graves that hide our sires in battle slain;
When retrospection whisper'd in mine ear,
A tale of woe, a threnody of war.
To glut ambition, avarice, and pride,
For these, how many valiant heroes died?
Since false Pandora broke the box of woe,
And spread contagion thro' realms below,
The aerial plain? Diseases yet unsung
Lodge in each nerve, and taint the infant tongue.
Pride led the van, and in her servile train,

---

ray, and Sir Walter Cummin, were among the slain. David Cummin, Lord Athol, with eleven of his army, fled to the fortress de Ceanord, seat of Sir Robert Menzies, his Aid-du-Camp, and determined to outbrave the storm; but, falling short of provisions, they were at last forced to surrender, and were put to death. Sir Thomas Cummin was beheaded. Culblean was fought Sept. 12, 1335.—[*Abercrombie's Mart. Ach vol.* 3.

In 1691, after the bloody massacre of Glencoe, and a few days after the battle of Braemar, King William's forces, under the command of General Mackay, and some of the Gentlemen of the country, engaged on Culblean. After sustaining some loss, the latter were forced to retreat with such precipitation, that, as a term of derision, it was called—the Race of Tullich.—[*Pennant's Tour.*

War, lust, ambition, bore her potent chain.
The scarlet Imp triumph'd o'er all the throng,
With poison'd dart she Royal Edward stung.
In fits he rag'd, and envies Scotia's gem,
Wish'd it his own, but could divine no scheme
To climb the altar, and the bouquet tear,
And rob the Thistle of the guardant spear.
Long, long, he strove: his striving was in vain,
Till avarice clank'd, her desolating chain.
False Cummin bow'd, and cried, "great Edward, hear!
" A loyal subject craves an audience here.
" My Sire! behold a faithful servant stand,
" True to the end, to your august command.
" This sword, my Liege! shall aid your great design,
" And blast the glory of the Brucian line.
" This hand the thistle from the stalk shall tear,
" And fix the trophy on my temper'd spear.
" The verdant leaves shall grace the London stream,
" And commerce altar with sweet incense gleam.
" Dispel all care in Lethe's magic tide,
" This oft tried steel will curb their haughty pride.
" By Heav'n, I swear, their crested helm shall shine,
" With lustre beaming on that brow of thine.
" Adorn each scion, Bruce's regal stud,

" I'll bear thro' seas of Caledonian blood,
" But hark, my Liege! yon rolling drum's loud call
" Commands my sword, let no vain fears appal
" The breast of Edward. Adieu, my Sire, I go,
" O'er northern mountains clad with crest of snow."

The clarions warble, hills repeat the sound,
The soldiers muster on the tented ground.
Three thousand bowmen girt with hauberks bright,
And burnish'd spears, all eager for the fight;
Earl Cummin led the grand embattl'd van,
With polish'd axe, reflecting back the sun.
Sir Robert Menzies, with emblazon'd shield,
Sought the rank'd line, and shining tented field.
Sir Thomas Cummin, and Sir William, raise
The silky banners to the floating breeze.
Lord Arthur Cummin, mounted on a grey,
The phalanx guided in their grand array.
Sir Robert Brady with a cuirass clear,
And unsheath'd steel, among the ranks appear.
Sir Adam Murray, as a Don array'd,
The corps reserve in battle order led.
Cheer'd by the drum, the army marched on,
To bear the thistle from the banks of Don.
The Scottish herald sounds the slughorn clear,
The Celtic Clans the well known signal hear.

On the broad heath the corps encamped lay,
To wait the herald ope the ports of day.
The royal Bruce bade Duncan Mar appear,
And this commission to Lord Athol bear—
Tell Cummin's Lord " to make no longer stay
" In northern climes, but quick retrace his way,
" To London streams, far from the din of arms,
" And revel all the London virgin charms.
" Bid him not dare to seek the gory field,
" For Scotland's spires will not to England yield.
" Call to his mind the fate of Roslin plains,
" How England's rose was dragg'd in servile chains.
" His thousands strong, and blooming Rose we scorn,
" No Caledonian fears its pointed thorn.
" Bid Athol haste to Edward's court again,
" And fawning tell his efforts are all vain.
" Tell Edward's minion, Scotland's bards declare,
" His masters brow cannot two helmets bear.
" One is too heavy for a child so young,
" Who knows not what to wreathed heads belong."
Kildrummy's§ Lord to Cummin quickly flew,

---

§ KILDRUMMY, a piece of ground on the northern banks of the Don, county of Aberdeen, was once a strong-

Then lifts the helmet from his manly brow,
And tells his tale: then back to Scotland's king—

---

hold of the Picts, as can be traced by the numerous subterranean caves, and other monuments of antiquity, found on the heaths. The only remains of ancient grandeur are a ruined Castle on an eminence, and a Royal Palace of Kings, prior to and after their conjunction with the Picts. The mound was excaveated, and beautified by a small rivulet flowing round the mound. In this age, little account can be had of that once noble structure, without viewing the ancient chartularies, and the records of Scotland, that were carried from Edinburgh to Roxburgh by Edward, and then delivered to Baliol, and examining more fully the family writs of Mar As far as can be traced with certainty, I present to my readers, trusting that the researches will give satisfaction The earliest account of Kildrummy is in the year 581, when we find a Chapel of the order of St. Bennet, founded by Brider, a Pictish King. This order continued to exercise their functions unmolested until the year 800, when the monks were extirpated, and Colman was Thane of Mar. The etymology of Kildrummy, in the western Celtic or Irish, is Kil, a Cell or Church, and Drummy, a small Hill In the eastern or common Gaelic it is more conjoined with the French, as the Church in the French is pronounced Eglise, and Eaclash in the Gaelic, which shews an affinity in both to the Latin Ecclesia. In 833,

" My Royal Sire, to you this tale I bring,
" Cummin, enrag'd, swears by the powers of hell,

---

Kenneth II. the first Monarch inaugurated at Scone, after his inauguration, rebuilt the Church in a more splendid manner, in the Tuscanic and Gothic form. The chapel window on the eastern wing bordered on the Saracenic Saxon costume. This Monarch spent much of his time at Kildrummy, until his death in 852. Donald V. after his coronation, fixed his seat here, till his decease in 858, when it became the residence of Constantine and Ethus. In 874, Gregory, surnamed the Great, ornamented it with beautiful buildings, adorned with towers, called the guardant or watch towers; also, he built the castle of Dunideer for a pleasure seat, where he founded an Abbey in honour of the second Person of the Trinity, and called it Christ's Church. The name of the castle was Deerden or Deirden, until transposed to Dunideer. The Abbey continued to flourish until the dissolution of Monasteries, when it was demolished. In 1458, the Abbot, by James II. was created one of the Lords of Session. The ruins of the Abbey are yet visible, and the burial ground occupied. While plowing the field at the foot of Dunideer, in 1814, there was discovered an ancient cemetry or sepulchre, and to the number of ten urns on a clayish bed, some of which were broke in the turning up. The ground on this discovery was shut up. Near this stands the ruins of the Governor's Castle, sur-

" The Scots shall drink the chalybeate of steel,
" Break all our standards, tear our verdant wreath,

---

rounded with a fosse, known by the name of Wardhouse. Gregory also built the Episcopal See of St. Andrews. The son of Dongallus, during his reign, was immersed in war. By the negligence of Donald V. of Scotland, Cis Bodotria was lost, and most of the lands belonging to the Church of Lindisfarne, which Gregory recovered.—*Abercrombie's Mart. Ach vol.* 2.

The Danes under Hardicanute were making inroads and disturbing the Scots, but were repelled by Gregory, who next vanquished the Northumbrians. In the year 880, he took the field against the Britons, whom he subdued, and killed Constantine their King. After this, he he concluded a treaty with Alfred, in which it was stipulated, that they would jointly oppose all foreign enemies, and that the Scots should for ever enjoy their conquests. In the year 887, the Irish invaded Scotland, destroyed many of the lands, and returned home. Gregory took this invasion as an insult, and resolved to pay the affront by the sword. He marched into Ireland at the head of an army, destroyed their camp, and took Duncan their King prisoner, whom he treated according to his dignity. He, on the surrender of Dublin, reseated Duncan on his throne. This magnanimous action made the surname of Great to be conferred on him. He returned to Scotland, and died at the Castle of Dunideer in the year 892, after

" And send our leaders to the ghosts beneath.
" Three thousand soldiers tried in deeds of war,

---

a reign of 18 years.—[*Abercrombie's Mart. Ach. vol.* 2.

Here a chasm occurs in this history, without the power of giving any detail, for a complete century, of the proprietors of Kildrummy. For until the family rights and ancient chartularies of Mar are examined, and the papers which were thought to be lying in the locked room of Edinburgh Castle discovered,* the beauties of Scottish history fall, and that too often, into the region of fiction. Could these ancient credentials be found, Scottish history would shine in full lustre. After this unaccountable lapse, we find that Gilchrist, Earl of Mar, enjoyed the seat of Kildrummy.—[*Keith's Catalogue.*

* This Room, which was supposed to contain every material for elucidating Scotch history, was opened on the 4th Feb. 1818, and contained only the Regalia of Scotland, viz. the Imperial Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State, with a silver Rod of Office. These venerable and precious relics of our national independence were deposited there, when the two kingdoms were united, under the title of Great Britain, in 1707. This desirable Union was attempted, but without success, by James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, in 1604; and again, after the restoration of Charles II. in 1670, but with no better success. This seeming impossibility was, how-

" Are on their march to storm the towers of Mar."
Thus clos'd, he bow'd, brave Douglas strung his yew,

---

ever, effected by the Whig Party, under Queen Anne, and finally settled May 1, 1707.

The Culdees were then the only sect of religion that seemed to court the favour of the great. The Culdees sprung up in the year 953; and, in the year 1000, Gilchrist, Earl of Mar, gave them some lands at Monymusk, on the south banks of the Don.—[*Family Writs of Mar.*

At the abolition of the Culdees, the church and lands were occupied by the Canons regular, under the Bishop of St. Andrews. The church was consecrated to the Virgin Mary, and in the year 1298, David I. gave them a charter.—[*Keith's Catalogue.*

We cannot pass over in silence Father Leslie, better known by the name of Father Archangel of Aberdeen. James Leslie, Viscount, and Jane Wood lived in Aberdeen, no less noble than rich. At the end of a year they were blessed with a son, who, at the baptismal font, received the name of George. His father died before George had attained his 12th year, and at his death bequeathed a great patrimony to his son, to have him educated suiting his rank. For this reason, he was sent to France to pursue his studies. Being but young, and far from home, he soon renounced the rules of Calvin, and em-

And fix'd an arrow to the pliant bow.
The signal flew, the Brucians form a line,

---

braced the religion of France, which drew on him the hatred of his friends. Scarcely had he attained the age of 16, when he visited the sacred Chapel of the B. V. at Loretto, where he attached himself to the Capuchin Fathers of St. Francis, and lingered most of his time in their Convent. He passed from Loretto to Rome, and gained admission to the audience Chamber, where his Holiness Pope Paul V. of glorious memory, was seated, who, instructed by Heaven, granted his desire. He now entered as a novice among the Capuchins, and went by the name of Brother Archangel. After devoting a short time to the study of Theology, and to the Belles Letters, he began to preach. His mother, hearing this, formed a design of destroying him bypoison ; disapproving of this however, she resolved on sending his brother to allure him to Scotland, with promise of paternal inheritance, and the delicious gardens of Monymusk. The brothers met at Urbino, and instead of weaning the faith of Archangel, the Baron was converted to the Romish religion. On his return, his mother thrust him out of doors. Soon after the death of Paul V. Pope Gregory XV. instituted a new College *de propaganda fide*. Archangel was now appointed to Scotland, and was settled at Monymusk. By his elegance of speech, and suavity of manners, he converted 4000 about Monymusk and at Aberdeen. His mo-

Each burnish'd mail with noontide jubars shine.
Dunbar exclaimed, " See ! on that distant height,

---

ther, her daughter's-in law, Edward her younger son, and all the domestics, embraced the Catholic faith. George Leslie died in 1626, early in the reign of Charles I. In the year 1617, James VI. added the Church of Monymusk to the Bishopric of Dunblane.—[*Scots Magazine*, 1809. *Keith's Catalogue.*

From the year 1020, until the battle of Morwick, history is silent on Kildrummy. Morgund was promoted to the Earldom, A. D. 1170. The charters bear date 1171. William the Lion, at the battle of Morwick, fought 1174, was taken prisoner; but by the bravery of Morgund, Earl of Mar, his Majesty was delivered, for which King William granted him the lands of Drumlanrig, in memory of the action.—[*Scot's Magazine*, 1803. *Family Writs of Mar. Selden's Titles of Honour. Keith's Catalogue.*

The family De Graitney succeeded to the Earldom of Mar by marriage. In the year 1215, William Graitney, Earl of Mar, to commemorate his valour, obtained from Alexander III. the lands of Tillicultrie, dated 1258. The charters were witnessed by Gameline, Bishop of Dunkeld.—[*Chartulary of Mar.*

In 1304, Sir William Wallace visited the Castle of Kildrummy, and remained there several days. An annual fair, in honour of their Patron, was ordered to be

" The southern soldiers ranking for the fight.
" Kildrummy's Chief cried, children on the Don,

O

held at the Castle, and called Bride's Fair: all the other fairs were prohibited, excepting those held in castles and cities.—[*Grese's Preface.*

In 1306, when the siege was daily expected, Lady Graitney, with her daughters, fled from the Castle, through the subterraneous passage, with a view of taking refuge in the convent dedicated to St. Duthak, at Tain. But the Earl of Ross betrayed them to the English.—*Dawson's Don Poem.*

On the 11th of August, 1306, was fought the battle of Methven, on the borders of Perth, between the English, commanded by Aymer de Valens, Earl of Pembroke, and the Scots, headed by King Robert Bruce, Neil Bruce, brother to the King, Graitney, Earl of Mar, and Sir James Douglas. In this engagement the Brucian army were victorious. On their return to Kildrummy Castle, his Majesty espoused Euphemia Graitney, daughter to the Earl of Mar. Athol making inroads through the western isles of Scotland, the royal army marched to give him battle. They met at Dalree, where a smart conflict ensued, when Bruce was vanquished, and wandered with his party through the mountains. Here the royal party felt the effects of want.—*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 1.

The royalists had supported themselves by hunting and

" Must we 'neath Cummin's pigmy insects groan ?
" Forbid it heaven, that treachery shall reign,

---

fishing, but the approach of winter cut off all hopes of subsisting in that manner. The ladies, under the care of Neil Bruce, were sent to Kildrummy, where they fell into the hands of the English, by the treachery of the Earl of Ross. The brave Nigel or Neil Bruce was put to death. His Majesty, Sir James Douglas, and a few of their followers, after encountering many difficulties, escaped to another island, where they remained in safety for some time.—*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol* 1.

In 1311, the English, commanded by the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, raised the siege, and after several skirmishes found the Castle impregnable, had not Thomas Osborne, blacksmith to the family, agreed with Hereford to make the Castle surrender, on condition of receiving such a sum as would render him independent for life, which was acceded to.—*Dawson's Don Poem.*

Night had spread the sable filleting over the earth, and stillness reigned within the walls. But alternate busts of mischief kept the servant of the lame god awake to perpetrate a deed which would abash the emissaries of Tartarus. Having heated a bar of iron, he silently thrust it into the hay room, soon enveloped it in a blaze, and made it surrender. After the conflagration had done the work, he goes to Hereford to gain the reward. The English spurned the fiend who had sold his trust, and

" Or truth be doom'd to bear a tyrant's chain ;
" Avert ! my soul ! no more perplex thy breast,

---

betrayed his master for gold. Taking the infamous wretch by the hair, they dragged him to the Gallowgate, a field one hundred yards from the Castle. There they poured melted gold in at his mouth till he expired, and was buried near the spot.—*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 1.—*Dawson's Don Poem.*

In 1313, Graitney, Earl of Mar, died without issue male; the King appointed Donald Mar to the Earldom, and promoted him to the dignity of Guardian of the North Districts of Scotland.—*Abercromlie's Mart. Ach. vol.* 1.

In 1330, on the demise of Randolph, he was made Regent of Scotland, the King being but ten years of age. In 1332, at the battle of Duplin, Donald Earl of Mar, Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie, Sir John Graham of Aberdeen, &c. headed an army of 30,000 men, against the Earls of Moreland, Fawden, Gravestock, Heselrig, Lorn, Butler, Baliol, and Horn. Baliol's army was victorious, after a severe and bloody battle, the slain amounting to 13,000 rank and file, 800 Knights and men of distinction, 2000 gens de armes. Total, 15,800.

Duncan, Earl of Fife, was sent an escorted prisoner to Kildrummy, after betraying the city of Perth to the Brucian standard, together with Sir Andrew Murray of Tullibardin, by whose treachery the enemy passed the

" With such like dreams, in vain idea drest.
" My countrymen! exert your nerves, nor fear

---

river Erne, and surprised the camp at Duplin. Sir Andrew was sentenced to death by the King, and Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell was appointed General of the North of Scotland, in the room of Mar, who fell at Duplin.—*Abercrombie's Mart. Ach. vol.* 3.

Duncan Mar succeeded Donald as Earl of Mar, Aug. 2, 1332, and fought the battle of Culblean, Sept. 12, 1335.—*Abercrombie's Mart. Ach. vol.* 3.

In 1342, Thomas Mar succeeded Duncan as Earl of Mar, but having quarrelled with the King was attainted, and retired to some foreign country.—*Dawson's Don Poem.*

Donald Campbell was raised to the Earldom of Mar in 1361. Thomas, Ex-earl of Mar, obtaining pardon, returned home and died in peace, and was entombed at Kildrummy, in the family vault, under the east wing of the Castle.—*Muses Threnodie.*—*Don Poem.*

Alexander Stuart, grandchild to Robert II. and in consequence nephew to the Governor, and in right Earl of Mar, by marriage with Isabella Douglas, only daughter to Sir William Douglas, married to Margaret Mar, sister to Thomas, Ex-earl of Mar; Alexander was appointed Earl of Mar in the latter part of the 13th century. In 1404, granted a charter to Sir Thomas Douglas on the lands of Bonjedworth. In 1407, Alexander Earl of Mar

" Yon hostile signals waving in the air.
" If we must fall, I paint your wild surprise,

---

was sent as Plenipotentiary, by James I. to prolong the truce.—*Writs of Mar.—Abercrombie's Mart. Ach. vol.* 3. *Robertson, vol.* 1.

In 1411, when Donald essayed to seize the helm of Scotland, and mount the royal chair, to aid his plan, he collected an army composed of the chiefs of the clans, viz Carwinens, Camerons, M'Intoshes, M'Kechnies, M'Lauchlans, M'Kays, and M'Leans, and marched to Harlaw. Stuart, Earl of Mar, headed the royalists, aided by the Gordons and the Forbeses, and marched to give him battle. Here the fight commenced with keenness, but the Stuarts were victorious. Donald lost 900 men, his baggage, and ammunition; and his standard was borne to Aberdeen, by Provost Davidson, as a trophy of victory. In 1416, Stuart agreed with the Lords, and entered into a treaty to liberate the King.

On Palm Sunday, 1432, Donald Baloch, Lord of the Isles, raised an insurrection, and again threatened an invasion. Stuart, Earl of Mar, and the Earl of Caithness, marched at the head of an army to Lochaber to quell the insurrection, and encamped to oppose his landing.—Donald, knowing the country, landed his men in the night, set on the Stuartian camp, and made cruel havoc. The Earl of Caithness and some other gentlemen of renown fell.—*Abercrombie's Mart. Ach. vol.* 3.

" Your nation plunder'd, curling flames arise ;
" In wild dismay the hoary sages groan,

---

The Earl of Mar saved his life by flight, and spent the night in an obscure cottage. Cameron shewed him all the hospitality his meanness could afford, and Stuart, in return for his kindness, told him his name and seat, telling him, if oppressed by the enemy, to take refuge in the Castle of Kildrummy.—*Burns' Reliques.*

Donald, having put the enemy to flight, over-ran the most part of Lochaber with fire and sword.—*Abercrombie's Mart. Ach vol* 3.

Donald, learning that Cameron entertained the Earl of Mar, came in the night, and set fire to his house and effects; Cameron fled to the Castle of Kildrummy, where he was cordially welcomed, and settled in the land of Brux, on the south banks of the Don. The Earl of Mar died in 1435.— *Burns' Reliques.*

James III. brother to Alexander, Duke of Albany, and John, Earl of Mar, was inaugurated King of Scotland, A. D. 1459: a low spirited mortal, more capacitated for the hood than the throne. No sooner was he crowned, than he shewed his pusillanimity, in looking contemptuously on the courtiers and men of learning, and associating with the meanest characters of the age. Robert Cochrane, an illiterate mason, shared most of his favour. His Majesty's brothers, John Earl of Mar, and Alexander Duke of Albany, were chagrined at

" And Pandemonians smiling at their moan.
" Enough! my sons! your natal parent's stay!

---

the conduct of the King; and their discontent was blown up by James recalling all rights of Crown land, hereditary offices, and every other concession detrimental to his prerogative, which had been extorted during his minority.—*Robertson, vol.* 1.

Combinations among themselves, secret intrigues with England, and all the usual preparations for war, were the effects of their resentment. The Duke of Albany, and the Earl of Mar, became every day more and more incensed with his Majesty, who now treated them with an equal degree of coldness and disrespect as he did the other nobles. The brothers entered deeply into all their cabals, but their designs were detected by James, before they were ripe for execution: and seizing John, Earl of Mar, who resisted and resented with too much boldness the conduct of the King, was by his order imprisoned, and all his veins opened until he died; thus fulfilling the prediction, that the Scots Lion would be devoured by his own Whelps. The Earl died in the year 1380, and Cochrane was installed Earl of Mar by James, who, seizing Albany, sent him prisoner to Edinburgh Castle. The Duke, hearing the catastrophe of John, became apprehensive of his own fate, found means to escape from prison, and fled to France. Concern for the honour of his brother the King, or indignation at his measures,

" With filial love support your potent sway!
" This day your arms will guardant raise your fame,

---

were perhaps the primary motives, that induced the Duke of Albany to join the malcontents. But the attachment displayed by James to his favourites, rendered him every day more odious to the Peers. The prospect of the advantages which might be derived from the general disaffection, added to the resentment which the Duke of Albany felt on account of the death of John, Earl of Mar, and his own injuries, inflamed Albany with more criminal and ambitious thoughts. He concluded a treaty with Edward IV of England, in which he assumed the title of Alexander Stuart, King of Scotland; and in return for the assistance promised him by Edward, towards dethroning his brother James, bound himself, when placed on the throne of Scotland, to swear fealty and give homage to the English Monarchy; to renounce the ancient allegiance of France, and contract a new one with England. In order to secure the aid granted by Edward, Albany agreed to surrender some of the strongest and best fortified castles, and some of the most valuable counties in Scotland. The aid which Albany so basely purchased, at the price of his honour and the independence of his country, was punctually granted him, and the Duke of Gloucester, at the head of a powerful army, conducted Albany to Scotland. The danger of a foreign invasion

"Or sink your country in eternal shame.
"Collect your power, and pull yon banner down,

---

obliged James to implore the assistance of those nobles, whom he had so long treated with contempt. Some of them were in close confederacy with Albany, and approved of all his pretensions. Others were impatient for any event, which would restore them to their ancient orders and pre-eminences.

Enraged at the proceedings of James, the combined nobles took the field, and encamped on the Burrow Muir with 50,000 foot and horse. James, apprehensive of the impending danger, endeavoured to collect his powers and suppress their hostile intentions, while yet in embryo, sent Robert Cochrane with a corps de artillery 300 strong. Cochrane, Earl of Mar, in a riding uniform, was mounted on a brown bay richly caparisoned; Cochrane's uniform was of black velvet, with a chain of gold and an appendage of four pearl bugles tipped with gold, valued at 500 crowns. His horn was ornamented with gold, and from the middle was suspended a large beryl. His insignia was overlaid with gold leaf, and all his horns were ornamented. The guards were clothed in rich white liveries with black bends; and the pavilions were massive silk, the cords and tassels of twisted silk, enchased in gold.

The Scottish nobles were convened in the church of Lauder, holding council what was best to be done.—

" And wreaths of honour will each temple crown.
" God and St. Bride will guard you in the fight.

---

Twenty-four, the most literate and judicious, were selected for legislators. The Counsellors were the Earls of Angus, Evandale, Drummond, Argyle, Huntly, Seton, Crawford, Gray, Hume, Orkney, Fleming, Bothwell, and twelve Bishops. This assembly unanimously resolved to seize on James, and neither to insult his person nor wound his dignity, but confine him, with some of his favourites, in the Castle of Edinburgh; declaring, that this was more to redress their own grievances than to annoy their enemies—but, with a fixed resolution, they determined to annihilate those minions, whose insolence they no longer could tolerate. While the council was sitting, Cochrane reached the camp, and marched to the church to disperse the assembly. On his entering, he was seized by the chain of gold was suspended from his neck, telling him he had wore the metalic one too long, and they were resolved to exchange it for one of a different nature. They then bound his hands, despoiled him of all his ornaments, and, fixing a cord of hair round his neck, dragged him to the Bridge of Lauder, and there hanged him. After the death of Cochrane, the nobles entered with a military dispatch into the apartments of the King, where they seized all his favourites, whom they rewarded with the fate of Cochrane.—[*Lindsay of Pitscottie's Chronicle.—Robertson, vol.* 1.

" Haste, steel your nerves, and stem the foaming wave,
" Let no vain boasting Donean youths enslave.

---

During the reign of Cochrane, as Earl of Mar, he coined silver pieces, value fourpence. This money was known by the name of Cochrane groats. Round the edge was ROBERTUS COCHRANE, Com. Mar, 1480. This money, by desire of the Council, was cried down.

Arms usurped.—A chevron diamond between three boars heads erased, ruby and saphire. Crest—An arm proper, holding an arrow. Motto—*Virtute et Labor*, by Virtue and Labour.

Sir Thomas Erskine, named from Castle Erskine in Renfrewshire, laid claim to the Earldom of Mar in the year 1436, on the death of Alexander Stuart, on account of his marriage to Jane Keith, daughter to Sir Edward Keith of Linton, by Christiana, daughter and heiress to Sir John Monteith, and Helen his wife, daughter to Graitney; issue Robert Erskine, for whom he sought Kildrummy. Robert assumed the title of Earl of Mar, but the Crown interfering, it was not ended in his day. *New Peerage, vol.* 2.

John Stuart was raised to the Earldom, who, in 1487, witnessed two Bulls from Pope Innocent respecting the Archiepiscopal See of St. Andrew's. But dying at Lisle without issue, the Crown presented the Earldom to John Stuart, by the Countess of Boulogne. John died at

" Your fathers rise from earth's cold mould'ring bed,
" To fire your soul to act some noble deed.

---

Edinburgh in 1508, without issue.—[*Keith's Catalogue. Writs of Mar.*

Lord Elphinston's second son, Alexander Elphinston, married Elizabeth Barlow, maid of honour to Queen Margaret, wife to King James IV. and with her had the Earldom of Mar: issue—William, Patrick, and David. During his abode at Kildrummy, he built a wing on the north north west of the Castle, and died at Flodden, Sept. 12, 1513, and was buried in the floor of the church of Kildrummy. On his tomb stone are the family arms in alto relief; argent, three boars heads erased, gules, parted by a chevron sable. Crest—a naked arm, armed proper. Supporters—two savages proper, wreathed round their heads and loins with laurel, each holding in his dexter hand a dart proper. Motto—Cause caused it. *New Peerage, vol.* 2.

Under the arms are three angels, also in alto relief, and round the edge is—William, Patrick, David, and Alexander Lord Elphinston.

Thomas Erskine continued prosecuting his father's claim to the Earldom of Mar, obtained a decree of the Committee of Estates in his favour, and was made Earl of Mar in 1514.

John, fourth Earl of Mar, succeeded his father, and

" Sons! once our care, the aerial visions cry,
" Free Scotland's chains, do not ignobly die!

P

---

John succeeded, in 1553, as fifth Earl of Mar.—[*New Peerage, vol.* 2.

In 1556, after the conspirators had murdered Rizzo, Queen Maria Stuart was confined in the Castle of Lochleven, but making her escape, fled for the Castle of Alloa, and trusted herself to the protection of the Earl of Mar. After the Queen was delivered, the Earl of Mar took the young Prince under his protection: but Bothwell, in 1567, employed all his address and authority to compel the Earl of Mar to resign his charge, and to put the young Prince under his care.

In 1571, when the faction was in state, and collecting under the Castle in bodies, at one of their coalitions, John Earl of Mar sallied out with 30 soldiers, who, after a smart fire, dispersed the rabble, but the officers still kept their ground. The Regent Lennox fell, and the Earl of Mar was created Regent, Sept. 5, 1571, and died October 28, 1572, in the Castle of Stirling.

John Erskine, sixth Earl of Mar, succeeded to the Earldom, Nov. 2, 1572, and entered in the number of the nobles who designed to banish Lennox from Scotland.—[*New Peerage, vol.* 2.—*Writs of Mar.*

In 1585, Elizabeth proceeded to attaint the Earls of Mar, Glammis, and Angus, Nov. 12, 1593. The Earl of Mar sat as one of the Judges on the trial of the Earls

" Arise! regard your natal parent's claim,
" Your King, Religion, Sweethearts, Wives, and
Fame!

---

of Errol, Huntly, and Angus.—[*Robertson, Hume, Abercrombie.*

In 1603, April 4, Erskine accompanied James VI. to London to fill the English throne. John, seventh Earl of Mar, in 1639, entered into a league with four other Lords, and subscribed the bond. Erskine, in 1691, and Gordon of Huntly, raised an army to deny William access to Scotland. William's forces, under General Mackay, marched to Braemar and gave them battle, vanquished them, and burnt the Castle of Braemar, which was afterwards repaired and occupied as a barracks, until the end of the 18th century.—[*Pennant's Tour through Scotland.*

John succeeded as Earl of Mar, in 1712, and in 1713 was elected Secretary of State for Scotland.—[*Robertson.* He married, 1714, Lady Frances Pierepont, daughter to Evelyn Pierepont, Duke of Kingston in England: issue, one daughter.—[*New Peerage, vol.* 2.

In 1714 her Majesty Queen Anne resigned her life, and the nobles of Scotland rose in arms to place James VIII. on the throne, while the English Lords were resolute for inaugurating the Prince of Hanover. These collisions of mind kindled into a flame, that proved destructive to Scotland. Erskine Earl of Mar, Viscount

" Be brave, my sons! make conquest crown your toil,
" And court Victoria, to our sea beat isle!

---

Kenmare, and the Earls of Carnwath and Nithsdale, collected a corps of 20,000 men, marched to Braemar, and fixed the standard of Scotland, proclaiming the Chevalier de St. George, by the name and title of James VIII. of Scotland, and Third of England, on the 6th Sept. 1715. *Rudiments of Honour, vol.* 3.

The Scottish camp at Braemar vowed to enter the Botanic Garden, and extirpate the exotic crown flower of Hanover, and to nurture and defend the Cardus de Scotia and the Stuartian Flora Coronat. The army marched from Braemar to Perth, which they soon took possession of, and there were reinforced by a great many of the clans. They then threatened Stirling Castle, and from Stirling marched to Dunblane. Argyle, with a great army, marched to oppose their course, and the Stuarts received a check from the valiant Sir Robert Munro, under the Marquis of Argyle, at the Forth. During the engagement of Preston, the Earl of Mar, and a detached party, marched to Inverness, which they soon seized. Mar, by solicitations and promises, induced many of the clans to join his standard. Inverness was retaken by Fraser of Lovat, and the Earl of Mar found a difficulty in supporting his army, as the Prince had promissd to come to his aid with men and money:

" None in Mar's camp will dread the gory field,
" Each fear is sure by buoyant hope expell'd.

---

but as James had not arrived, so no fresh supplies were received. In the midst of these difficulties, the Earl of Mar called a council of war in Perth, where it was resolved to send a detachment and make a feigned attempt to force a passage over the Forth at Stirling bridge, whilst the main body, thus delivered from Argyle's opposition, should actually cross the stream above the bridge. But this artful scheme was made known to Argyle, by spies lurking in the Earl of Mar's camp.

The Prince landed at Peterhead, Dec. 22, which inspired the Earl of Mar to make another attempt to retrieve his affairs. On the arrival of James at Aberdeen, he was welcomed by the citizens. In reward for his services, Erskine was installed Duke of Mar. The English obtaining victory, most of the Scottish Nobles were put to death. Erskine of Mar and Drummond of Perth retired beyond seas, and were attainted. The English army set the noble Castle of Kildrummy on fire, and Lady Mar went to Tullyfuor.

TITLES.—The Most Noble and Potent John, Lord Erskine, Duke of Mar, Marquis of Stirling, Earl of Alloa, Lord Erskine of Garioch; one of the Sixteen Scotch Peers, 1708; Hereditary Governor, Constable, and Captain of Stirling.—[*New Peerage, vol.* 2.

SEATS.—Stirling Castle, 28 miles from Edinburgh;

" Your yew strings stretch, exert your powers this day,
" Shrink not, my sons! at their tumultuous bray.

---

Kildrummy Castle, in Mar, Aberdeenshire; Curgarf Castle; Braemar Castle; Tullyfuor; Alloa House, near Dunblane, a noble Palace with fine gardens, which consists of 42 acres. Alloa Castle was built in 1300.—[*Rudiments of Honour, vol.* 3.

ARMS.—Quarterly, I. and IV. pearl, a pale diamond, Erskine, II. and III.; saphire, a bend between 6 cross crosslets, pitchy topaz, Earl of Mar.

SUPPORTERS.—Two griffins pearl, beaked, winged, and armed, topaz.

CREST.—On a wreath, a dexter hand, couped above the wrist, holding a dagger erect, proper the pommel, and hilt set.

MOTTO.—*Je pense plus.*—[*New Peerage, vol* 2.

The Castle of Kildrummy, for magnificence and strength, vied with most Palaces in Scotland, being the eastern seat of Kings, where they usually resided after their inauguration. The mound on which the Castle was built was excavated, and had stables and other conveniencies under ground, which rendered it almost impregnable. The Castle was built of freestone, nicely hewn, with which the country abounds. The walls in general were 12 feet thick, and adorned with seven towers; two fronting the south were called the guard-

" Strain every nerve, and bear the palm of war,
" And with the trophy gild the towers of Mar.

---

ant or watch tower; the snow tower was 13 feet four inches thick in the wall, and 54 yards high, having a draw well in the bottom, and an iron chain for fetching water from the well, for the supply of the cattle. Within the wall was a flight of stairs, for ascending and descending to the subterranean buildings; on the north of the chapel stood the leader's tower, where the Governor had his lodgings: this is yet known by the name of the back Leadnhar, so named by the rustics. Mauk tower, so named from Sir Walter Mauk, Governor of the Castle in the earlier part of the reign of King David Bruce. David's tower, named from his Majesty David Bruce, who had his rooms in it. Samuel's tower, so named from Sir Samuel Burgess, Governor under Morgund, Earl of Mar. Burgess had another seat in a vale, one mile from Kildrummy, on an artificial mound, surrounded by a deep fosse. The mound and fosse are visible, and are known yet by the name of Burgess's mound, &c. The chapel was on the east wing, for the use of the families and domestics of the Castle, beautifully gilded on the internal pillars of the choir. This part was occupied as a place of worship so late as the year 1733, and the Castle inhabited by Lady Jane Mackenzie.

This Castle formed a superb pentagon, beautified with seven turrets. The gate fronted the south, through

" With flight of arrows stem the rushing wave,
" And send yon host to tread the silent grave."

---

which they entered to the area, which was strongly fortified. This mode of fortifying and circumvallation, closed by portcullises, was unknown in buildings, and is necessary for their defence in war, nor were they flanked with massy towers. History informs us, that castles were buildings almost unknown in Britain before the conquest. Could we lay claim to the writing of Buchanan, we could date Kildrummy prior to the Maiden Castle; but my readers may rest assured, that they shall not be drawn into the vortex of fiction, and very little confidence can be fixed on tradition. In the reign of Stephen, we only find 1115 castles in Britain

The Castle of Mar was occupied long after it was forfeited, until demolished by a neighbouring Vandal, who, with a Hunish barbarity, destroyed the fabric, and hurled it to the ground. The pillars and flights of stairs were borne off to mean and servile culinary hovels, and the park walls and lime scattered on the circumjacent fields Nothing of this once superb palace can be seen, but a pile of rubbish, and some fragments of the east wing.

The traveller turns aside to survey the ruins, and drops a tear as he ejaculates—this structure shews the vanity of sublunary power; castles and towers have a short duration, until, like man, they bow their heads in

Three cheers are sung; the echo skims the plain,
And woods and dales repeat the sound again.

---

the dust, and their places are known no more.

A ruin'd pile is all we view,
Where grand Kildrummy stood,
With turrets pointing o'er the brow
Of hill and neighbouring wood,
Ah! where are now the regal towers!
Shall the cap'd domes no more,
Conspicuous, grace the sylvan bowers,
On Caledonia's shore?
Are then the canopies of state,
Hurl'd headlong to decay,
And has the structure shar'd the fate
Of painted gems in May?
Had mould'ring time the fall decreed,
No eye had dropt a tear,
The stately pile bow'd down its head,
And doth no more appear.
Time had not whet his edged blade,
To crush the potent gem,
Till barbarous man the rupture made,
That stains his very name.
Behold! the ploughshares rend the walks
Where fair Euphemia trode,*
To crop the roses from their stalks,

* Euphemia Gratney married to Robert Bruce.

Now on the heath the hostile armies meet,
Each leader lines his soldiers most complete.
In every corps the painted banners fly,
And plumy helmets flutter in the sky.

---

And hear the echo load
Resound from Redbreast's little tongue,
That warbl'd in the grove,
Or Thrushes pour their dulcet song
In chorus with the dove!

The sepulchral aisle gives but little or no light to the personages mouldered underneath; all that we know or can learn is, the Family were sepultured under the Chapel until the 15th century, when the aisle was fixed at the church. On searching the aisle for information, amazement fills the mind to behold the rust of years! The inscription cut in alto relief is crumbled away, and the charnel contains nothing but noisome effluvia and mouldering bones. In 1806, while destroying the beautiful fabric, there were found several coins, some of them in 1678, Charles II. others were either plain or mutilated. The lands belong to Gordon of Wardhouse, 1817, but the title and supremacy of Kildrummy belong to Earl Fife. The representative of the Earl of Mar, in 1818, is John Francis Erskine of Alloa. One mile south east of the castle was fought the combat between Sir John Graham and Sir James Rose, in the year 1517, where the latter was killed.

Two hundred bowmen, strangers yet to fear,
With Duncan Mar, on the right wing appear,
Who vow'd to dye their flaxen plumes in gore,
And send false Cummin to the Stygian shore.
The noble Mar sat on a snorting horse,
Who spurn'd the field, their spears, and warlike force.
Strathbogie lin'd two hundred celtic youth,
In martial order on the Cummin's south,
With temper'd steel to enter on the game,
And guard the Thistle and its crested gem.
The noble Huntly, cas'd in armour bright,
Dress'd his firm line in order for the fight.
In noontide rays the polish'd lances gleam,
And move resplendant on the silver stream.
Melessian raiment marks the celtic race,
The chequer'd dye Strathbogie's soldiers grace.
Each azure helm with ostrich plumage shone,
The chequer'd diamonds grace the horizon.
The well fix'd plumes with every zephyr move,
As gentle zephyrs shake the leafy grove.
The folded plaid in various colours dy'd,
Folds loose behind and binds each manly side.
The chequer'd robes in lovely colours shine,
As noontide beams on horizontal line,
That gilds the dew drops resting on the flower,
Where insects sip the balmy nectar store.

The well cas'd broad sword dangles by each thigh,
The studded hilt enwove in argent dye.
Their polish'd spears, so often dipt in gore,
Point to the sky, while floating music soar
From warbling bagpipes, where the streamers flew,
In tints as charming as the liquid bow.
The Phelig coil'd superbly round each waist,
To which the sword and badger skin are plac'd.
Each manly leg that brav'd the frigid storm,
Enchas'd in tartan, in the celtic form,
Bound by the rose, below the flexile knee,
The jetty shoe enbuckl'd, fair to see.
Sir Andrew Murray on the left wing stood,
With full three hundred polish'd shafts of wood;
While nodding plumes, pure as the flaky snow,
And azure Bonnets bind each manly brow.
Dunbar led on the warlike youths of Don,
Cheer'd by the drum, and æolian breathing drone.
The valiant hector in hauberk array'd,
Rode o'er the field and wav'd the polish'd blade.
Now all the clans are eager for the war,
And silence reign'd both in the flank and rear;
When the vicegerent with the crosier stood,
Thrice to the earth in humilation bow'd;
When silence reign'd thro' all the Brucian line,
The tapers glow and missal hymns divine,
Rais'd by the Priest: the soldiers knees are bent,

And supplications to the Lord are sent.
The reverend Sire display'd the wafer'd host,
Then Pange Linguas grac'd the crucian bust.
Each soldier now eats transubstantiate bread,
Nor death, nor life, the catechumens dread;
The service o'er, the hymn Te Deum sung,
The columns rank, the polish'd yews are sprung.
In every corps the hostile clarions sound, [spond.
Hills, woods, and rocks, the shrill ton'd blasts re-
The lines engage, the fatal missive dart
Repass'd the mail and lodged in the heart;
Fierce vengeance rose, her drugs of hell distill'd,
And purple gore bedews the heath clad field.
The Brucian corps destruction deals around,
And chas'd life's current thro' the opened wound.
The serpent Death, with grins of stygian art,
With harpy claws sits on the bleeding heart.
The fiend of war, insinuating worm!
Successfully displays his morbid form.
O'erpower'd and faint the Athol legions flew,
The ranks of Mar the timid hosts pursue.
Three cheers are sung by Mar's heroic train,
The woods in echo sing the jocund strain.
Brave Dickson cried, "the victory is won;
"The olive branch shall grace the towers of Don.
"Haste, point your spears, spur on your foaming steeds,

"And pay the miscreants for their treacherous deeds."

But Cummin ralli'd, charg'd the lance again,
And strew'd the field with myriads of slain;
The Caledonians meet the bloody charge,
Till drops of crimson stain the bossy targe.
The changes chime, the steel on armour rings,
And broken shafts move on their unspent wings.
The soldiers fall, the whistling goose wings pour,
From line to line, the plumage dy'd in gore.
Dim grew the air, so thick the arrows flew,
And many soldiers spent their vital dew.
Mar cannot stand, his trumpets sound retreat,
The broken ranks proclaim their sure defeat.
Sir Thomas Craig, griev'd at the shocking sight,
To aid his Lord rush'd to the gory fight.
Desire adds wings, he on the field appears,
With a reserve of full three hundred spears,
In Celtic garb, the pure Clan Albin birth,
Of manly form, and men of oft tried worth.
The bagpipes sound, the hollow rolling drum
In cadence grace the tibicen's wild hum.
The snow white fingers o'er the perfor'd wood
So nimbly mov'd, the music warbl'd loud,
Soon as the Southrons Craig's battalia view,
Fleet as young fawns across the mountains flew.

Tir'd with fatigues and horrors of the war,
They leave their slain to moulder in the air.
On Glasschuil mount they durst no longer stay,
O'er streams, and heaths, in broken order fly.
Kildrummy's troops the fugitives pursue,
Until Kilblain with verdure hides their view.
Nox and Erebus leave the curling deep,
And birds of night their routs and concerts keep.
The lunar Empress mounts her argent throne,
And climbs with grandeur up the horizon.
Secure encamp'd the hosts await the light
Enchas'd in mail, in order for the fight.
Still silence reigns, no sounds disturb their ear,
But night birds whirring thro' the sable air.
They vigils sing to pass the silent hour,
Heroic feasts, and temper'd feats of yore.
The younger guards to Marian tunes the shell,
The watchword sings, and woods retort All's Well.
Pale darkness sports round groves and ivy'd towers,
And Morpheus reigns in villages and bowers.
Pale superstition trims her glimm'ring blaze,
And haggard antiques the old maid displays.
Then she envies the tardy wings of time,
And nods her head to mark the flight of chime.
The horloge sings, the sable god distills
Nocturnal liquid on the dales and hills.
The effervescence fumes across the plains,

And night-born legions clank their massy chains.
They drag their nets till morning tinge the skies,
And darkness sickens, bows her head and dies.
The sable brothers bids the earth adieu,
And to the courts of Pandemonium flew.
Brisk Chanticleer expands his spotted wings,
In trumpet shrill his morning anthem sings.
Then fair Aurora mounts her flaming car,
(Her aid-du-camp is the bright morning star),
On golden pinions are her coursers borne,
To ope the portals of resplendant morn.
The heralds sound the messengers of war,
Bellona mounts her blood besmeared car.
Belligerent harpies wild ca-iras sing,
And demons float on poison'd sooty wing.
The muster'd bowmen on the field appear,
Soon as the horses drew the flaming chair
From ocean's courts, where Nymphs and Tritons sing,
And scaly Dolphins bow before their king.
The southron phalanx drew their shafts of steel,
Their eye-balls glare, their steel cas'd bosoms swell,
They drew their cords to loose the galling yoke,
And end the combat with a well aim'd stroke.
The signal given, the barbed goose wings flew,
And sword from targe the fire electric drew.

The hosts advance, and in close contact join,
Blood dims the sabres, and from line to line
Death rode triumphant, and the woodland field
Is wet with gore; the helmet, casque, and shield,
Float on the waves, the silver fluids are dy'd,
And lave the flow'rets with the purple tide.
Infernal Gorgons thro' the columns rode,
They bow, life issues at their baneful nod.
Blood rolls in tides, as rivers charg'd with rain,
Dashing o'er rocks, to gain the spumy main.
The stellar lamps arose from blades of steel,
Shakes echo's hall, and she retorts the peal.
As spotted Pards with beasts of prey engage,
Their eye-balls darting with indignant rage.
Thus fought the hosts, the arrows fell in showers,
And smoking purple stains the grass and flowers.
Impending danger Cummin's corps inspires,
And Scotia's honour Bruce's battalio fires.
Glory enkindles from the rear to van,
And emanates from all the Gordon clan.
Front rank to front the adverse legions meet,
While purple gore bedews their legs and feet.
And now abreast, their raging eye-balls fix
On adverse side, then separate and mix.
King, love, religion, prompt the Scots to fight,
For those they bleed, for these exert their might.
Lance fix'd on corslet, sword and targe entwine,

Till heaps of wounded their last breath resign,
And the warm current emanates around,
Drives forth life's spark from either gashing wound.
Stroke echos stroke, hills the dire clash retorts,
And trembling sounds till lost in aether's courts.
Death whet his scythe, and grin'd with ghastly pride,
O'er carnag'd heaps, and crimson flowing tide.
The host of Mar retir'd, and drew once more,
Their pliant yew cords wet with human gore.
Fate gave the charge, the goose wings whistling flew,
The barbed points three hundred Cummins slew;
Prone on the ground to visit earth no more,
But hoist their canvas for the stygian shore.
The southron soldiers dare no longer stand,
But give the laurel to the conq'ring hand
Of valiant Mar. Twelve soldiers only found,
With Athol, standing on the gory ground.
The Cummin's chief dar'd Duncan in the fight,
But thrice withdrew, too well he knew his might.
A pliant yew tree young Strathbogie drew,
And to his bosom fix'd the flexile yew;
The grey goose flew, and pounc'd the victim right,
And Brady sunk to the realms of night.
The Earl of Mar and Gordon turn'd to weep,
O'er fated victims in their death cold sleep.

Cummin and Menzies, with their servants flew
To Ceanmore Castle, and the arch'd way drew.
Huntly encas'd, gain'd the insular bower,
And Athol sunk beneath his strenous power.
Three thousand soldiers, from Northumbria's plains,
Slept on the field where meek-ey'd silence reigns.
Kildrummy's camp tuned the loud vocal shell,
And list'ning echo toll'd again the tale.
The Northern Regent bade the corps return
To Bridget's Fane,* and hallow'd incense burn.
There lift our souls and humbly bend each knee,
And sing Te Deum, to the One in Three;
The vocal tribute shall as perfume rise,
And angels bear it thro' the yielding skies.
To Dee's green altars, where the zephyrs play
We now return, and hail the op'ning day,
To list the song told in the leafy grove,
And turtles billing soft platonic love.

---

* Bridget's Fane, a Chapel on a mound, one mile east of Kildrummy Castle, consecrated to St. Bridget, institutor of an order of Nuns in 1264, under Urban V. Sir Thomas Craig enlarged the Church in honour of the victory of Culblean, 1335.

On Dinnet Moor† where sleep the silent dead,
I pause! and mourn o'er sanguine currents shed.

---

† Dinnet Moor—a flat plain on the north banks of the Dee, covered with tumuli, two of which are very large, one furlong between them; one of them is 85 yards at the base, and the other 67. These tumuli are probably the remains of the Roman conflict in the year 89, as the appearance of the place, and relics of antiquity, relate more to the Roman. On viewing the vestige of encampments, the Prætoriums are easily discovered, and the broad way. Two of them are seen near the House of Kinnord. But legendary tale assigns them to the 11th century. With your pardon, I mean to deviate in the paths of digression, and rehearse the traditionary; what weight it bears to truth your own knowledge will tell.

Malcolm Ceanmore had a Castle, or hunting seat, on an artificial island in the Lake Ceanord. The Castle had a drawbridge for ingress and egress. One day his Majesty returned from the sports of the field, with a large supply of game. Among the plumy victims was a bird called a Ptarmigant. Malcolm, after the bowl had circulated freely, took the bird and suspended it by the legs, in presence of the Queen—saying, had I all the Danes in this position, I would cut them off at one blow! and seize the Danish diadem. Margaret arose, and approaching the King, said, my Liege, would you venture to re-

Blasting the demon stings, the tiarad brow
That stains the ground with crimson gore, fell wo

---

peat these words in my brother's Court? With all my heart! he replied. On December the 13th, 1061, they embarked for Denmark with twelve resolute men, each armed with a dagger concealed under his arm, the point resting on the elbow. They landed at Denmark, where they were welcomed.

After dinner, Malcolm ranged his men in the most proper order, placing a Scotchman between two Danes. Thus placed, Malcolm repeated his tale. The Danes rose in order to seize the King, but the Scots with dexterity laid their opponents at their feet dead, and conveyed Malcolm on board the ship, and landed in safety in their own country. The Danes mustered an army of 30,000 soldiers, and sailed for Scotland: their General was Olaus or Mulloch. Malcolm collected an army of 7000 men, and sent to Argyle for a supply, but Argyle sent only 12 men; Malcolm took it as an affront, and set them aside. The Queen and Olaus sat on a neighbouring hill to behold the fate of the day. The Danes, on seeing the handful of Scots, hoisted the Eagle, and rushed to the attack. The Argyle soldiers, unwilling to stand idle spectators, stole up the hill, and slew Mulloch. The Danes seeing their General fall, fled in confusion, pursued by the Scots to the shore, where they cut them all off *(ex pede herculem)*. This bears some

Succeeds, parents mourn their infants slain,
And widows weep for their lov'd friend again;
The passing stranger on the dreary waste,
Surveys the tombs, and humbly smites his breast,
While drops of sorrow down his cheeks distil,
And rising sighs his tender bosom fill.
Thus grief attacks the passenger, till o'er
The lonely vale, and sees the scene no more.
While walking, musing on the ills of war,
The ills that follow that malignant star,
More fatal far than Sirius and his train,
Who scorch the herbage on the hill and plain.
Ceanord‡ appears, where mantling billows play,

---

affinity to some of the tales of Ossian, Maccalum's Edition, 1816.

‡ CEANORD, a body of water, three miles in circumference. In this Lake are three islands, on the largest of which stood a Castle, said to have been reared by Malcolm Ceanmore, for a seat of pleasure. In 1803, some gentlemen, circumnavigating the lake for pastime, discovered a log of oak, probably part of the drawbridge. This they pulled to land, and found the date 1113, which was 19 years after Malcolm was slain. Malcolm was born in Northumberland, and had no other spirit but for war, having little or no education. His manners were

And Naiads wanton in each solar ray.
The Sylphs and Sylvans reign triumphant here,

---

more ferocious than noble; with those he mounted the regal Chair, April 25, 1057.—[*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 1.

He married Margaret Ethling, daughter to Edward the outlaw, grandchild to Edward Ironsides, King of England. Issue, three children: Mary, his eldest daughter, married the Earl of Boulogne.—[*Keith's Catalogue.*

After his inauguration at Scone, he marched with a formidable army into Northumberland, which he conquered and laid waste. In the year 1070, he penetrated into Durham, where he spread universal desolation on all that was sacred to religion: churches restrained not his ferocity; monks and laity shared equal fate, he murdered all without distinction, sparing neither age nor sex. On his return, St. Margaret reproved him; for which reproof, he built the Abbies of Holyrood, Jedburgh, Kelso, Dundrenan, Cambuskenneth, Kinloss, Melross, Newbottle, Carlisle, Newcastle; and the Bishoprics of Ross, Brechin, Dunkeld, and Dunblane.

In 1076, he again invaded Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the river Tyne. The English, under William Rufus, entered Scotland; but Malcolm negociated a peace, and parted amicably. Malcolm, wearied with inactivity, broke the treaty, and burst in on Northumberland, where he was attacked and slain by

In ermine liv'ries thro' the vernal year ;
Favonian graces ever on the round

---

Sir Robert Mowbray, at Pearcy, and carried with his son to Dunfermline, where Malcolm had a seat, and were buried. Thus fell Malcolm, after enjoying the diadem 37 years, stained with blood.—[*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 1.

Fronting the island stood a Chapel, and near it the ruins of a Druidical Temple. At the land end of the draw-bridge stood a large sculptured stone, six and a half feet high : the hieroglyphics are almost obliterated. Some think it had related to the reign of St. Margaret, Queen to Malcolm Ceanmore ; others are of opinion, that it was belonging to a place of worship. Mackenzie thinks it had been one of the columns of a druidical altar, or rather, has been raised in honour of Cummin's defeat at Culblean. After the death of Sir Robert Menzies, aid-du-camp to Athol, Sir Robert Cameron inhabited Castle Ceanmore, in 1350. The Castle is now erazed, and the island ploughed. The hieroglyphic stone is removed to the lands of Aboyne. Of those monumental stones, there are three classes. First religious monuments, as druidic altars, rocking stones, &c. Second eventual monuments, of heroic actions of war, &c. Third, sepulchral or funeral monuments. Of the religious monuments are, the vestiga of druidic temples—the perpendicular stones near Cargil, on which are engraved figures of

With myrtle garlands, and with roses crown'd.
The billows gently move to reach the shore,
And mantling sing till echo hear no more ;
Each billow droops, dissolves in liquid air,
And new born sisters on the tide appear,
Reflecting beams from Phæton's chair of day,
Who moves in splendour o'er the lacteal way,
The gold ting'd rays, in pomp celestial ride

---

the Sun, Moon, and Stars—the stones on the lands of Corrachree, Cromar, and the adjacent lands. Of the second class are the sculptured stones near Forres, which tradition refers to the expulsion of the Danes by Malcolm II.—the monumental stone on the glebe of Mortlach, Aberdeenshire, and the walls of the church, are traditionary emblems of the vanquished Danes by Malcolm—the sculptured and monumental stones in the parishes of Rhynie and Essie, are lasting evidences of a Danish conflict—the stones and monuments in Lamphanan, and Macduff's Cross, that once stood near Newburgh in Fife, are the memorials of victories over Macbeth.—[*Chalmers' Caledonia—Scottish Review—Scots Magazine*, 1809.

Of the third, or sepultral stones, are the sculptured stones at Monymusk, Leslie's Cross in the Garioch, vulgarly called the Maiden Stone—the upright stone on the lands of Finzean, south banks of the Dee, with many other monuments found in Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales.

O'er spumy billows, on the curling tide.
The zephyrean goddess leads the vernal hours,
And scatters fragrance o'er the springing flowers,
Mosaic texture, where the primrose blooms,
And op'ning cups the fleeting cloud perfumes.
Milesian robes, that glads the stranger's heart,
Bids dark Ennui to the shades depart;
And as we turn the tow'ring mountains rise,
Where waving shrubs perfume the morning skies;
Once Dian's temple, where the Vates oft spoke
Of Hesus laws, and venerated oak,
Crown'd with the leaves they sung their hallow'd strain,
Until the mountains echo'd it again;
On new moon days they sought the hallow'd wood,
And mystic tales told to the gazing crowd;
With agile fingers struck the sounding lyre,
With magic sound illum'd the blazing pyre;
When new-born day had trimm'd the radiant blaze,
And night emerg'd in the dark Lethean seas.
With oak crown'd brows, the Eubates sought the grove,
To find the tree, the fav'rite tree of Jove:
The laics sung, old Echo heard the strain,

And in soft cadence pay'd the song again;
The Primate cloth'd in snowy alb ascends
The sacred tree, and with the branch descends.
Sylphs, sylvans hear the harmonizing lay,
And zephyrs wing the songs aloft convey,
Till lost in air, and sounds are heard no more,
But trembling moves on the aetherial shore.
Those rites are dormant, all their music cease,
And Christian friendship brings the branch of peace.
Behold her mount the oratorial throne,
And touch the string to the great Three in One;
No oaken boughs are on her altars spread,
Nor misleto adorns the victim's head:
Pure adoration as in courts of air,
Sound from the choirs to Adonais chair.
No fated victims welter in their gore,
Nor sacrifices stain the temple floor;
And now I tread upon the hallow'd ground,
Where Catechumens rais'd the choral sound;
Winwalloc's altars* no more tell the age

---

* Winwalloc, now Logie, is bounded by St. Finnian on the north west, Migvie on the north, Tarland on the east, and St. Nethale on the south. The church was dedicated to St. Winwalloc, Archbishop of Tauracum

Of joys eternal; and the missal page
Is clos'd, the choirs are silent still
And sleep in dust, till the trump breathing-shrill
Shall burst the tombs, and bid the dust arise,
And meet its Maker in the folded skies.
The vocal harp no more will warbling sing,
Nor tonsur'd priest the sacred volumes bring
To sing the Ordo, the sweet chords are broke,
And sunk in regions of primaeval smoke.
The breezes whistle o'er the verdant plain,
And mourns the ravag'd desolated scene;
On the green mound St. Finnian's site appears,†
To point the ravage and the lapse of years.
The plover whistles, and the lapwings move,
Where priest and laies tun'd their songs of love;
The flow'rets bloom, wet with the dewy gems,
More rich than brilliants in the diadems.

---

in Little Brittany, who died A. D. 460, March 3. His memory is revered by an annual meeting, called Walloc Fair.

† St. Finnian, q. d. Coldstone, on the western extremity of Cromar, dedicated to Finnian, Bishop and Confessor of Clonard, who died March, A D. 660. It was made tributary to the Cathedral of St. Machar, Aberdeen, in 1440, now united to Logie.

Of Schahs that fill the gilded Persian throne,
More grand are diamonds found in Flora's zone;
Where exhalations scent the fleeting air,
And borne in zephyrs to a distant sphere.
Meand'ring tides in murmuring cadence sing,
To branches bending o'er the chrystal spring;
Where mountains soar, and hide their crested heads,
In sheeted air, and Flora's gardener spreads
Sweet scented flowers—see Migvie's‡ ruin'd halls
Crush'd to the ground, no more the festive balls
Are held, no songs from vocal harps arise,
Nor Vermileno tunes her choral voice,
Uterpe's minstrels leave the lute unstrung,
Stillness governs where blooming Fanny sung;
Save when pale Luna darts her argent beams,
From out the cloud; then soft platonic themes

---

‡ Migvie, a small parish in Cromar. The monuments of antiquity found here are, several circles and tumuli, and an old Castle, erected by Sir David Durward about 1271. It was the seat of Sir John Rutherford in 1483. The patron Saint is unknown: the parish is now joined to Tarland. The etymological derivation of Cromar is—Cruoy, Land, and Mhar, Corn, i. e. Corn Country.

The rustics tune to praise the nymphs they love,
The song re-echoed from the neighb'ring grove.
Down as we pass to list the Throstles sing,
And snuff the odours of the blooming spring,
Viewing dame nature's grand mosaic loom,
Each floating zephyr, and the skies perfume.
See Tarland's hamlet* on the right, where swains,

---

* Tarland is a village situated in the centre of Cromar: Tarland, i. e. flat plain. It was constituted a Burgh of Regality in the 15th century, and has several annual fairs, and a weekly market on Wednesday. The patron Saint is unknown, owing to the returns not coming regular to Mr. Butler. Several have ascribed it to St. Luke the Evangelist. Sir John Rutherford, in 1462, resided in this Burgh. In 1498 he was elected Provost of Aberdeen, and M. P. March 12, 1514.—[*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 2.

The Argyleshire highland regiment, 800 strong, marched into Tarland on the 3d of May, 1644, and were billeted on this and the adjoining lands, viz Abergeldie, Birse, Strachan, Glenmuick, Glentannar, and Aboyne. They exacted per diem, from the inhabitants, 24 bolls of meal, 60 dollars in money, 120 sheep, and other cattle in proportion. The people called them Cleansers. They decamped July 1, and all that they found portable was borne off.—[*Spalding's Troubles, vol.* 2.

And nymphs light gambol on the flow'ry plains.
Here too great Gordon and his soldiers lay,
To teach Montrose some Caledonian play;
The Gordon clan to guard their faith advance,
Unfurl their banners and display the lance;
While gallant Graham, true to his prior vow,
Unsheath'd his steel, and paced to and fro.
So poets tell, the swans enchanting sing,
When death is near with his empoison'd sting;
So sung the clans upon the heath clad plain,

---

South west is a Lake, called Minandhoun; from Moin, a Moss, and Dhoun, a Hill, i. e. Moss and Hill.

One half mile to the north of the burgh lies a field covered with tumuli, where Aboyne encamped before the battle of Auldearn, March 28, 1645. The camp contained 1700 foot and 300 horse. On the 29th, General Graham and General Hurry appeared, with 1500 foot and 250 horse. The hosts marched to Auldearn, where they entered combat; the number of slain amounted to 3000. The armies rendesvouzed in Cromar, May 14. Here the southron legion was reinforced by the Duke of Athol and his followers; and Aboyne by some of the Forbeses. The armies encountered. The clans of Aboyne signalized themselves in this combat.—[*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 2.

After their forces were collected, they marched to Alford, July 2.

The tow'ring hills retorted back the strain.
Encamp'd the Gordons pass the silent night,
Till Erebus gave way to golden light;
On saffron clouds Aurora's train appears,
The shrubs and trees shed aromatic tears.
At last appears the golden lamp of day,
Diffusing light from every blazing ray;
The steeds pursue to mount the horizon,
And radiance beams on Neptune's liquid throne.
The clans encolumn'd on the field appear,
With burnish'd helmets eager for the war.
Rang'd in close line, Aboyne still silence broke,
And to the Clans of Caledonia spoke:
"Sons of Strathdee, 'tis honour calls you forth,
To prop religion and preserve its worth,
Your minds unbiass'd, and your hearts are true,
No gilded gins your Celtic souls subdue;
Should Graham gain ground, I lay before your sight,
A scene of horror will each soul affright.
The Scotian hamlets kindled in one blaze,
And Southron Nero's dancing round the rays,
Bereft of pity, tossing on the spear,
Your lisping offspring in the liquid air;
Your youthful daughters, from all comfort thrust,
Doom'd to endure the brutal fangs of lust;
Your bosom partners for their troubles groan,

And dæmons smiling at the heartfelt moan.
Nerve every arm, and keep their host at bay,
Rely for aid on none but One on high.
Your slughorns sound, raise Caledonia's fame,
And wreath her temples with a diadem.
Of palm and laurel, borne on cherubs wing,
Where glad Io Pœns the aerial minstrels sing;
Then Cairn na Cuimhne dress with the rose of fame,
Give not marauders the gay odor'd gem.
Rouse! rouse my sons! and tread their banner down,
Break their strong rank and at their boasting frown.
Your country calls you to defend her right,
God will you strengthen in the gory fight;
And as your stay will quench the blazing fire,
And seraphs cheer you with their warbling lyre,
Sons of the North, and partners of my fame,
My toil, my fortune, and heroic name!
No artist's pencil can describe such hearts!
Pure and untainted with delusive arts.
By Pallas taught to scorn all luring play,
Their craft can never lead my sons astray:
Rich Celtic blood defies each cursed snare!
And dares each boaster in the field of war,
Whose breasts are mov'd with an infernal sting,

Franconian notes, and wild ca iras sing.
Ye sons of Dee avoid each subtle snare,
And all the gins of rancid malice tear;
No tinsell'd baubles or debauching gold,
Shall wean your hearts from virtue's sacred fold.
True to the end, can vile exotic weeds,
Within your gardens shake their baneful seeds;
For Caledonia, sweethearts, wives, and friends,
Your steel's unsheath'd, the steel elastic bends.
We fear one GOD, we serve a Monarch just,
The potent Charles, faithful to his trust?
Yon Southron legions are impell'd by fate,
To spend their blood, and serve a power they hate;
Driven on by lust, nor with the Captain strives,
How fast they run whom Hell and Satan drives.
And where they move pale desolation reigns,
And haggard rapine camps upon their plains;
In every land they practice Syren wiles,
And with a kiss each innocent beguiles;
While unborn babes their treacher'us deeds will curse,
And tell aloud the tyrants cruel abuse.
Hear how they boast to loose delusion's yoke?
Sink superstition in the shades of smoke;
Their virtue plant, and pure religion clear,
From Babylon's whore and transubstiate ware.

See by such speeches how they are allied,
To forgery, plunder, and ambitious pride;
They boast of friendship? yes the fiends will give,
Such as the Lamb from Reynard's jaws receive!
But let them know ye scorn the baits of vice,
And honour's still a Caledonian's choice.
We Dee-men will revere paternal laws,
Our Sires maintain'd, and shall we lose the cause,
And bade their children in sweet order reign,
In liberty, nor stoop to actions mean.
These we adore, and heav'n's ne'er dying flame,
Will glad us when we leave this earthly dream.
Brave Caledonians shew Montrose ye can,
Unknown to fear meet the rebellious clan;
We to our country are most firmly bound,
Ope' columns soldiers, see Montrose gains ground:
Near Coul's moss towers behold the Southrons
come,
Hark distant hills resound the rolling drum."
He clos'd his speech, at once the soldiers threw,
Aloft their helms, and curs'd each wretch untrue.
Before bright Horus reach'd meridian height,
The Grahams encamped on the Gordon's right;
Both armies march across the rapid Spey,
And near old Storton both encamped lay.
The new born day from Orient's bosom rose,
Night drew her veil, and ting'd with dews disclose

The fragrant shrubs, the hosts of war prepare,
The glancing steel, the lance, and pointed spear:
Like Lybian lions both the hosts engage,
And like wild bears maintain'd an equal rage;
The cannons roar, the spermy sulphur flew,
And death display'd horrific forms to view.
Horror appear'd, and from each op'ning wound,
The carmine gush'd, and stain'd the verdant ground;
The vivid flowers are hid in tides of blood;
Bonnets and helmets float upon the flood;
Electric flames from swords and bay'nets rose,
And mix with air, so firm the contest grows.
Confusion mark'd the pointed shafts all o'er,
And soldiers sweat huge drops of reeking gore.
The southern ranks in battle order rush,
And on the centre of the Gordons push;
Besmear'd in blood, the eager soldiers throng;
And dead, and wounded scatter'd lie along
The field of war. More quick the bullets flew,
And flowers were crush'd with weight of crimson dew.
The foaming horse lay low upon the plain,
Nor rush'd where trumpets sound the charge again.
Aboyne, unsheath'd his shining speckl'd blade,
And a fell havoc on the southrons made,
Beneath his arm, the brave, the valiant fell,
His faulchion cut the brain, and casque of steel!

Wing'd with pale death infernal gorgons ride;
And o'er the field spouts the purpuric tide:
Crown'd with war scorpions discord pac'd the plain,
And slaughter spued, the dire infernal grain.
Bay'net met bay'net, none attempted flight;
But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.
The flames of sulphur, from the musquets went,
And every ball in human blood was spent.
The warm lead lodged in the soldiers' heart,
Join'd, there so close as never more to part.
So firm the combat, that the fatal sting;
Will in the halls of distant Ossian's ring.
Horse trode on horse, the vivid sulphur flew,
And blood distill'd like July's morning dew;
The hydra carnage, spent upon the plain,
Her fated sperm, and smil'd upon the slain.
War rag'd in terror, till the western sky,
Proclaim'd that Phœbus left the diurnal way,
The silver goddess mounts her evening chair,
And moves in splendor o'er our hemisphere.
Bellona sunk to Proserpine's embrace,
And in Tartarus shew'd her bloody face.
Return again to Dee's empebbl'd shore
And see the dew drop pending from each flow'r;
While morning light her genial beams diffuse,
And radiant jubars drink the liquid dews;
Hark the sweet herald chaunting in the air,

And on the thorn the linnet's song so clear.
See on that mound beside the falling stream:
Where hinds are whistling to their moving team:
Duruard's gay seat* in ruin meets the view,
Where turrets rose in solemn Gothic shew.

S

---

* COUL, an old Castle, on a mound over the river Bogmore, ancient seat of the Duruard Family. The name rose in Galloway, being formerly that of Macdaulen. In the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore, one of that family, called Allan Mackyn Drosser Macdaulen, having served that Monarch, had his name changed to Porterson, from his office; which was again changed to Door Ward, now Duruard, in the year 1198. "The Castle was of Gothic architecture, fifty yards square; the walls were fifteen feet thick, and adorned with five turrets of exquisite workmanship, each turret twenty feet in diameter. The fabric was adorned with four gates, each twelve feet by nine."—[*Statistical History of Scot. vol.* 3.

The castle appears to have been built in 1115. In 1199, we find it was inhabited by John Duruard; but we learn no further accounts of the family until the 7th of August 1212, when many brave gentlemen fell in the Saracen war, and among the slain was Allan Duruard of Coul. In 1276, George Duruard lived in the castle, and obtained from his Majesty a Baron's Coronet and armorial bearing, within a double tressure, or; Pearl, a

But low in dust, and melancholy reigns
Around the pile, where ruin clanks her chains;

---

Lion rampant and languid, gules. CREST.—On a riband, a cross pattee proper.

MOTTO.—This I'll defend.

"Sir Allan, in 1330, built an Hospital for sick and wounded at Kincardine O'Neil."—[*Orem's History of Aberdeen.*

History makes no mention of the Castle for a period of 246 years. In 1576, Sir Robert Menzies inhabited the Castle; and from that time the family left it, being about the year 1644, it went to ruin. The peasants seeing it deserted, and having some remains of Vandal barbarity, levelled it to the ground, under pretence of enriching their land with the rubbish, but more for the prospect of hid treasure. But after all their labour, nothing of consequence was found, but some useless trinkets, a few saddle buckles, and some small silver coins, date 1251: round the edge was Alexander Rex Scotorum. In the burial ground was found a black silk band, four and one half inches broad, in a sound state, it was bound round the waist of a female child, at the baptismal font, St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen, in 1765; and round the waist of a male child, 1784; since that period it was lost. "In 1798, three sides of the castle were entire."—*Statistical History of Scotland, vol.* 3.

Northward lies the parish of Leochell, now united to

Pale desolation with her iron hand,
Has struck the fabric with her blasting wand.
No priests of Dian in the morning rise,
To scour the copse and chace the jocund prize.
While silver drops adorn'd the verdant trees,
And Norval whistled to the morning breeze.
No more the turrets catch the parting ray,
Of Phæton sinking in the western sea.
No trembling light among the branches sport,
Nor sounding harp in echo shakes the court.
The promenades with noxious weeds o'ergrown;
The garden yields no rose nor iris, crown:
Fragrant no more, no maidens touch the lyre;
Whose eye balls sparkl'd loves inchanting fire.
Honoria's silent on her lover's praise;
No Charlotte crowns the warrior's head with bays;
The lute is still no agile fingers move;
O'er the piano in soft notes of love.
Stillnes now dwells, hush'd is the dulcet song,

---

Cushnie. It formerly belonged to Coul, from the etymology Leo-choull, i. e. part of Coul. In this part are some tumuli, druidical circles, and the Castles of Craigievar and Corse.

Craigievar was erected by the Mortimers, about the year 1400.

The sable raven moves his croaking tongue.
Tell me ye horrors, why this awful change?
Cruel desolation thro' the halls to range.
See on yon rubbish sits the hoary maid,
With jays and harpies flying round her head,
The harpies stoop and twist her haggard hair,
While her red eye balls o'er the rubbish glare.
Beneath her feet the hollow caverns mourn,
Sigh after sigh the moisten'd vaults return,
Phœbus approaching to the western shore,
Rays of the ev'ning from the orient pour.
Turn from the pile where ruin sits enthron'd,
Ere chaos comes with vesper garlands crown'd.
To heath clad Mulloch † next I bend my way,

---

† MULLOCH, a hill, about 1027 feet high, covered with tumuli, the remains of the engagement in the year 89. These tumuli found so copious in Caledonia often contain urns of clay. "Two of these piles were opened at Kinbattock, parish of Towie, where were found urns and Roman medals, with inscriptions."—[*Holingshed, vol.* 1.

"Dr. Boswell of Edinburgh, in 1771, opened one at Loncarty, in which were several skeletons; and under some of the adjoining ones were glass lachrymatories, one-eighth inch thick."—[*Muses Threnody.*

Clad with tumuli where the wild fowls play,
While gazing o'er the once ensanguin'd plain,
Astarte rose with her sidereal train.
The dews descend, flow'rs close their cups to sleep ;
Till Phæton's chariot leaves the curling deep.
Soon as the Monarch quits the liquid bed,
And Phosphor sinks beneath the western shade.
Alauda mounts and with her matin song,
Bids nature wake, sweet flow'ret's blush more strong.
Behold the groves, and daisy spangl'd mead,
Where Flora roams with flow'r encircl'd head ;
Of Tyrian dye, yielding a sweet perfume,
Mingl'd with roses from fair nature's loom.
The sister nymphs their various tributes bend,
And o'er the lawns the fragrant perfumes send.
On every side sweet chrystal conduits roll ;

---

" A Gentleman opening some of these sepulchres in 1808, found three urns filled with calcined bones. The urns appeared to have been indurated by fire ; within were three smaller urns, not indurated, containing beads, some of them oblong, and others circular, and of a black substance ; there were also some circular silver beads."—[*Scot's Magazine*, 1810.

Their undulations from the natal bowl.
Favonius wantons on her glossy wing,
And fans the bosom of the flow'ry spring.
When golden Phœbus shews his genial ray,
The little warblers chirrup on the spray,
Delight and pleasure, darling twins of Jove,
Walk arm in arm throughout the leafy grove.
In ærial robes the charming sisters roam,
And dance fantastic o'er fair Flora's loom.
The little linnets on the rosy thorn,
With throat distended welcome the bright morn.
The floraën maideus with unspairing hand,
Rich harvest scatters on the verdant land.
Scene lost in scene, charm upon charm is found,
The alpine cliffs and flow'r bespangl'd ground.
Hail fair Aboyne ‡ where all these graces dwell!

---

† ABOYNE, an elegant Castle, on the north banks of the Dee, once the seat of the Bissets. The Castle is very ancient; little mention is made of it before the year 1212, when the lodging of Patrick, Lord Galloway, and the Earl of Athol was burnt at Haddington, where Lord Galloway with two servants, perished in the flames.—The Bissets of Aboyne were the only persons suspected for this act; but William Bisset, Esq; chief of the tribe, proved his *alibi*—the Queen being an evidence, that, on

Where Bards alternate touch the vocal shell.
There Gordon reigns when Sirius pours his heat,

---

the night, when the action was committed, William Bisset was in Forfar, a distance of more than sixty miles from Haddington *(ultra sexagenti millia passum ab Hadina.)*— Mr. Ruddiman, not aware that Buchanan, who wrote in the Roman language, must mean Roman miles, falsely imagines, that he meant Scots miles, as though he had committed an eggregious error in this relation, thinks fit to assert, that Forfar is scarce fifty miles from Haddington. Those who have considered the Roman measure, make a Roman mile 967 English paces, and it is well known, that 1000 paces, make an English mile; and that most of our Scots miles are equal to one and a third English mile, and in some parts equal to two. Barnes makes a Scots mile equal to one and a half English. He says, Edward III. having ravaged all Scotland at his pleasure, as he was on his way to Berwick, took the Castle of Blackness, belonging to the Earl of Douglas, which is about ten leagues, or twenty Scots miles, from Edinburgh, which he also garrisoned. But I shall take none of these advantages, in order to prove that the difference between Forfar and Haddington, is more than 60 Roman miles, I shall make use of a more regular computation: 967 English paces make a Roman mile, and 1184 paces a Scots statute mile; there are 217 paces gained on every Scots mile, i. e. 10,850, on 50 miles; which make 11 miles, and

And little warblers chaunt to cheer their mate.
When Dian's priests with hound and echoing horn,

---

213 paces, which, with 320 paces more gained by the difference of Scots and English feet, 185 feet Scots are equal to 186 English, making more than half a mile English. Cicero, in his Oration (pro Sex Roscio) mentions, that Manlius Glaucia, a defender of J. Roscius, who murdered Sextus (ad Balneus Palatinas) at the Palatine Bath, as he was returning from supper, heard the news of the murder from Rome, the distance from Rome to Ameria being 56 miles, and the news reached him that night, (et cum post horum primum noctis occissus esset, primo diluculo nuncius hic Ameriam, venit, decem horis nocturnes sex et quinquagenta millia passum lissis pervolavit.) Amelia a city of Umbria, situate on a mountain six miles from Narni, is, according to Harduin, the modern name of Ameria, if you have a correct map of Italy, you may for your amusement examine it by Cicero's narration, and the difference between the old Roman and our modern miles. Mr. Ruddiman had no occasion to have minced the distance between Forfar and Haddington, by saying that it is scarce 50 miles; it being at least full 50 Scots miles, unless he means to exclude water. He writes, that the (Extracta de Chronicis Scotiæ,) affirms, that at the time the Earls were murdered, Bisset was (in Castro suo de Obeyne), and if this is the same place with that which is now called Aboyne, (which

Pursue the stag at break of new born morn.
The plumy tenants raise their self taught theme.

---

most certainly it is, I am ignorant indeed of any other of that name in Scotland), it is at least 60 miles from Haddington—" he adds, that the Author, whom Buchanan chiefly followed, was Andrew Winton," who gives a large account of the whole affair. But it is possible that William Bisset might have been both at Forfar and Aboyne in one and the same night; but had it not been for Winton's authority, it is a chance but our critic would have read Obeyne for Forfaræ in Buchanan, he having taken full as great liberties in other places."—*Logan* v. *Ruddiman.*

"The lands fell into the hands of the Frazers, and continued until 1412, when Sir Alex. Gordon of Huntly married Honoria Keith, daughter to Keith Earl Marischal. Frazer was removed to Cowie, and Gordon was settled at Aboyne"—*Statistical History of Scotland, vol.* 19.

"In 1449, his Majesty James II. granted a Charter on the lands of Aboyne to Adam Gordon, Esq; second son to Huntly. George Gordon, third Earl of Huntly, gave Aboyne to Lord John Gordon, his second son: to Adam he gave the lands of Ferrack, (now Ferrar) and to James, the lands of Tillihoudie, (now Tillphoudie.")—*Gordon's History of the Gordons, vol.* 2.

"In 1630, on the 30th of September, Sir John Gor-

And æriel breezes waft the dulcet hymn,
Of self taught music, rivers bubbling play,

---

don of Aboyne, with five gentlemen, were cruelly burnt to death at the House of Frendraught."—*Ibid.*

"Charles Gordon, Viscount of Aboyne, behaved so valiantly at the Bridge of Dee, against Graham, Marquis of Montrose, on the 18th of June, 1639, where he commenced the attack with only two pieces of demi-cannon, to which the Grahams answered with a discharge of musquetry. The Gordons behaved so gallantly, that the Grahams retreated in confusion. For this action, and the Gordons steady adherence to the Court of Charles I. and II. His Majesty Charles II. created him Earl of Aboyne, Sept. 10, 1661. Married Margaret Irvine, daughter to Irvine of Drum. In 1671, he repaired the Castle of Aboyne, and added some beauties to it, and died in 1685.—*Gordon's History, vol.* 2.

"Charles Gordon, second Earl of Aboyne, succeeded in the same year, and married Eloisa Lyon, daughter to Patrick Lyon, third Earl of Strathmore. Issue; John, Helen, Eloisa, and Grissel, who married James Grant of Knockando. Charles died in 1761. John Gordon, third Earl of Aboyne, succeeded October 18, 1761, and married Grace Lockhart, eldest daughter to George Lockhart of Carnwath. Issue; Charles, John, Lieut.-Gen. and Col. of the 81st regiment of foot, and

In limpid currents every charm display;
And Phæton's horses sip the silver rain,

---

Lockhart, Judge Advocate-General in Bengal, who died March 24, 1788. Charles Gordon, fourth Earl of Aboyne, succeeded August 17, 1782. Married Margaret Stuart, daughter to Alex. Stuart, sixth Earl of Galloway; and afterwards married Maria Douglas, daughter to the Earl of Morton. Issue; George, Catherine, and Meignonet. George Gordon, fifth Earl of Aboyne, succeeded December 28, 1794, and married Miss Cope, second daughter of Sir Charles Cope.—*Debrett's Peerage*, 1814.

Titles—Lord Aboyne, 1661, Viscount of Strathaven; Baron Meldrum of Morven, July 18, 1815; one of the Sixteen Scots Peers, Colonel of the Aberdeenshire Militia in 1818.

Arms.—Saphire, a chevron topaz between three boars' heads, Gordon; within a double tressure, flowered with fleurs de lis, and adorned with crescents, without Seaton.

Crest.—On a wreath a demy Lion, ruby; armed and languid saphire.

Supporters.—Two Chevaliers in complete armour, each holding a halbert proper.

Motto—"Stant Caetro tigno." The rest stands on a beam.—*Rudiments of Heraldry, vol.* 3.

That deck the beauties of the flow'ry plain,
Here nature revels, rosy hours advance,
And in the groves raise the fantastic dance.
What charms are seen arise on every side;
The towring hills, and clear meand'ring tide.
Volumes of fragrance 'mong the turrets play,
And zephyr'd gales their scented breath convey,
The rustic whistling at the painful plow,
Is cheer'd while sweat's distilling from his brow.
The milk maid singing bears her flowing pail,
From lowing herds that grace the verdant vale;
On every flower the buzzing insects rest,
And with ambrosia fill their little breast.
Then to their urns convey the honey'd dew,

---

Near the castle is a Burgh of Regality, called Charlestown of Aboyne, from Charles, fourth of Aboyne, in 1791, where they hold Bailiff's Courts; a neat post town, conveniently situated on the banks of the Dee.—The Eagle, or Diligence, passes through this Burgh three times a week, on the way between Pannanich and Aberdeen. The Church was formerly dedicated to St. Michael, and stood about one mile eastward.—The present church stands at Charlestown, and unites the parishes of Aboyne and Glentanner. The prospect is luxuriant, with beautiful and extensive plantations.

To grace our table when the drifting snow,
Has hid the verdure of the blooming plain,
And Ceres no more yields her yellow grain.
Observe the angler by the silver brook,
How carefully he throws the gilded hook,
To snare the fry and grace the loaded board,
With fresher dainties than the fields afford.
But leave the woods and cross the silver Dee,
And smell the odours wafted from each tree,
To list the linnet raise his charming song,
The chorus cadence by the downy throng.
See Tanner* foaming o'er a granite bed,

T

---

* TANNER, a stream rising in the Grampians, near the Firmonth, a hill 2500 feet high; and after watering part of that spacious forest, it turns a wheel for cutting wood for the ship-building at Aberdeen; the work is carried on by the Earl of Aboyne. The Church was consecrated to St. Marnoch, being once part of that parish. On the hill, for more than two miles, we see a great many tumuli. One of these cairns, called Cairnmore, was partly opened in 1818, and the stones were carried to build a house. Under the cairn was found part of a gold chain and appendage. The sides of the river are very fertile, and seldom fail of abundant harvests. The church is now unroofed, and the parish annexed to Aboyne.

In form majestic dashing raise its head.
Hark the sweet natives on the branches sing,
And fragrant zephyrs touch the ærial string.
The leafy branches form a cooling shade,
To shield the tendrils bursting from earth's bed;
But shed their foilage to the genial light,
To feed the infants, and deck them more bright.
On every spray the choirists raise their theme,
Then stooping drink from the collecting stream.
The verdant shrubs adorn the flow'ry brink,
Moves with each sigh and from the currents drink;
And while the rills move undulating on,
The Naiads revel on their liquid throne,
Till Hesper mounts and warns the steeds of day,
To Neptune's courts far on the western sea.
Nocturnal minstrels stretch their tubes and sing,
Then Bubo hoots and spreads her downy wing.
The Throstle warbles her melodious theme,
The trembling measures grace the scene solemn.
Diana wearied with old Neptune's chain,
Mounts on her chair, with all her stellar train.
Now high in air she ope's her silver zone,
Unties her mantle, and displays her throne.
Bright Orion floats o'er field of liquid blue,
And Charles' wain the beaten tracts pursue;
Till the wing'd horses draw the charming maid,
The new born day in morning gold array'd.

All nature hails the genial beams of morn,
And minstrels sing upon the verdant thorn.
But when the monarch draws the golden veil,
The genial breezes o'er the vallies sail.
Tir'd nature wakes, and every leafy grove,
Resounds with anthems of connubial love.
The distant cliffs reverberate the song,
Each bubbling rill meand'ring glides along;
The spumy daughters on the billows sail,
And shake their tresses to the gentle gale.
Sweet Flora comes with blushing roses crown'd,
The falling dew drops scent the verdant ground.
Young Strephon pipes, the sportive lambkins play,
Around his Phœbe, charming Queen of May.
While Phœbe sings hail May, fair queen of flow'rs:
With breath of fragrance, where the wing'd hours
Sail on each blast, o'er cowslips wet with dew,
Their foilage gently op'ning to the view.
The sisters wear the garments of sweet spring:
The turtles bill, and little starlings sing.
Sweet are these scenes, and nature's liquid glass
Reflects the landskip and the silken grass.
Now downwards moving by Dee's pebbly shore,
Inhaling odour from each springing flow'r:
St. Michæl's ground* now meets the gazing eye,

* ST. MICHÆL'S GROUND, i. e. Birse, on the south

Where retrospection calls a tender sigh.
Time points where once the tonsur'd minstrels sung

---

side of the Dee. "In 1065, William the Lion added the Church and Forest to St. Machar's Cathedral, Aberdeen."—*Statistical History of Scotland, vol. 9.*

"The Parson was made Librarian and Chancellor under the Bishops of Aberdeen."—[*Orem's History of Old Aberdeen.*

The Parish was called Preiss, or Press, i. e. Thick Wood, which the Bishop changed to Brass. This name continued until the Reformation, when it was called Birse. On the south wall of the church-yard is a flat stone marked with hieroglyphics, a form of writing introduced by the Chaldeans, and borrowed from them by the Egyptians and Romans. The stone appears to have been used for a sepulchral monument; the figures are in bas relief, two spears crossing. In this part we see some remains of the communication line running from Garran, in the Grampians, through Birse, Aboyne, Cromar, Kildrummy, Cabrach, Auchindoir, Gauldwall, Elgin, Duffus, and from thence stretches to Banatia on the river Ness —[*Grant's History of Moray.*

Here are to be seen several monuments of antiquity, such as tumuli, circles, encampments, &c. "West from the church is Birsemore, formerly belonging to the Gordon family. October 18, 1642, Alexander Gordon,

Their missal lay, and vocal sackbuts strung.
But all is gone, no more the holy lay

---

Esq; of Birsemore, married Isobella Leslie, daughter to Patrick Leslie, Esq."—[*Orem's History of Old Aberdeen.*

" In 1647, Alexander Gordon of Birsemore was Provost of Aberdeen," and had a lodging in the Chancery of St. Machar's, Old Aberdeen.—[*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 2.

Near this is the ancient house of Birsebegg; and on the north of this are the remains of two of the ancient feasting pits. Seats in this country are Balnacraig, Garlogie, Ballogie, Finzean, Midstrath, &c. The ancient seat of Balfour, once the abode of the Farquharsons; Donald Farquharson, Esq; died in 1719. Jane Gillanders, his widow, married Mr. Skinner, 1720. " To them was born in 1721, John Skinner, who, after receiving a classical education, was chosen Episcopal Pastor at Linshart, near Peterhead. During his life, he wrote several pieces, and died greatly lamented, June 26, 1807, aged 86."—[*Skinner's Works, vol.* 1.

On the east of this stands a flat stone, void of hieroglyphics, called " Corse Dardar, and said to point where Dardanus, the XXth King of Scotland, was slain by his subjects, in the year 72."—[*Statistical History of Scotland, vol.* 9.

But as there were recently found human bones under the tumulus bordering with it, it implies the stone to be-

Shall sound, when morning points returning day.
While musing o'er the once adored scene,

---

of a more modern date, as it appears rather to mark the unhappy fate of some monopolizer, "as forestallers of grain are called Dardanariis."—[*Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, page* 230.

In this country several stone chests have been found, and urns containing hair and calcined bones. "The ceremony of cutting off and burying the hair, is an ancient Judaical ceremony.—[*Vide, Ezekiel xxvii.* 31.

But the calcined bones, urns, and lachrymatories, are Roman ceremonies. Their manner of burying was, after erecting a pyre of fragrant wood, in the centre of an amphitheatre, then the corpse was placed on the pile, being carefully wrapt in an asbestos robe, and the whole set on fire; during the burning, the bird of augury was let fly, which were only the effects of Gothic superstition, peculiar to the ignorance of the pagan age. But alas! superstition is carried on more fantastically in the 19th century. The reigning chimera of Ghosts and Spectres are more ridiculous than Roman notions in that dark age. The most risible fanaticism of the present age is the false fires, commonly called Dead Candles, and belief in ghosts and witches, all these are credited and supported more firmly than the contents of the Sacred Volume. "The funerals, or wakes, are held in great ceremony by the vulgar in this country. No sooner is

Dame Retrospection stood upon the plain,
And begg'd my stay, she spake, I saw the tear

---

the person proclaimed dead, than he or she is stretched on a door, supported by seats called stools, or boards in the same manner, and the body covered with a white cloth, the face remaining uncovered. Then persons are sent on a round of some miles inviting friends and acquaintances to assemble, on a day named, to the burial. During the interval between the death and the funeral, the neighbouring people assemble to hold what is called a WAKE. The friends having prepared for the occassion Whisky, Bread, Cheese, Pipes, Tobacco, &c.—[*Vide, the Ballad.*

" Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cakes and wine,
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

After a few minutes of undertakers or young heirs sorrow, the spirits are exhilirated by an universal dram. Then the scandal of the neighbourhood as in higher circles, is the common talk and pleasure of the company. The younger of both sexes romp with one and other, while the aged, overcome with the (cronach) i. e. funeral song, and the tears of the whisky, sink in the arms of Morpheus. The young men become more enterprizing, and are frequently successfull, and more marriages are made at Wakes then at Weddings."—[*Castle Rackrent.*

Roll down her cheeks, as dew drops from the brier.
Behold, she cried, the desolated plain;
Where is the vestige of the sacred fane.
Like Salem's temple all the beauty's gone,
Nor on another stands a sacred stone;
Oft would the tonsur'd orator's declaim,
Against the vices in Jehovah's name.
But all in vain, till that all venging day,
Bent the whole fabric level with the clay.
No more the altars meet the gazing eye;
In the cold earth, the priests forgotten lie.
With solemn awe I trode the sacred aisle,
Read the inscriptions on each mould'ring pile.
Time wav'd her hand, convulsions shook the ground,
She spake, the dead rose at the silent sound.
Wide op'ning graves gave up the bodies dead,
Each for a short forsook the sable bed,
And thus ideal the whole conclave spoke:
Why mortals say, how seek ye empty smoke?
Forsake the chace, pursue the phantoms vain,
'Tis but delusion's tinsell'd luring chain.

END OF VOLUME I.

THE

# *CALEDONIAN ITINERARY;*

OR,

A TOUR

## On the Banks of the Dee:

## *A POEM,*

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES,

FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

---

Qui cupit optatum cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer.....HOR.

Je n'ai jamis eu grande foi aux corrections; la plupart ne sont que des fautes nouvelles: lorsque on est plus dans la chaleur des premiers idees, on ne prut trop se defier des secondes.....CREBILLON.

---

*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

BY ALEXANDER LAING, ABERDEEN.

VOLUME II.

Aberdeen:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

181[illegible].

*PRICE SEVEN SHILLINGS IN BOARDS.*

THE

# CALEDONIAN

# *ITINERARY.*

A lovelier Stream than Dee, Phœbus sees
Not in his wide career; for all that life
Can ask; salubrious; mild. The Hills are
Green with Birch, or covered o'er with Shrubs, or
Blooming Heath; the Groves are spacious; the
Prospects fair; the Meadows fertile; and,
To crown the whole in one delightful word;
It is our Home and darling Native Soil.

REFLECT how fleeting is the sand of time,
See on the herse the snowy plumage chime.
The King of terrors ever on the wing,
Culling the flow'rs oft in the bud of spring.
Then turn vain mortals ere the day is gone,
Ere night approach in which no labour's done.
Thine is this hour, the next you may decay,
And with your fathers sleep on beds of clay.

Say is life granted, but to spend the morn,
Pursuing bubbles by delusion borne;
To gaud about with folly's darling child,
Chimera's nursling call'd Intemperance wild.
Her grand sire mania, governor of stews,
Who laughs at vice and sports with broken vows.
Fly, fly young man, her gilded gins outbrave,
Death's dart is glory, he but kills to save.
The aerial wanderers enter the strait gate,
Where robes and sceptres mark their happy fate.
Adieu, the grave has call'd us to return,
To rest in silence 'till the sounding horn
Shall raise us up: then shall all nature rise,
To meet stern justice in the court of skies.
With the gay morn I slowly mov'd along,
Still pondering o'er the true but awful song,
Till worldly sounds call'd back my mind again,
From sweet celestial to terrestrial plain.
The bubbling Catti* rais'd a cheering sound,

---

* Catti, a stream rising in the Grampians, from a hill of the same name; where is to be seen a huge heap of loose stones, said to have been an altar used by the Hellenists, i. e. Worshippers of Fire.—[*Statistical History of Scotland, vol.* 9.

But whether an Altar or Beacon remains undetermin-

While laving banks and flower bespangl'd ground,
O'er the green lawns in soft enamour'd talk,

---

ed at this age, we may rather, and that with more probability, rank it among the sepulchral monuments.—Passing down the stream, we come to the neat Villa of Ballogie, seat of Mr. Farquharson Innes, Esq; heir and successor to Lewis Innes, Esq: Balnacraig. Here is a small but elegant Roman Catholic Chapel. At Auchnafoie, on this estate, was discovered an earth-house, while ploughing the field; the stones covering the top were marked with hieroglyphics.—[*Ibid.*

Leaving Auchnafoie, and proceeding downward, we next visit the ruins of Midstrath, or as it is called Meigstrath, once a seat of the Gordons. Here is a lime work carried on, but on a small scale, owing to the quality of the lime, which being burnt by peat, the only fuel used here, renders it of a coarse colour. Beneath this are the ruins of Invercatti. A little below this the heath is covered with tumuli, and several upright stones, the remains of a druidical temple. Here the Catti falls into the Dee. Moving westerly, we have an elegant view of the Bridge of Potarch, founded on rocks, and thrown across the Dee: the prospect is heightened by a commodious Inn, on the south end of the Bridge, called Potarch Inn. Crossing the Bridge, and travelling westward,

Lock'd arm in arm the swains and maidens walk.
To verdant fields wash'd by the purling rill,
Near to the foot of yon high tow'ring hill,
To hear the lark her matin anthems sing,
Inhale the zephyrs mounting on their wing.
There having told their tale of mutual love,
'Gain arm in arm they wander thro' the grove.
While the sweet vapours o'er the meadows sail,
And wild marjoram sweeter gusts exhale,
The weeping birch their urns of fragrance shed,
And on his pipe the youthful Colin play'd.
Still as he pip'd the blooming Chloe twin'd,
A flow'ry garland his fair brows to bind:
To pay the gift, the young and constant youth,
Imprints warm kisses on her smiling mouth.
On every dale the aster lifts its head,
The balsam, larkspur, their gay verdure shed,
Sweet lilies, harebells, syringe so gay;
Laburnum, jasmine, lovely babes of May,
Carnation blooming, yields a rich perfume,

---

ward, through Kincardine O'Neil, (of which more hereafter) we enter the muir of Drumdowan, covered with tumuli. Here are to be seen part of the communication line, some large druidical circles, and Tillphoudie, formerly a seat of the Gordons.

The cowslip and the vallies of golden broom.
The verdant copse invites the youth to stray,
To hear the birds and trace the labyrinth way,
Where eglantines in lovely forms appear,
Æolian music charms the list'ning ear.
See near the hills, where golden Ceres smiles,
Conveying plenty thro' the Scottish isles:
Where sweet profusion on the breezes sail,
And Flora's babes run thro' the verdant vale.
Lumphanan,† fam'd for matchless deeds of yore,
When Scotchmen casques and massy targets bore.
The heath clad hills perfume the vallies round,
Here swains and nymphs in flow'ry chaplets bound,
Are dancing lightly on the painted ground;
Sweet Mary's dream the lovely virgins sing,
Or Banks of Dee clad in the robe of spring.

---

† LUMPHANAN, a country surrounded with hills and rising ground, which makes the centre of the country marshy. Monuments of antiquity found here are—vestiges of druidical circles, tumuli, upright stones, encampments, &c. There is a circle 44½ feet in diameter, having a tumulus in the centre, called by the people Cairnbadhi, i. e. Cairnbeth, where they report Macbeth fell. At Kintocher is a large stone without any inscription.—[*Statistical History of Scotland, vol. 6*

So plaintive wild they touch the vocal shell,
Till warbling music echos thro' the vale.
Vertumnus dances on the flow'ry plain,
With Sister Flora and her smiling train,
Where daisies pied and gemmed flow'rs appear,
With foilage tinged beautiful and fair.
See Auchenhove,‡ where once the Duguid's sung,

---

‡ AUCHENHOVE, ancient seat of the Duguids, forfeited in 1745. The castle is now erased. Two hundred yards from the house is seen the charnel house, also falling to decay. The family are now in possession of the lands of Fetternear and Balquhain, by marriage with the Leslie Clan. The sirname Leslie originated at a very early period in Hungary. At a battle, the contra parties selected each a man to decide the fate of the day. The field of battle was near the sea, on a field called Les Ley, i. e. the Field or Ley. One of the gentlemen was victorious, and carried the trophy to the King in thesewords:

Between les ley and the mare,
I left him groveling in his lair.

*Laures Lesleane.*

In 1067, Bartholemew Leslie attended her Majesty, Margaret Atheling from Hungary to Scotland, to consummate her marriage with Malcolm Ceanmore.—*British Compendium, vol.* 3

After the marriage, Malcolm bestowed on him a

And lov'ly Maia stretch'd her tuneful tongue,
In unison the lute and violin play'd,

---

Knighthood, and presented him with the lands of Balquhain in the Garioch, county of Aberdeen, at that time governed by David, Earl of Huntington, and Garioch, brother to William the Lion. Bartholomew died in 1120, and Malcolm Leslie, his eldest son, succeeded him, and from his Majesty, William the Lion, obtained Charters of Confirmation on the lands of Balquhain, dated 1168.

Malcolm died in 1173, and was succeeded by Sir Normand Leslie, who married the Hon. Maria Stuart, daughter to Stuart, Lord Lorn, and received an additional Charter on the lands of Balquhain, confirmed by the Right Hon. John Johnston of Caskieben, who died without issue. He made him his heir by adoption, and was created Normand Leslie, first Earl of Rothes: he died in 1182. Sir Alexander Leslie, first Baron of Balquhain, married Margaret Leslie. Issue—George, his successor, and John, who married Elizabeth Leith, heiress of Edingarioch, and with her had the lands of Earlsfield and Premnay.

George Leslie, second Baron of Balquhain, succeeded his father in 1247, and married Christiana Leslie, daughter to Normand Leslie, Earl of Rothes.

George Leslie, third Baron of Balquhain, second son

To grace the notes sung by the charming maid.
Come mourn my muse, no more Marian sings,

---

to Andrew Leslie, sixth of Lesley, and in 1349 married Elizabeth Keith, daughter to Andrew Keith, Baron of Inveruggie; and received from his Majesty, King Robert Bruce, Charters on the lands of Balquhain, Bracco, Knockinglass, &c. dated 1356.

Hemelinus Leslie, fourth Baron of Balquhain, married Agnes Maxwell, daughter to William Maxwell of Caleurock. Issue—Andrew, and William who married Maria Leslie, daughter to Alexander Leslie, Baron of Lesley.

Andrew Leslie, fifth Baron of Balquhain, in 1419, carried off Isobella Mortimer, daughter to Count Mortimer of Craigievar, and married her, which inflamed Mortimer to seek revenge.—[*Laures Leslean.*

Lord Forbes of Drumminor, and Sir James Stuart of Inveraven, espoused the cause of Mortimer. Balquhain seeing how matters ran, withdrew from the Castle, and abode on a neighbouring mountain, called Bennochie. This hill is 2000 feet high. Balquhain remained secure in this old fortress, and the tales of giants inhabiting the mount, occasioned by this retreat, are too well known to be inserted here. The Mortimers, Stuarts, and Forbeses, formed innumerable schemes to lure him from his retreat. At last, after assembling a few friends, he

Nor maiden fingers sweep the sounding strings.
The rosy God reigns in the halls no more,

---

came down to the valley, and gave them battle. Lady Leslie threw herself between the combatants, entreating them to stop the carnage. Here Balquhain fell, and some of his vassals, on January 22, 1420. On the ground is seen a flat stone, sculptured with hieroglyphics, called Leslie's Cross. The stone measures above ground ten feet in height, in density fourteen inches, and in breadth twenty-eight inches. It is vulgarly called the Maiden Stone, and report circulates tales of it quite grating to the human ear. On the upper compartment of the stone are the words Swiftness and Strength, represented by a Horse courant. Under this are the words Valour and Victory, signified by a Cross and two Spears. In the third compartment is an Elephant rampant, figurative of Courage, Royalty, and Sagacity: and in the last, a Shield and Book, emblems of Faith and Fortitude. With strength we bounded to battle, swift as the mountain roe, our hearts beating with courage, our bosoms glowing with faith, and through the standard of the cross we were victorious.

Lady Andrew Leslie, the Earl of Rothes, and some of their friends, assembled on the lands of Bracco to hold council on the late Baron's affairs, and elected William Leslie, the sixth Baron of Balquhain, who mar-

No jocund balls elate the happy core.
See the young peasant drops a pensive tear,

---

ried, after his years of minority, Elizabeth Frazer, daughter to Frazer, Lord Lovat. Issue—Two sons.

Alexander Leslie, seventh Baron of Balquhain, married Agnes Irvine, daughter to Sir Alexander Irvine of Drum. Issue—William; Alexander, first of Wardhouse; George, first of New Lesley; Thomas, the priest; and five daughters. The Baron died April 13, 1462.

William Leslie, eighth Baron of Balquhain, married Jane Gordon, daughter to Charles Gordon, Esq; of Cairnburrow, and died without issue, April 10, 1462.

Patrick Leslie of Rothiemay succeeded, as ninth Baron of Balquhain, and married Maria Grant, daughter to Donald Grant, Esq; of Fruiche, and died April 16, 1497.

William Leslie, tenth Baron of Balquhain, married Elizabeth Ogilvie, daughter to Arthur Ogilvie, Esq; of Bognie, and died in 1545.

John Leslie, eleventh Baron of Balquhain, married Eloisa Leslie, daughter to Patrick Leslie, Esq; of Ardun. Issue—William, his successor, and James, Bishop of Aberdeen, who died in that See, Feb. 1, 1561.

William Leslie, twelfth Baron of Balquhain, married Jane Forbes, daughter to John Forbes, Esq; of Athal; but chancing to incur the King's displeasure, had his

O'er the lone walls where music charm'd the ear.
The rending ploughshare tears the verdant soil,

---

lands forfeited by the King, and the Castle was unroofed, April 24, 1589: but, on the 4th of August in the same year, he was restored to his lands and dignities, and obtained a greater share of Royal favour.—[*Moyses' Memoirs.*

The Castle of Balquhain yields one of the most beautiful and romantic echos in Scotland.—[*Statistical History of Scotland, vol.* 11.

Since the demolition of Balquhain, the family resided at the House of Fetternear, on the Banks of the Don, a commodious villa, built for a summer lodging to the Bishops of Aberdeen, when coming to survey the Canons and Priests of Fetternear Chapel, about 230 yards from the Bishop's lodging. The Chapel was built in the year 1109, and received from his Majesty, Malcolm IV. a Charter, dated August 20, 1160.—[*Orem's History of Old Aberdeen.*

The Church is now demolished, but the burial ground is yet occupied. The House of Fetternear was built in 1329, by Alexander Kininmonth, Bishop of Aberdeen, and rebuilt in 1818.—[*Dawson's Don Poem.*

Fetternear was presented to the Leslies, and gained a Charter from his Majesty, James VI. in 1600.—[*Moyses' Memoirs.*

Where Adelgitha sweet as morn would smile.
Thistles and thorns now strew the desert ground,

---

John Leslie, thirteenth Baron of Balquhain, and first of Fetternear, married Elizabeth Grant. Issue—Two sons, and died in 1622; extinct.

John Leslie, second of Fetternear, married Catherine Gordon, Lady Dowager of Auchenhove, in 1638.

John Leslie, third of Fetternear, married Maria Crawford, daughter to Colonel Crawford of Muscovia. John taking part with the Catholic Lords, the army, on the 8th of June, 1640, destroyed the House of Fetternear. But the family fled to Lesley, in the county of Fife, where they spent the remainder of their days. John returned to Fetternear, and died August 30, 1655.

William Leslie, fourth of Fetternear, married Miss Bernard, daughter to Ralph Bernard, Esq.

Alexander Leslie, fifth of Fetternear, and second of that name, married Jane Elphinston, daughter to James Elphinston, Esq; of Glack, and died March 3, 1677. *Laures Leslean.*

Ernest Leslie, sixth of Fetternear, and first of that name, died without issue in 1737, which caused a contention for the lands. Count Leslie, from Germany, a distant collateral branch of the family, and Sir James Leslie of Pitcaple, both laid claim to the lands, but without success. John Duguid of Auchenhove put in

Where roses, pinks, and columbines were found.
The Duguid tree's remov'd to Dona's stream,
And is engrafted on the Leslean stem:
Where Flora revels with her blooming train,
Still sowing beauties on the spangl'd plain.
Where op'ning flow'rs their balmy sweets exhale,
The Laures Lesle' the sweet gales inhale.

B

---

his claim, and succeeded as seventh of Fetternear; but the lawsuits not being ended, he fixed his residence at the House of Tulles, until the debates were terminated, and then spent the remainder of his days at Fetternear.

The proprietor, in 1818, is John Leslie, Esq; who has greatly improved the view by fine plantations. He married Violet Dalzel, and has issue fifteen children. Heir apparent—Ernest Leslie, second of that name.

ARMS—Quarterly parted diamond, first and fourth sapphire, a cincture pearl, bound with three bucks, sol. LESLIE. Second and third sable, a cross croslet, gules. DUGUID.

SUPPORTERS.—Pearl and ruby, two griffins collared proper.

CREST.—Over a coronet, a griffin passant, pearl.

MOTTO.—Grip Fast.—[*British Compendium, vol.* 3.

SEATS.—Balquhain, Tullos, Fetternear, and the Baronry of Insch.

The vernal zephyrs skim in wanton sport,
O'er flow'ry meads and Ceres yellow court;
Each scented cup demands the gale to stay,
That richer treasures might be borne away.
Behold the Laures near clear Dona spring,
The verdant scions round the parent cling.
Sweet blooms the verdure fraught with garments gay,
That scents the flow'rets in the lap of May.
Blow swift ye gales to the Muscovian plain,
There tell the prowess of the gentle train;
Birds on each spray pour forth your charming song,
Strike, strike ye Bards, your sweet harmonious tongue.
Bloom fair sweet Laures, and fresh scions shoot,
And plant each soil with thy delicious fruit;
Still may it flourish, nor cold rigors stop,
The infant tendrils nor consume their prop.
Descend Sylvanus shew thy kindly care,
Till tree and scions scent the Orient air;
May feats of honour crown the Leslean stem,
Till Eastern Bards on harps proclaim the fame.
May every fibre, bursting from the ground,
Receive fresh dew and be with foilage crown'd;
And propagate on every distant shore,

Till ages stand, and worlds shall roll no more.
But turning round to Lumphanan again,
To trace the beauties on the verdant plain;
Where Flora saunters thro' the blooming vale,
And the sweet graces on each zephyr sail.
Hail seat of pleasure! hail thou blooming field!
The Muses temple and the Laureat's shield.
Where daisies sparkle and alkanet bloom,
And beds of thyme send forth a sweet perfume.
Where sportsmen mount called by the echoing horn,
To chace the hare on swift wing'd paces borne;
She starts, she flies, the beagles all pursue,
The nimble steeds keep all her turns in view.
The hills resound, the shouts float on the sky,
And sound again till distant rocks reply.
See how they range and search each blooming bush,
With pointed nose they every op'ning push,
Till the poor victim yields her life a prey,
Then oil of Bacchus crowns the festive day.
But other notes must fill my infant song,
Than downy puss or hound with parched tongue.
'Tis castles, camps, and tumuli I sing,
Meand'ring streams and harbingers of spring.
Behold the ruins rising to the view,

Lay down their turrets to the rending plough.
On that round base once Macbeth Castle* stood,
Clos'd by a fosse, where limpid waters flow'd.
Time with his scythe has laid the fabric low,
Nor left one stone to mourn the fatal blow.
Around the mound the allers rear their head,
And awny corn its golden crescents spread.
Walk to the field, and leave the mound a while,
There see fair Flora and her offspring smile.
Where hinds assemble to repeat their tales
Of monkish grandeur, in the Scotian vales.
Of ancient Bards who harp'd the feats of war,
Of pagan Priests and their delusive ware,
Who sunk when learning deign'd with us to dwell,
And mild religion fill'd her choral shell.
Sweet is the change, her holocausts are pure,
She leads to blessings ever to endure.

---

* MACBETH CASTLE, an artificial mound, surrounded by an octagon fosse or moat. The castle was erected by Macbeth. It became afterwards the seat of Thomas de Longueville, from 1309 until 1320. The last inhatant of the Castle was a Mr. Maitland, who changed the name to that of Hatton Hall. The mound now bears the name of Pool Bog.

A liquid wat'ry mirror rises next to view,
Reflecting mountains cap'd with liquid blue;
Where ducklings haunt, and on the billows sail,
And steer their passage with their buoyant tail.
Their oily plumage various coats receive,
From Phœbus lustre and the glossy wave.
The bubbling springs old earth's wide caverns drain,
And glides thro' channels to the boundless main,
The ruffling gales Auchlossan Castle† shew,
A ruin'd pile, no turrets grace the view.
Aghast we stand to see the ruin'd wall,
With moss o'ergrown, and mark the sudden fall.
No halls illum'd to grace the festive dance,
No brilliant nymphs with modest mien advance;
Jays croak discordant their ill boding theme,
The brood of ducklings skim the neighb'ring stream.

---

Auchlossan, i. e. Field and Lake: an old castle, erected in 1695, by William Ross, Esq; on the verge of a lake half a league in circumference. The castle is almost demolished, and a new building reared from the rubbish in 1818, and the lands occupied by a farmer. The fields are now in the possession of Archibald Farquharson, Esq; of Finzean, 1818.

The sculptur'd walls confused spread the ground,
Black Jays and Bats as sovereigns sit enthron'd,
On the greystones with clinging moss o'erspread,
And brood in silence thro' the roofless shade ;
Where erst the turrets in full splendor soar'd,
The sooty offspring hold their council board ;
Pale ruin revels o'er the des'late scene,
And specter'd envy with the twilight reign.
The aerial breeze thro' darksome caverns groan,
And vaults now noisome pay the hollow moan.
But ev'ning rising from the liquid shore
In sable robe, with pitch bedaubed o'er.
The silver Empress now unveils her head,
And Phosphor also leaves her liquid bed ;
Where ere she comes tir'd nature seeks repose,
Until gay morn her genial lustre shows.
The ev'ning gone the massy gates unfold,
Their yellow hinges of aerial gold.
Amidst her train the gay Aurora smiles,
And sheds her radiance o'er the British isles.
The sable horses leave the aerial plain,
And dew tipt roses ope their cups again.
On orient zone the lamp of day appears,
The groves shake off their aromatic tears.
The solar monarch glides o'er hill and wood,
And lustre pours on distant realms abroad.

Now the field† view where mad Bellona rode,
With casque and hauberk stain'd with clotted
blood.

---

† Now THE FIELD—a heath on the east of the Church of Lumphanan, covered with tumuli, being the remains of an engagement between Malcolm Ceanmore and Macbeth. About the lineage of this celebrated personage, whose nefarious actions have been dramatized, writers have varied far from real life, as their purposes were either narrative or dramatic. Boethius says, that the Father of Macbeth was Thane of Angus, and married Doada, the second daughter of Malcolm II. The democrative Buchanan, without inquiry, adopted the fables of Boethius, Holingshed, &c. and founded his history on the same path. As to the station of Macbeth, Shakespear has re-echoed the writings of Holingshed. The more voracious Winton, calls Macbeth Thane of Crumbachty or Cromarty: and in the well known history of the Weird Sisters, the Chronicler makes the first witch hail Macbeth, Thane of Crumbachty; the second, Thane of Moray; and the third hails him King. These interrogations lead directly up to the several fictions of Boethius, Holingshed, Shakespear, &c. Macbeth was by birth Thane of Ross; by marriage with the Lady Gruoch, Thane of Moray; and by his crimes and the murder of Duncan, (King of Scotland and father to Mal-

And demoniacs mov'd the poison'd blade,
With flags belligerent to the view display'd.

---

colm Ceanmore, at Bothgowanan, near Elgin, in 1039) he became King of Scotland. Duncan was no sooner slain, than Macbeth grasped in his firmer grip the barren sceptre.

Finlay, as we may learn from Forfaer, was Maormor, Jarl or Earl of Ross, who, at the commencement of the eleventh century, carried on a vigorous war in defence of his country, against Vikingr Sigund, Earl of Orkney and Caithness. With his dominions the district of Finlay was contiguous, while the county of Angus lay southward at a great distance. Finlay lost his life in a hostile conflict with Malcolm II. in 1020. This fact alone evinces, that Finlay would scarcely have fought with his wife's father, if he had been the husband of Doada. The Lady Gruoch, when driven from her castle by the cruel fate of her husband, the Maormor of Moray, naturally fled, with her infant son Lulach, into the neighbouring county of Ross, which was then ruled by Macbeth, who married her. We have now seen distinctly, that Macbeth was Maormor of Ross, the son of Finlay, and the grandson of Roy or Roderick, and that he was the husband of Lady Gruoch, who was the daughter of Boedhi, and the grand-daughter of Kenneth IV. Macbeth thus united in himself all the powers which were

Where hosts of war imbru'd their hands in blood,
Insatiate vengeance fierce Macbeth pursued;

---

possessed by the partizans of Kenneth IV. all the influence of Lady Gruoch and of her son Lulach, together with the authoriry of the Maormor of Ross, but not of Angus. With all his powers, in superaddition to his own character for address and vigour, Macbeth became superior to Duncan and the partizans of his party. Macbeth had to avenge the wrongs of his wife, and to resent for himself the death of his father. The superiority of Macbeth and the imbecility of Duncan were felt, when the unhappy King expatriated and seized the Crown of his father, by this his most sacrilegious murder: and Macbeth, hastily marching to Scone, was inaugurated King of Scotland, supported by the Clans of Moray and Ross, and applauded by the partizans of Kenneth IV. If Macbeth had been in fact, as fiction has supposed, the son of the second daughter of Malcolm, his right to the throne would have been preferable to the right of Duncan's son, according to the institutions of Scotland, from the earliest epochs of the monarchy.

Whatever defects there may have been in title to the sullied sceptre of his unhappy predecessor, he seems to have been studious to apply by a vigorous and beneficent administration: he even practised the hospitality which gives shelter to the fugitive. During his reign, sobriety

Macduff and Malcolm charge him on the plain,
To pay with blood the victims he had slain.

---

is said to have abounded, justice was administered, the Chieftains who would have raised disturbance were overawed by his power, or repressed by his valour; yet injury busied himself in working vengeance. Crimeus, the then Abbot of Dunkeld, who, as the father of Duncan, and the grand-father of his children, must have been at that time well stricken in years, put himself at the head of the friends of Duncan, and made a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to restore their lost rights. Yet, the odious crimes by which Macbeth acquired his authority, seem to have haunted his most prosperous moments. He tried, by distributing money at Rome, by largesses to the clergy, and by charity to the poor, to obtain relief from the affliction of those horrible dreams that haunted him in sleep. Macbeth and Lady Gruoch, his wife, gave the lands of Kirkness, and also the manor of Bolgny, to the Culdees of Loehbean. Yet, the friendship of Pope Saint Leo IX. and the support of the clergy, did not ensure Macbeth a quiet reign. His malice increased with his sense of insecurity. The injured Macduff, Maormor of Fife, constantly prompted the son of Duncan to attempt the redress of all their wrongs. With the approbation, perhaps by the command of Edward the Confessor, Siward, the potent Earl of Northumberland,

The Thane of Ross mov'd o'er the tented field,
With polish'd axe and gorgeous helm and shield.

---

conducted an army into Scotland in 1054. The corps consisted of 10,000 horse and foot, under the command of Obert, the son of Siward; the army encamped at Dunsinane, and were there confronted by Macbeth, and entered combat so severe, that the fields were covered with carnage. Obert lost his life in this battle. After every effort of valour, Macbeth was here worsted, and retreated with his remaining army from the field of war, and fled to his castle of Lumphanan; there he hoped, by the assistance of his friends, to find a firmer fastness. The injured Malcolm penetrated into that country, and forced the murderer of his father to the field, where, after a severe conflict, Macbeth fell by the injured hand of Macduff, Dec. 5, 1056, and was entombed at Iona.

Macduff with his army proceeded to the south, and Siward retired into Northumberland, and died at York in the same year. Lulach, the son of Lady Gruoch, now seized the sceptre, which he withheld with great bravery from his rival for six months. Malcolm coalesced an army and pursued Lulach. The armies engaged on the north east of Kildrummy Castle, and made a running fight to the mountain Noath in Strathbogie, where Lulach fell, at a place called Mildewni, i. e. Grave of a Thousand.

Fierce fiends of war upon the field embrace,
With tatter'd robe and blood besmeared face.
The clarions sound, the foes in combat join,
And lifeless soldiers sink in every line.
Array'd for battle stood the generous horse,
With spears of terror and of matchless force;
On warriors helms the tinged feathers shake,

---

As to the real fate of Lady Macbeth history is silent. Shakespeare indeed informs us, that the fiend-like Queen, by self and violent measures, ended her life.

Many assign Lulach to have fallen in Lumphanan, and was favoured with a similar memorial.

The wierds of Macbeth was long popular in Scotland, and the people saw with indignant eyes foreign mercenaries interpose in their domestic affairs. Men of great consequence considered themselves as dignified by the men of this dead butcher, whatever asperity of reproach the poet indulged to gratify the populace in the theatres. The plenty in the reign of Macbeth, his justice, his vigour, his hospitality, were long remembered in Scotland. As a legislator, perhaps he is entitled to less praise, as the laws of Macbeth, which are detailed by Boethius, are obvious forgeries, though they are admitted in the Conciliæ Britannii—[*Chalmers' Caledonia—Scottish Review*, 1809—*Scots Magazine*, 1809.

And shining mail adorns the soldier's neck.
His stedfast soul nor blood can make afraid,
The groans of wounded and the silent dead.
Unshaken stands when raging storms arise,
Quick heaves his breast, and lov'ly beam'd his eyes,
But when in war collects his fund of ire,
And from his faulchion darts Promethean fire.
Unknown to fear, his sword proclaims his sway,
From line to line all his commands obey;
In field of war he proudly moves the spear,
Thro' glancing helmets and the heads severe.
Young Malcolm stood the Hector of the plain,
And wades thro' blood and treads on soldiers slain.
Where battle roars and Mars pours forth his rage,
Where helmets clash and shield with shield engage.
Steel strikes on steel augments the solar ray,
Spark after spark and triumph'd o'er the day;
Drums, clashing swords, and brazen trumpets sound,
Targe sounds on targe while falling to the ground;
Darts, javelins, arrows, spears, mix as they fly,
In hoarse ton'd hissing float along the sky.
Triumphant shouts, deep groans, and hollow cries,
Terrors on terrors of the battle rise.
Undaunted Generals undismayed dare,

The raging whirlwinds of devouring war;
Whole clouds of arrows loosn'd from the yew,
Pointed with death around the armies flew.
Sword strikes on spear and hosts extended move,
Chief meets with chief and martial deeds approve,
Groans intermix'd ascend to azure skies,
Drums, din of arms, in wild confusion rise.
The clashing steel as bolts of vengeance roar,
When Jove his engines on earth's natives pour.
Wounds open wide the sentient spirit flies,
To join with spirits in the lofty skies;
A purple current rushes o'er the plain,
Where carnage drinks and vomits up again.
Hell's fiends now come, and for fresh vengeance call,
Smiles o'er the gore and myriads breathless fall.
Infernal thirst their fell drench'd bosoms swell,
Nought but ca ira fills each Stygian shell.
While o'er the plain insatiate vengeance walks,
And human flowers fall lifeless from their stalks.
Infernal fiends delight the groans to hear,
Each eager drinks with his polluted ear.
Heroes forsake terrestrial beams of light,
And grope a passage thro' the shades of night.
Fiends crown'd with snakes upon the fields appear,
And o'er the ranks wav'd the gorgonic spear.

Blood streams and Harpies smile, envenom'd show,
And strenuous warriors on the earth lay low.
The Thane of Fife, with axe and hauberk bright,
Call'd on fierce Ross, and dar'd him to the fight.
Shaft breaks on shaft, the grand combatants meet,
And streams of purple bathe each warrior's feet.
They call'd a truce, when thus Macduff began,
What dæmon led thee from the paths of man?
Think what brave mortals thou depriv'd of life,
Drench'd in their gore by thy unsheathed knife.
Bloodshed and carnage seem'd thy only food,
Lust, avarice, pride, and all the Stygian brood
Were thy attendants, to support thy sway,
And thou their mandates eager did obey.
A Father's blood has call'd me to the field,
A Father dear for him the spear I wield.
Sent by thy sword to the Acheron flood,
Near Spynie Lake, and Temple of the Rood. *

---

* Temple of the Rood, i. e. the Church of the Holy Trinity at Elgin. Prior to the grand Cathedral being erected, the Church and See were consecrated to the Holy Trinity. The Canons petitioned the See of Rome for a grant to erect it into a regular Bishopric, and his Majesty, Alexander I. in 1123, obtained a Bull from

Blood calls for blood, this sword and arm alone,
Shall send thy soul to bow at Pluto's throne.

---

Pope Calixtus II. for founding the Bishopric, which was begun at Spynie in 1124. Brecius Douglas was the first Bishop.

In 1200, Pope Innocent III. created Andrew Mureff, Bishop, and granted a Bull for building a Cathedral; and on the 19th July, 1224, the foundation stone was laid at Elgin, and consecrated to St. Machar, who flourished in 887, by a Bull from Celestin III.

The Cathedral was of Saracenic architecture, very magnificent and elegant, and all freestone. The position was east and west, the form that of a Passion, or Jerusalem Cross, with five towers, two of which were on the corners of the east and west ends, and one in the middle. Between the last tower was the grand enterance, an arch, terminating in an angle, 24 feet at the base and the same in height. The aisles were on each side of the church, eastward from the transept, which were 18 feet broad outside the walls. To afford due light to such extensive building, besides the large windows in the aisles, there was a range of small windows above the aisles, each six feet high. There was a window of an acute angled arch, in form 27 feet high, and 19 broad at the base. In the east gable was a range of five parallel windows, each 10 feet by 2, and above these five more, each

Thus spoke, they clos'd, around them carnage walk'd,
With writhes of horror death and murder stalk'd.

---

7 feet; and over all a circular window, in diameter 9 feet 9 inches. In the middle of the wall of the church, and leading to the upper window, was an alley round the whole building. Every part of the church was adorned with foilage devices, embellishments, and carvings, peculiar to the order of architecture, and all finished in the highest manner.

The Chapter House, vulgarly called the Apprentice Aisle, placed on the north side of the Cathedral, near the east end, and communicating with the Choir by a vaulted vestry, is an uncommon piece of architecture, being a grand octagon, 34 feet high, and within the walls the diagonal breadth is 37 feet; then, from the pillar, ribs spread along the roof to each angle of the octagon. In each of the seven sides is a large window and the Choir is joined by the eighth. In the north wall of the Chapter House there were five Stalls in niches, for the Bishops and dignified Clergy to sit. The middle Stall is a step higher than the others, and round. *Edinburgh Magazine, v.l.* 12, 1799.

This elegant fabric was burnt, June 23, 1390, by Alexander Stuart Cumming of Ruthven, son of Robert II. owing to some resentment against Bishop Barr, who

From line to line no sound could reach the ear,
But wounded soldiers groaning in despair.

---

by his cruelties was known by the Wolf of Badenoch.—*Tourifications of Malachi Meldrum, vol.* 2.

Bishop Barr is supposed to have begun to rebuild it, and Bishop Spynie to continue it; but such an extensive pile made the progress but slow. Bishop Innes founded the great spire, but died before it was completed. In 1414, the Chapter bound themselves under an oath, that whoever among them was elected Bishop should dedicate one-third of their revenue to complete the Cathedral. This pile was finished in a superb stile, and continued the wonder of the age until 1506, when the great Spire fell; but in 1507 Bishop Foreman began to rebuild it, and completed it in 1538. The height of the tower and spire was 198 feet. This fabric stood unmolested but only 30 years. The Council at Edinburgh, in 1568, ordered the Cathedral to be stripped of its covering of lead to maintain the Regent's (Earl of Moray) soldiers. The unroofed fabric gradually fell to decay, and the great tower fell in 1711.—[*Shaw's History of Moray.*

These magnificent buildings were the works of pious men, and the ruins even raise a veneration and awe in the bosom of the passing stranger, to think of the superb edifices built for the honour of religion, and the splendid decorations used by the clergy in their office, and all va-

Alas! my soul too many wing'd their flight,
To pass the Styx with clouds of sable night.

---

nished as a dream. The roofless yet sculptured ruins call to view the darker ages, when Huns, Vandals, and Goths, poured down and destroyed all that bore the image of literature; but here those nations merit a forgiving smile, being remote from all erudition, and even the dark æra when the depredations were committed, being in the third and fourth century. The Goths were a warlike people who inhabited Sweden, and came down and invaded Germany, then over-ran Spain and Portugal, where they reigned from the year of Christ 400 until the year 750, when their country was conquered by the Saracens, for after which they became extinct.

Their origin appears, from the most learned and judicious opinions, to have been in ancient Persia and southern extremity of modern Persia. Those people subdued Tartary, Poland, Russia, and the south of Europe.—The Goths or Scythians are one and the same people, the father of whom was the second son of Japhet; and from whose descendants are also the Russians and Muscovites.

The name Goth soon became extinct after the ninth century, until renewed with more shame in the sixteenth century. O Ecosse! O ma Patrie! why has barbarity thus laid hold of thee, once a noble people, a truly noble

The soldiers fall, they groan and close their eyes,
Recumbent rest nor more on earth to rise.

---

and great nation, to be thus blindly led on to dilapidate all monuments of ancient grandeur? Yet I hope, that the patriotic gentlemen who are yet alive to the feelings of honour, will preserve the few vestiges of national grandeur. What depravity has the love of power, authority, and worldly dominion, made in the breast of man? And has not only caused the reformers to destroy the Temples and Churches consecrated to God, but likewise to abuse that sacred name, merely to serve some sinister end, as tyranny, ambition, lust, and cruelty. Others, through a mean, peevish, and uncharitable spirit, fond of imposing upon their brethren particular modes and notions, and blending doctrines and ceremonies of mere human authority, as of the same importance with the essential law of our Saviour's kingdom, have profanely and sacrilegiously made use of the same venerable name of the Church of God, to cover their worldly designs and interests of particular parties, factions, and bodies of men; and this is the proper and highest sense of the word, and is an instance of the sin of SCHISM. But the religion of Christ consists not in union of opinion in the bond of ignorance, nor unity of practice in the bond of hypocrisy, but the union of the Spirit, the unity of a Christian, and charitable spirit in the bond of *Peace*.

On every spear death's ghastly form was seen,
At every push display'd a horrid scene.
With crowns blood gemm'd infernal monsters go,
And from their nostrils death and havock throw.
Steeds foaming neigh and paw the blood stain'd
ground,
Steel rings on steel and brazen trumpets sound.
Sword clash on sword, the din and maddening cry
Of those who kill, and those that wounded lie.
The reeking steam arose in clouds from earth,
Obscur'd the hosts and gave new terrors birth.
Macbeth's firm rank, thrice from the conflict fell,
Retir'd, return'd with wild and frantic yell :
Macduff cried soldiers, forward heart and hand,
The foe gives way, then to your banner stand.
Rouse every heart, Macduff your leader calls,
Shall it be said your native spirit falls.
Can yonder soldiers combat hand to hand ?
Or will their boasting fright my well taught band ?
Then forward march, Macduff with agile bound,
Pour'd on the foe, and heap'd with dead the ground.
Impetous blows he dealt on every side,
And spouting purple, mail and armour dy'd.
They fall, they die, and scatter'd as he came,
Like aller shrubs before a foaming stream.
His studded faulchion as it downward bent,

Cleft mail and target, and the body rent.
Shaft broke on shaft, and singing whistl'd high,
Dipp'd in red blood the scatter'd fragments lie.
Each soldier fir'd with polish'd spear in hand,
Sought victory's tent to gain the ebon wand.
From spear and shield sparks mount to ærial plain,
Like meteors darting from Jove's fiery chain.
Line contra line, each eye-ball fraught with ire,
Till casque and sword emit Promethean fire.
In contact close the pointed spears they thrust,
And many a soldier bleeding grasp'd the dust.
Steed echo'd steed and prancing on the ground,
Spurning the carnage, and the dying sound.
Each limpid current red with carmine shone,
When Horus near'd the western liquid zone.
Meek pity mourn'd to view the number slain,
The broken spears lie scatter'd on the plain.
Legions of war from Rhadamanthus sprung,
Their lethaen anthems and harsh music sung,
The ground that erst drank the purpuric gore,
Is cloy'd, ejects, and can receive no more.
Thrown out by earth it spreads in branches round,
And thro' entrenchments rolls along the ground.
Now morning rays dart on the gory field,
And valley, dale, and shadow grove are fill'd.
With warbling anthems the hosts renew the charge,

Again the sword rings on the bossy targe,
The warriors meet and manfully they fight,
Both scorn'd to yield nor one would lose his right.
At last Macduff, with a well aim'd dart,
Broke Macbeth's shield and pierc'd him to the heart;
He stagger'd back, fell down among the dead,
His soldiers saw and from the combat fled.
As Hesper's mantle o'er the sky was thrown,
And Luna seated on her argent throne;
Now bugles sound and all the horrors cease,
Each seeks his tent to stretch himself in peace.
Dan Phœbus sunk his Amphitrite to kiss,
And roll enraptur'd in connubial bliss;
Astarte mounted, whipt her silver car,
And shed her lustre o'er realms a far.
Till Orient op'd her folding gates of gold,
With every charm which morning can unfold;
Aurora shewing her gemm'd brilliant crown,
Commanding night to lay her trident down.
At her approach the matin beaming throng,
Display their graces and repeat their song;
With morning light spectators seek the plain,
Friends mourn o'er friends, and sires o'er children slain.
Stones wet with tears they o'er each carcase rais'd,

In solemn song Jehovah's name they prais'd.
O God! they cried, do thou in pity hear,
Eve's offspring offer to thy throne a prayer;
O sheath the sword, eradicate all strife
From man, that brother seek no brother's life.
Now golden Phæton in his car appears,
The linnet sings and shrubs drop silver tears,
The lucid rays tell to realms abroad,
With eloquence the mighty power of God.
The blushing rose exhal'd a fragrant steam,
On every wave the flaky Nereids skim,
O'er beds of heath I slowly mov'd away,
Inhaling odours from serpilium gay:
Spread on the ground nurs'd by the genial sun,
Perfumes the zephyrs as they fleeting run,
And fan the air around each distant shore,
The surface skim, and turn again for more.
Flow'rs touch'd with dew drops charm the gazing eye,
They scent the air but soon unheeded die.
Sylvanus spreads his beauty in the groves,
And with each gale the verdant foilage moves.
Carpets of beauty on the fields are spread,
The landscapes are in lov'ly tints array'd.
The silk wove flow'rs wave with each passing gale,
And buzzing insects rob to fill their cell.

The birds of song tell o'er their tales of love,
Till dulcet music rings throughout the grove.
Behold a hamlet* near the silver Dee,

D

---

* Kincardine O'Niel, (Gælic) from Kinchardine, i. e. Head of the Shore, an inland parish, or rather the meeting of friends. This Hamlet or Village lies on the north banks of the Dee. The Church was dedicated to St. Bartholomew. Several monuments of antiquity are found here, as encampments, circles, tumuli, &c.—Seats—Findrassie, (now Fenrick) at present held by the Frasers; Kincardine Lodge; Lairney, seat of Alexander Brebner, Esq; in 1819; a patriotic gentleman who loves to study the wants of the lower class—his kindness will long be remembered by the neighbouring poor whom he aided in 1782, by his importation and distribution of grain at moderate prices. Woodend Cottage, Craigmile, and the ruins of a Castle, on the verge of a morass called Castle Maud, erected about 1340, for a summer lodging for the Bishops of Aberdeen. There are two Schools in this parish; at the Supplementary School, Mr. Alexander Ross, author of the Fortunate Shepherdess, served some time. A small stream waters this parish, called Beltie; and by the tumuli on the banks, it may be supposed with certainty to be from Baal-tein, the god of fire, a zabanistic mode of worship. The ceremony of of Baal-tein or Beltan is yet used in the country. The

A seat of pleasure. Here the little bees
Roves o'er the meads, with small proboscis sips,
The new fallen manna from the op'ning cups.
The eye is charm'd while gazing o'er the scene,
The silver tide and soft mosaic green,
Spread with wild roses, foxglove, tormentill,
Cold broom, alkanet, daisy, daffodil.
O'er the clear tide the birch and aller hing,
Kiss the bright current and elastic spring.
Wild germander beneath the branches rise,
And thyme with fragrance fills the passing skies;
The limpid spring presents a mirror glass,
Reflecting skies, shrubs, flowers, and verdant grass
On every side, while in the centre play
The spumy bubbles, in the noontide ray.
Billow on billow dash against the shore,

---

parish was united to Aberdeen in 1329, by Bishop Allan Kenneth, and had an Hospital for sick and wounded, erected by Sir Allan Duruard of Coul in 1330. At Balmanack and Breslausi are the vestiga of encampments and many tumuli. In 1816 were found a number of coins or medals of Donald II. and Alexander I. and some of so coarse a mixture, as to crumble to dust on being exposed to the air.

And cadence sing till echo hears no more.
Such charms inform, and tell unto the soul,
A God who lives, who rules, who governs all;
A God, a Father, Rock, Defence, and Spring,
Omnipotent! O may all nations sing
Thy praise. O Allah, supreme Almighty great,
Eternal truth, hail Heav'n's bright orient gate,
The hosts of Heav'n adore thee as their Lord,
And holy, holy, sing in one accord.
We from earth's vale to thee lift up our prayer,
Hear and protect us 'neath thy mighty care,
For ever guide us in the unerring way,
That leads to life and mansions of bright day.
Grant that we may celestial favour sue,
Nor ask amiss, but seek and find thee too,
That when we've spent our vital thread on earth,
We wake and gain a sweet celestial birth.
Now morning clouds fast pouring from the east,
In robes of day again the earth had drest;
See Tarnan's village* near the falling stream,

---

* Tarnan's Village, i. e. Banchory, a neat village, 18 miles from Aberdeen. The Church was dedicated to St. Tarnan, Archbishop of the Picts, who flourished in the year 455.

Where maidens sing and Strephon guides his team.
Across the meads the winged insects pour,
And steal Ambrosia from each fragrant flower.
The Redbreast warbles 'mong the blooming trees,
His throat distended mortal ear to please.
The graces all their lovely orders ply,
To charm the senses and to glad the eye.
The rivers murmur undulating on,
To pour their treasure at old Neptune's throne.
In robes of gold is Ceres round us seen,
And busy reapers hymns sing to their queen;
Who sends her bounty to the willing hand,
Amalthæa horns to grace the furrow'd land.
Half steep'd in dew the vi'lets rear their head,
And wear the blush the new born morn has made.
The sun emits his gold diurnal ray,
And every shrub hails the returning day;
Mellona's virgins steal from every flower,
Dew heav'n distill'd, and hoard the precious store.
O'er every cup they in luxuriance roll,

---

In this country are the vestiga of druidical circles, tumuli, &c. Several stone chests have been found, containing urns of indurated clay, filled with calcined bones and ashes. Seats in this place are—Tillquhilly, Inchmarlo, Glassel, Raemore, Leys, Banchory Lodge, &c.

And with their trunks drain the nectarine bowl;
Charm meets with charm, the birch on either side,
Kiss the white Naiads floating on the tide.
Turn to the mountains where the fogs arise,
And gently mingle with the fleeting skies;
And from their summit pour a limpid store,
Winds thro' green meads to Dee's empebbl'd shore.
Behold moss clad the roofless falling towers,*
Where Jays and Bats have built their little bowers;
From battlements or some projecting stone,
With lunar rays they croak in hoarser tone.
But stop my muse, and view where Huntly fell,†

---

† Cluny, an old Castle at the foot of the Hill of Fair, once belonging to some of the Crichton family, but no account by whom or when built.

* CORRICHIE, a hollow in the mountain called Bank of Fare, or Hill of Fair, remarkable for the bloody conflict in the 16th century between the Forbeses and Gordons. Animosities subsisted between these families for some time; one of the causes was, a scandalous libel, wrote by John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, wherein he accused James Stuart, Earl of Moray, and natural brother to Queen Mary, with the death of her husband: and sup-

By Moray's knavery, delegate of Hell.
The ground is now with flower'd Erica spread,

---

ported this falsehood by affirming, that the Earl of Huntly entirely exculpated Darnley, and charged Moray with the murder. This libel stirred up the spirit of revenge in the bosom of Moray, which was naturally savage, who now used all his efforts to undermine Huntly.

Maria Stuart, Queen of Scotland, and sister to Moray, made a fortunate escape from the Castle of Lochlevin, where she was confined for the supposed murder, and took refuge in the Castle of Alloa, one of the seats belonging to the Earl of Mar. After intrusting the young Prince to the protection of Erskine, the lovely but unfortunate Queen departed for France. No sooner was she gone, than every exertion was set on foot by the members of the contending factions to bring her to their interest. The Catholic Lords sent John Leslie for their advocate, but in vain. Matters becoming more tranquil, Mary bade adieu to France, and landed at Leith, August 20, 1561, and went to Edinburgh, where she remained until the 13th August, 1562, when she came to Aberdeen, and lodged in the Exchequer-Row. Again Huntly sent John Leslie to seek her favour, which was again denied. Stuart having insinuated himself in her favour, and with his fulsome flatteries poisoned her Royal ear, advised her to deprive Huntly of the Earldom of Moray, and confer

That erst was cover'd with the mangl'd dead,
Where Stuarts and Gordons thirsted for revenge,

---

it on himself: insisting that it would be but legal, as Huntly had openly declared against the alliance with England. On hearing these calumnies, Huntly became irritated, and proposed to seize the Queen by force, and cause her renounce the suit of Moray, and to accede with the Catholic Lords. For this purpose he goes to Banff, Huntly, and Enzie, and collects an army, and proceeded to Aberdeen, October 21. But Mary was at the House of Fetternear for some days. Huntly, missing his aim, determined to assassinate Moray in private; but chancing to come to the ear of a scandal and secret vender, soon was made known to Moray.

On the 25th, Mary arrived at Aberdeen, and Stuart told the scheme—and added, that Huntly intended her as his victim. The Queen ordered a sumptuous collation, to which she invited many of her northern subjects. Moray finding his plans succeed, advised Mary to confine Huntly to prison for high treason. At that time, Huntly with his soldiers were entering the Gallowgate Port, where he was seized; but bursting from their hands, he fled to the mountains, followed by 300 horsemen, and encamped on the Hill of Tharinstone [tradition makes use of apparition to dissuade the Earl to beware of his doom—but enough of these old wives' fables.

And on the field the polish'd lances change.
The bugle sounds, Mars mounts his maniac horse,

---

On the 26th he marched to Corrichie. The Queen's army, commanded by Moray and Morton, encamped on this hill, waiting the arrival of Huntly, resolving to bring him to Aberdeen alive or dead. Here Huntly was joined by the Forbeses and some others. The armies entered combat, but by the treachery of the Forbeses, the Queen obtained victory: the valiant and ever to be lamented Huntly, with 120 Gordons, fell, and 160 rank and file, while the army of the Queen lost but 160. The combat was fought October 28, 1562. Buchanan, but not on the ground of veracity, asserts Huntly was not slain, but was suffocated by his own corpulency, at the age of 55. However, the dead body was carried to Aberdeen, and tried for forfeiture; 100 were taken prisoners, and five Noblemen sentenced to death, one of these was the brave Sir John Gordon, son to Huntly. On ascending the scaffold, he walked round undaunted and viewed the instruments of death: the populace, on seeing his firm behaviour, issued murmurs, and the Queen withdrew bathed in tears. Sir John laid his head on the block, and expired in great agony, by the rude hands of an unskilful executioner. The saddle on which he rode, covered with black velvet, and the axe, are to be seen in the Town House of Aberdeen. The dead body of

And Stygian serpents mark'd the destin'd course;
Till chrystal springs were dy'd with human blood,

---

Huntly remained during the winter unburied, on which they held mock trials.

After this, Moray caused Hamilton, Earl of Arran, deliver up Lord George Gordon, son to Huntly and son-in-law to Hamilton, and confined him in the Castle of Dunbar. Among the papers daily put into the hands of the Queen to be signed by her, the treacherous Stuart shuffled Gordon's death warrant, which she ignorantly signed. The keeper of the Castle imparted the tidings to Gordon, who clearly saw the artifice of Moray, and that the warrant had been surreptitiously obtained from the Queen, of whose kindness he was well assured, and therefore importuned the keeper to go and learn the whole from her own mouth. The keeper went to her Majesty at midnight, and shewed the warrant. When Mary saw the death warrant, she turned pale and burst into tears, exclaiming—this, this alone is the effect of my brother's malice, who in this, and in many other things, has imposed on me.—[*Robertson, vol.* 2.—*Thom, vol.* 2.—*Lindsay, vol.* 2.—*Crawford, Laing, Hume, Abercrombie, Gordon, vol.* 2.—*Douglas.*

Nor did the animosities cease with this battle of Corrichie. Sir John Campbell of Calder and the Laird of Grant served to blow up the coals. Sir John Campbell

And blooming flow'rs hid in the carmine flood.
The savage Moray sought Strathbogie's death,

---

had spent most part of his time at Court, where he became attached to Chancellor Maitland, from whom he received instructions to stir up the hatred of Huntly and and Moray, which commission he cunningly accomplished. James Gordon, heir apparent to Alexander Gordon of Lesmore, in Essie, accompanied with some neighbouring gentlemen, went to the House of Ballandallach, on the Banks of the Spey, to assist his aunt, the Lady Dowager of that land, against John Grant, tutor of Ballandallach, who seemed resolute on injuring his pupil and refusing her jointure; but, on the appearance of James Gordon, the jointure money was restored to the Lady, a moiety excepted, which notwithstanding he would have from the tutor, thinking it a disgrace to him and family should his aunt lose the least particle of her dowry. After some altercation, a skirmish ensued among the servants with culinary and other weapons, which being terminated, James Gordon returned home. Hereupon the Lesmore family persuade John Gordon, brother to Sir Thomas Gordon of Cluny, to marry the Lady Dowager of Ballandallach, which he performed. The tutor became chagrined at the union of the Grant and Gordon families, and watched his opportunity of revenge. Aided by the persuasive rhetoric of the Laird

And with stern brow upbraids him on the heath;
With Leslie's write and swore his hated name,

---

of Grant, he assaulted the servants of John Gordon, and killed one of them. Gordon, enraged at these proceedings, eagerly pursued the tutor and all the families that entertained him or his servants, and caused them be proclaimed rebels and traitors, and then outlawed; he likewise moved the Earl of Huntly to search them out, by virtue of his Sheriff's commission of the county. Huntly next besieged the House of Ballandallach, and on the 2d of Nov. 1590, made it surrender, but the tutor escaped. Then Calder and Grant began to put their preconcerted scheme in execution, and fomented the Clan Chattan, and M'Intosh their Chief, to rebel, and aid the Grants.—[*Conflicts of the Clans.*

This they easily acceded to, in revenge of the death of William M'Intosh, whom they sent to Gordon Castle to treat of peace, as the Clan had refused vassalage to Huntly. The Earl was absent when M'Intosh arrived, and announced the message to the Countess. The Countess heard his tale, and turning round told him, that Huntly had vowed never to be reconciled, until the Chief of the Clan Chattan's head was on the block. To shew his steady adherence to the Clan, and not dreading the Countess, he laid his head on the table in token of submission; which the Countess seeing, took up a large culi-

Should sink and visit Pluto's courts with shame.
With his heart's blood I'll glut my eyes, my soul,

---

nary knife, and severed his head from his shoulders. He was sister's son to the Earl of Moray, natural brother to King James V. who dying without issue, Huntly got the management of the Earldom, and on its being conferred on Stuart, Huntly became his mortal enemy.—[*Mann's Commentaries on Logan.*

The Clans told Moray, that a favourable opportunity presented to him of fortifying all the northern parts, and to storm Strathbogie Castle, to which they would aid him, as Maitland was working his ruin at Court; and that, should he lose his advantage, such a glorious opportunity would never occur. Then the Earls of Moray and Athol, with the Clans Dunbar, Chattan, Grant, and the Laird of Calder, assembled at Forres to hold council and determine their route, most of them binding themselves under oath to extirpate all the race of Strathbogie.

In the interim, Huntly assembled all his vassals, and rode to Forres to dissolve the Convention. But they, hearing of Huntly's approach, retreated to Tarnoway, where Huntly pursued them; but before he reached that place, all were fled to the mountains but the Earl of Moray, who had made provision for defence. On Huntly's coming near the house, he sent an advance party to survey the strength of the place, under the com-

Shall smile with pleasure o'er the reeking bowl,
Aid me, my sister, arm ye Stygian brood,

---

mand of John Gordon; but marching with too much temerity, Moray's servant brought him to the ground with a carabine. Huntly found the Castle of Tarnoway, the seat of the Earl of Moray, furnished for a long siege, and learning of the retreat to the mountains, after disembodying his vassals, he returned home, November 24, 1590.

Huntly then hasted to the Court, and reconciled himself with Maitland; not so much in favour of Huntly was he reconciled, but owing to an inveterate hatred against the Earls of Moray and Athol, on Bothwell's cause: and not only formed an agreement with Huntly, but purchased a commission for him against Stuart, Earl of Moray, caring neither in the mean time what befel Huntly or Moray. In 1591, Huntly sent Allan Macdonald, at the head of a party, into Badenoch, against the Clan Chattan, worsted them in a skirmish, slew 50 of them, and put the remainder to flight. Macdonald was next sent to Strathspey to quell the Grants, where 18 were killed, and the House of Ballandallach plundered, Dec. 27, 1591. The Governor of the Abbey was enterprised by Bothwell, but failed in the attempt, and escaped. The Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Huntly

And drink the current of Strathbogie's blood.
Soon shall he visit the infernal strand,

---

were commissioned to the west, against Bothwell and his coadjutors: but before they arrived, Bothwell had decamped. Stuart took his final leave of Tarnoway and went to Dunibrissel, where he received the Earl of Bothwell, Huntly being at Edinburgh, where the Court was held at that time—[*Conflicts of the Clans.*

From the earliest accounts of Scotland, we find Perth was the Metropolis of the Scots, and Abernethy the Metropolis of the Picts. But on the 20th March, 1437, at the inauguration of James, the Parliament was removed to Edinburgh, but Perth retained all its ancient priority until the reign of James III. in 1482.—[*Muses Threnody.*

The Earl of Huntly, during his stay at Edinburgh, urged Chancellor Maitland for a commission against the Earl of Moray, which he obtained; and selecting forty gentlemen, he went to the Queensferry, and then to Dunibrissel, where he invaded Stuart. Prior to his approach, Huntly sent John Gordon, brother to William Gordon of Gight, to desire Stuart to surrender, which he not only refused to do, but ordered his servants to defend him, by which John Gordon was mortally wounded by a musquet ball. Huntly then set the house on fire, and entered, ordering Moray to be taken alive; but Cluny and Gight, in revenge of their brother, pursued

Where Rhadamanthus has the sole command;
Ye maniac furies come and poisons bring,

---

him among the rocks and slew him. Few other lives were lost in this skirmish, but the Sheriff of Moray, who was killed by Innes of Innermarkie, in Mortlach, February 9, 1591.

Huntly then returned to the North, leaving Captain John Gordon at Inverkeithing to recover his wounds, where he was taken by the friends of Stuart, though in extreme anguish, and executed at Edinburgh. This was proposed by Sir John Campbell of Calder, who also was the promoter of the ensuing tumults, but Campbell of Argyle slew him. Huntly was now charged with the death of the Earl of Moray, by the Lord St. Colme, brother to Moray, and summoned to Edinburgh to stand trial, and was confined in the Castle of Blackness, March 12, 1591; but was soon relieved on bail, to appear at six days warning, if called. The Clan Chattan now, in revenge, committed Huntly to prison for the murder of William M'Intosh. During his confinement, some of the Queen's agents in Privy Council moved, that he should be put to death, others that he should be banished to France for some years; but both opinions were over-ruled by Gilbert Kennedy, his greatest enemy. (Eo tandem decursum est ut pecunia cum eo dicideretur.)

But the Chief of the Clan Chattan tribe, a man of en-

And in his ear your notes of vengeance ring.
Ye Grants, long fam'd for valour in the field,

---

terprising genius, who for some time had governed the tribe, observing their minds filled with different commotions, the love of his country and law greatly constrained him to break off the alliance, and contract a new one. James Malcolmson, his copartner, in whose breast reigned a thirst for pomp, insidiously took opportunity to fly from the M'Intosh Clan, and settled first in an island in the Lake Rothiemurcus; and in this asylum he remained some time, trying various attempts to cut off the M'Intosh tribe, and then take to the island, where, with the aid of some of his colleagues, they would fortify themselves.—[*Logan v. Ruddiman.*

But in this he was frustrated, the Clan carried on their resentment against Huntly, and entered Braemar on the 1st Nov. 1592, and falling down on Glenmuick, destroyed the House of Braikly. Huntly having obtained commission against them, coalesced his vassals and friends and went to Peatty, then in possession of the Clan Chattan, where he wasted many of their lands and made great havoc, and returned home. Scarce had he settled, when he heard of the march of William M'Intosh with a corps of 800 men into the Cabrach, where they spread desolation. Huntly and his uncle, Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindown, marched with a few horsemen

Bind on the casque and polish'd hollow shield;
I know no danger can your souls affright,

---

in haste to the Cabrach, ordering the foot to proceed with all expedition, knowing his presence would stop the ravage. They overtook M'Intosh on a hill called the Stapler, and, without waiting the arrival of the foot, attacked and killed 60 of them, after a sharp conflict, wounded M'Intosh and some others. Again Huntly went to Peatty, ordering Alexander Gordon of Abergeldie, Governor of Strathdown, Lochaber, and Badenoch, to muster such able-bodied men as he could find, and join the camp at Inverness; and also in his march to order some of the corps under M'Ronald to Badenoch and Strathspey, to plunder the lands belonging to the Grants and M'Intoshes: this done, they joined Huntly at Inverness, destroyed the lands of Peatty, and returned home. In the interim, the Spanish ships were discovered making land, and George Carr, LL. D. was apprehended in the Isle of Comrie, and escorted to Edinburgh in 1592. In 1594, Angus, Huntly, and Erroll, were, at the suit of the English Ambassador, forfeited on the 31st of May at Court, and Argyle was made Lieutenant of the North of Scotland. On the destroying the lands of these Lords, and having received money from the Queen of England, he made preparations for revenging the death of the Earl of Moray, being his

'Tho' carnage stood with all his fiends in sight.
Arm and appear we'll work his overthrow,

---

brother-in-law, and was buoyed up with assurance of victory, being joined by the Earl of Tullybardine, Sir Lauchlan M'Lean, and other islanders, M'Intosh, Grant, M'Gregor, M'Neil Murray, the whole of the Campbells, with many others who bore hatred to the Gordons or were covetous for plunder, so that they formed a corps of 10,000 soldiers. They marched to Ruthven in Badenoch, a seat belonging to Huntly, Sept. 27, 1594, but laid siege to the Castle in vain, it being resolutely defended by the M'Phersons, and others of Huntly's friends. Argyle finding his stay ineffectual, decamped for the low country, hoping to be joined by the Cheynes, Frasers, Leslies, Munros, Forbeses, Ogilvies, Dunbars, Irvines, and others of the Clans, and encamped at Drummin in Glenlivat, October 2. Erroll came with some aid to Huntly, and they marched to Auchindown with 1500 horse. Thomas Carr and Gordon of Tillphoudie, in Aboyne, were sent to learn the state and strength of the enemy, and met some spies from Argyle's camp, whom they killed; one they spared, on his telling where Argyle was stationed.—[*Vide Gordon's History, vol.* 2.

Lord Forbes, Leslie of Balquhain, and Irvine, came with some troops to Argyle; but hearing of his defeat, they, with the rest of the allied forces, were resolved to

And with dishonour stigmatize his brow.
And you, my friends, come with your polish'd
spears,
That on their points Victoria's laurel wears.
Come ye Clan Chattan, M'Intoshes come,
With sounding bagpipe, fife, and hollow drum;
Come to the field, the Forbeses will join,
And Athol's flag will grace the martial line.
The Highland Clans will on the left appear,
And in the van will glance my temper'd spear.
Now Morton's trumpets sound on every side,
And flaky plumage wave in aerial tide
Camp on the field. The Gordon Clans still true,
Are on the fields with helms of lovely blue.

---

pursue the Gordons with fire and sword, thinking they were weakened by the battle of October 3d. Accordingly they encamped at Drumminor for the night, and sent word to Argyle to return and renew the attack. His Majesty in the meantime came from Dundee to Strathbogie, and permitted the Castles of Huntly and Slains to be unroofed, and also the Houses of Culsalmond, Bagayes, and Craig in Angus, and banished the Earls of Huntly and Erroll; but after a tour of fifteen months through France and Flanders, they returned, and were restored to their honours.—[*Conflicts of the Clans.*

Each sounds the charge, and dealt destruction round,
Till purple currents run across the ground.
Firm as adamant brave Strathbogie stood,
Till grass and streams were dy'd in human blood.
His vassals mov'd the pond'rous shining blade,
With foot and horse in martial form array'd.
True to their standard stood the Gordon line,
While many soldiers their last breath resign.
Spear repuls'd spear, and in close contact meet,
And tides of blood bedew the warriors feet.
The pointed bay'nets push on either side,
Blood flows in streams and all their garments dy'd,
The musquets thunder, and the awful sound,
More horrid seems as dying soldiers groan'd,
Groan mix'd with groan arise in mournful length,
And only pause to gather firmer strength.
Ashort they list then mournfully began,
From line to line the sound alternate ran.
Grief breath'd her plaint while on the ground she lay,
Her eye quite clos'd no more to view the day.
Hot grew the contest, lance broke lance in twain,
And carnage revell'd o'er the gory plain.
Bellona prompted Moray's troops to war,
And breathed violence in each soldier's ear.

Morton and Moray rode across the plain,
Thro' tides of blood and over heaps of slain,
Loud echo'd Moray thro' the embattl'd croud,
Push on my lads and drench Strathbogie's blood.
Shall Huntly triumph? By the Styx I swear,
His heart shall hang upon this pointed spear.
Ye valiant Scotsmen help Maria's wrongs,
Push and extirpate their rebellious tongues.
The Gordons dauntless mock'd Stuart's warlike
force,
Their tactics, oaths, and all their prancing horse.
Now from the ocean of unfathom'd chaos,
The sidus Fame and star of glory rose;
O'er both the ranks its beaming lustre shed,
Rouzing each soldier to some noble deed.
Glory, all hail, lamp of majestic state,
True friend of pride and courtier's estate;
Transparent meteor of ideal birth,
Whose rays illume the martial sons of earth.
'Twas soldiers souls enkindl'd first the blaze,
And honour sparkl'd in the golden rays.
Thy name as music warbles in this sphere,
Points after fame, and verdant laurels here.
Look at the name, and mark the soldier's eye,
Dart beams as light'ning from the clouded sky.
The adverse bugles bid the soldiers join,

And pay the tribute offer'd to thy shrine.
Foe fronted foe, and as their bosoms burn,
Destruction deal, and blow for blow return.
The Gordon phalanx charg'd the Moray line,
Their centre pierc'd and at their back they join.
Thick rose the smoke, and peal succeeded peal,
Rung o'er the field, and echo'd in the vale.
The hollow tubes, all blasting sulphur'd flame,
At intervals obscure the diurnal beam.
The horse equipt in rich caparison,
Prance thro' the ranks, beneath them soldiers groan.
The infantry with polish'd armour bright,
Oblique, erect, were pointed to the sight.
The valiant leaders mov'd from rear to van,
Inspiring valour in each patriot clan.
Death's messengers on every side were seen,
Mow down the ranks, and pity mourn'd the scene.
Steel perforated, sounded as when Jove
Emits his thunder from realms above.
Foe rush'd on foe, 'twas carnage all around,
And blood in torrents ran upon the ground.
Wing charged wing, in battle order bend,
Shaft broke on shaft, and in confusion end.
The once bright sword is dimm'd in human blood,
And battle axes fall from shafts of wood.

Great God! each step what horror met the view,
A thigh, an arm, or head full cleft in two.
Mad storming rage in demoniac tone,
Breath'd songs franconic at each dying groan.
Death pac'd the plain, and horrors round the line,
Spears, swords, and bay'nets in close contact join.
All her engines the fierce Bellona spread,
And at each pore the wearied soldiers bled.
The breezes wept, while wafting o'er the plain,
To see so many gallant Scotsmen slain.
Malvina sigh'd, the silken scarf she tore,
That Donald once around his body wore.
The little fountains red with carmine shone,
And bore the tidings far to shores unknown.
Blood call'd for blood, and aided every arm,
Broke bay'nets flew as rain in thunder storm.
Cyclopaen strokes still cuts some vital chord,
And many heroes sunk beneath the sword.
Bellona spur'd her gore besmeared steeds,
And wav'd aloft her tatter'd purple weeds.
As the Rhinoceros flush'd with savage rage,
With lions strong and prowling bears engage.
So Huntly fought, and Moray push'd the spear,
And Forbes clan on the Moravian rear.
Mars rode majestic o'er the embattl'd ground,
With whip gorgonic, brow with vipers crown'd.

Now fierce they charge, retire, pursue the fight,
The smoke and sweat obscur'd the radiant light.
Spears clang on helmets, blood burst from the side,
Springs on each hand are with the purple dy'd.
The smoking blood flew as the stormy rain,
Or streams o'erflowing dashing to the main.
No powers restrain their rapid foaming course,
Nor granite rock impedes the raging force.
With double fury only makes it rise,
Till spray and billows seem to mix with skies.
Euphemia tending lambkins near the shore,
Quakes as the winds and spumy billows roar.
Thus fraught with rage the contra armies stood,
And gnash'd with pride to spend a brother's blood.
Helmets and bay'nets fall around in showers,
Spear breaks on hauberk, death his poison pours.
Rank push'd on rank, disdaining once to yield,
Till Etna's forge seem'd in each temper'd shield.
The musqueteers from rear to centre drew
Their springy triggers, death with sulphur flew.
On many balls the grisly monarch sat,
Till human purple quench'd the raging heat.
On every side a havoc was display'd,
From rear to van, a baneful lustre shed.
Like Vulcan's anvil rung the temper'd steel,
And hills again retort the sonorous peal.

Terrific horrors from the Stygian strand,
Launch all their prows, and round the armies
stand;
Or wade the field red red with carmine blood,
And drink large draughts of that too precious flood.
From honour's laws the Forbes' army stray,
And on the Gordons their fell engines play.
Now rising vengeance for fresh slaughter calls,
And poison rode on all the sulphur'd balls.
Heads dismal cut swim on the carmine flood,
And every horse stood fetlock deep in blood.
As thunder shocks the glave on target's sound,
Life disembogues from every mangled wound.
Dead falls on dead, 'tis smoking carnage o'er,
Bloods flows in tides, the earth can drink no more.
And now the horsemen steed by steed display'd,
All wet with foam, and trampling on the dead.
Their mettl'd breasts disdain'd the glancing steel,
The clash of arms, and smoke, and sulphur fell.
Sparks rose from steel emitting glares of light,
As twinkling stars expand their rays at night.
Like ancient Trojans fought the Gordon van,
And with more ire fought the Moravian clan.
Line contra line returned blow for blow,
And drops of sweat fell from each manly brow.

They close, retire, and flank encountered flank,
Line contra line, and armed rank on rank.
Horse trode on horse, and man encountered man,
And Ostrich plumes were strew'd from rear to van.
Discord and envy round the armies tread,
And soldiers waded o'er the sick and dead.
Mars foaming coursers flew across the vale,
The sounding whip still cadenc'd the sad tale;
Scintilic meteors from the shields arose,
And glancing rays across the mountain throws.
As stars when snow has clad the frozen ground,
And gems of ice on every branch are found.
The wounded fall, and dying souls explore
Regions of night unknown to them before;
The fields are clad with instruments of death,
The monarch strides and sucks the wounded breath.
They toss and groan, till faint, and can no more,
Then turn and wander to the unknown shore.
Hoarse shouted Moray, o'er the heathy vale,
The victory's ours, sound trumpets fill the shell;
Upon the field the brave Strathbogie lay,
With many Gordons breathless on the clay.
The argent Queen from Thetis bosom rose,
And bid the tide of death and carnage close.
O'er the stain'd ground the argent lamp look'd pale,
The sad effluvia stain'd the passing gale.

Crowds of dear friends look'd o'er the bloody
plain,
To seek companions 'mong the myriads slain.
Tears fell alternate, as the friends bewail
Their friends once dear, but all cannot prevail.
Clos'd are their eyes from all terrestrial light,
But turn to dust and sleep in length'ned night.
In Charon's barge they pass'd the sable bourne,
Nor more to earth will they again return.
The dunghill monarch bid the spirits depart
Back to the shades, they quick as lightning dart.
Mars and Bellona, the belligerent crew,
Left the wide plain, and bid the earth adieu.
To sing ca ira, fraught with poison fell,
Till oaths reverb'rate thro' the courts of hell;
And liquid gall falls from each viper tongue,
And Rhadamanthus 'cor'd the hellish song.
The sheets of night that Erebus had spread,
And urns nocturnal which black night display'd,
Were not withdrawn, nor Bubo stopt her song,
And Luna rode with her sidereal throng.
Arcturus with the constellations shone,
And Venus sparkl'd on her azure throne.
O'er concave skies the shining Pleiades roll,
Diffusing lustre o'er the mobile pole.
Orion display'd his belt of azure light,

And rode majestic thro' realms of night.
High on her car mov'd the resplendant queen,
Half hid in blushes modest and serene.
With diamond steeds and pearl axl'd car,
By graces led and guided by a star.
Four thousand nymphs her train flambeaux bear,
Thro' via lactea and expanse of air;
Soon as gay Phosphor quits the chrystal throne,
Aurora mounts with morn bespangl'd zone.
The east horizon wears a belt of day,
And clouds of darkness gradually decay;
In radiant cincture mounts the lamp of light,
Enliv'ning earth with majesty most bright.
The cups of flowers, wet with the morning dew,
Unfold their radiance gently to the view;
The feather'd conclave hail the radiant beam,
And every spray yields a melodious theme.
Hail rosy morn, celestial tribute hail,
Resplendent lamp that does such balms exhale.
O'er beds of heath yet wet with gems of morn,
The gems that fill the Cornucopean horn;
Shines as the currents, thro' the meadows play,
And Nereides wanton in the liquid ray.
Thro' groves Arcadian, where the scented gale
Is nurs'd, and scatter'd o'er the mead and vale.

See Burnett's Castle* rise in Gothic grace,
And sheets of incense move around the place.

---

*, Burnett's Castle, i. e. Crathes or Leys, an elegant Castle in the centre of a wood, seat of the Burnetts.—Burnett was chosen Hunter to his Majesty Robert Bruce, who, to reward his fidelity, presented him with the land of Leys. The ancient Castle stood on a lake, about two miles and a half in circumference; in 1798 the ruins were pretty visible. The present Castle is built in the Gothic stile, and commands a charming prospect. The family was raised to the dignity of Baronet, April 1, 1626.

This family were greatly reduced during the Covenant. Montrose crossed the river Dee, at Mills of Drum, Sept. 11, 1644, and summoned the Castle to surrender, and Burnett offered to ransom it for 5000 merks, which Montrose refused. In 1703, Sir Thomas Burnett was one of the members of the act of security, passed July 30th and Sept. 12th, in the wine act.

The proprietor, in 1819, is Sir Robert Burnett.

Arms.—Argent, three holly leaves in chief vert, and a hunting horn in base sable, garnished gules.

Crest.—A hand with a knife pruning a vine tree, proper.

Supporters.—Dexter, a Caledonian in complete uniform; sinister, a greyhound collared.

The Sylvan beauties in each gentle breeze,
Shake their green raiment to enchant and please.
Dee on the south her urns aquatic pour,
And nature shews her rich enamell'd store;
Inviting strangers angling arts to try,
With pointed hook and luring golden fly.
Above his head ten thousand graces play,
Beneath his feet flowers every sweet display.
Sylvanus, Hebe, and the queen of love,
Pursue their pastime thro' the charming grove.
Each balmy gale plays softly thro' the trees,
And on the surface float the sapient bees.
By nature taught to ransack every flower,
For heav'n sent dew, that shews the donor's power.
The little insects with amazing skill,
Hoards the rich treasure in their waxen cell.
Turn to the west and rapid Feugh† behold,

---

Motto.—Virescit Vulnere Virtus, i. e. wounded Virtue increases in Strength.—[*Nisbet's Heraldry, vol.* 1.

† Feugh, a rapid current of water, which rises in the Grampians, in a place called the Forest of Birse, once part of the spacious Caledonian Forest. In this forest is seen an old castle, said to be built by Gordon of Cluny for his mistress. After passing the forest, the stream enters on a beautiful country.

Dashing o'er rocks, and will not be controll'd.
Beds of wild heath on either side are seen,
Wild aller shrubs, and birch in lov'ly green.
On the high steep young Norval cheers his store,
And fair Malvina sings ma chere astore.
See Finzean House‡ adorn the woodland plain,

---

‡ Finzean House, seat of Archibald Farquharson, Esq; in 1819. Married Frances Russel, daughter to the late R. Russel of Blackhall.

Arms —Quarterly, first and fourth, three pines of the field, vert; a banner, or, in a chief.—Bannerman.

Second, argent, three escallops sable, a lion rampant and languid, gules.—Russel.

Third, argent, a lion rampant, gules.—Farquharson.

Crest —A demy lion, gules, armed sable.

Supporters.—Dexter, a Highland Chieftain attired proper, bearing in his dexter hand a banner.—Pinky.

Sinister argent, a Cat.

Motto.—In Memoria Majorum. In Memory of our Ancestors.

Seats.—Finzean House, Blackhall, Auchlossan.

A little from this is the seat of Ballogie, belonging to Lewis Farquharson Innes, Esq. The name Innes originated in 1186, in the reign of Malcolm. He bears for arms—azure, three stars parted by a crescent, argent.

Crest.—A thistle vert, crowned with a star, argent.

Where sports Sylvanus and the feather'd train.
With morning light the whistling Plovers play,
And Ptarmigants bask in each lucid ray.
Sweet feather'd minstrels in the groves appear,
Mild symphony reigns in her dulcet chair.
While yellow grain adorns each fertile field,
Each verdant vale abundant herbage yield.
On the heath brow brouze fleecy herds of sheep,
The dale umbrageous, and the culter'd steep.
Where jocund sportsmen usher in the morn,
With wide-mouth'd beagles and the winding horn.
The vallies echo, and the forests ring,
And hills around reverberating sing.
Here sister muses join in matin walk,

---

Motto.—E Labore dulcedo. Sweetness from Labour.

On the south banks of the river Feugh is seen the ruins of Cloyne, a hunting seat, said to have been built by Alexander Ross, Bishop of Dunkeld.—See Statistical History, vol. 9. But it must rather have been a seat of Alexander Ross, Parson of Birse in 1684, as there was no Bishop of that name in the See of Dunkeld. A little below this the Feugh is joined by the river Doy, a stream rising in the Grampians, near the noted mountain of Clochnabane, a mountain 2370 feet above the level. Here are a great many tumuli, &c.

And spend their moments in delightful talk ;
Where mountains climb and rear their crests in air,
And Pan with reed tends his pastoral care.
Light young Alouda high in æther sings,
And gay Favonius mounts on liquid wings.
The morning vapours rising from the vale,
From tow'ring cliff, green forest, flow'ry dale.
The tinkling rills drop from the mazy steep,
And roll in grandeur to the spumy deep.
See fair Blackhall* adorns the river side,

---

* Blackhall, an elegant Villa on the south banks of the Dee, formerly seat of the Bannermans. Sir Alexr. Bannerman left no issue male, but one daughter, who married Robert Russel, and with her had the lands. In 1819 it belongs to Archibald Farquharson of Finzean, by marriage with Frances Russel, daughter to the late R. Russel.

Blackhall Arms—Argent, a lion rampant, gules, on a chief three escallops of the first.—Russel.

A banner azure, and three pines of the field.—Bannerman.

Crest.—On a wreath, a goat passant, argent.

Motto.—Che Sara Sara. It is safe being on my guard.

Two miles below this the river falls into the Dee.

Where flaky Nereides on the billows ride.
There gay Sylvanus and the blooming throng,
In cadence echo the Favonian song.
Elastic sprays where lodge the plumy choir,
Who sing untaught, and strike the warbling lyre.
Flora in grandeur from her verdant bed,
To rosy morn unveils her tufted head.
The tendrils creep upon the humid ground,
Each verdant leaf with gems of morning crown'd.
Empurpl'd heath in brilliant colours bloom,
And grace the senses with a sweet perfume.
The sylvan minstrels with their songs of love,
Wake every spray throughout the verdant grove.
While musing on the soft meand'ring stream,
Each billow glancing with the noonday beam.
Tillquhilly Castle† gently meets the eye,

---

† Tillquhilly, an old castle on the south side of the Dee, inclosed among hills, ancient seat of the Douglases of Inchmarlo, descended from the family of Morton.

INCHMARLO ARMS.—Within a bordure componed or and sable, a lion rampant, a man's heart, gules; and on a chief three stars.

CREST.—A dexter hand holding an oak leaf, proper.

MOTTO.—Tandem sit surcussis arbor.

Half hid 'mong mountains tow'ring to the sky.
No Belles in splendour on the terrace walk,
Nor cull the roses from the flexile stalk.

---

Robert Douglas, second of Inchmarlo, presented the lands of Tillquhilly to his son, it falling to him after being lost to the Red Friars of Aberdeen. The castle appears to have been built about the year 1507. From the appearance of the ground, and the balls found round the castle, evinces a severe bombardment had been used to make it surrender. In the room called the dining room, had formerly been the chapel, is seen an altar of hard oak, and on it dexter a shield, azure, three points gules, a crescent argent, and three annulets or. Sinister a chief, and a human heart gules, crowned with three stars argent, I. D. M. Y. 1613.

Douglas of Tillquhilly bears quarterly, first and fourth, a lion rampant gules. Second, on a chief three stars, Douglas. Third, three mascles sable, on a chief of the first, Ogston.

CREST.—A dexter hand issuing from a cloud, holding a sword erect, proper.

MOTTO.—God for us.

The proprietor, in 1819, is Henry Lumsden, Esq; Advocate, Aberdeen.

On the banks of the Dee stands Maryfield Cottage, seat of George Douglas, Esq.

Jays rear their offspring and discordant sing,
Where female harpers touch'd the sounding string.
But des'late walls are all that can be seen,
No Douglas paces o'er the flow'ry green.
Such quick transition shews the hand of time,
That points to man to watch his final chime.
Flow'rs close their cups, and leave the mortal stage,
The infant foilage, and the hoary sage.
They bud in morn, at noon decay and fade,
And underfoot the wither'd stems are laid.
But turn my muse, and to the Dee descend,
See wave o'er wave in majesty ascend.
The vallies all their splendid liv'ries wear,
And genial blushes of the vernal year.
See Durris* pointing thro' the blooming trees,

---

* Durris or Dores, (Gaelic) from Darruish, water of waters, or the river of or from the lake. Seat of the Frasers, descended from the Right Hon. Alexander Fraser, Lord Salton and Baron of Abernethy, created Baron in the reign of James II.

In 1331, Sir Alexander Fraser of Cowie behaved with great bravery at the battle of Perth, and had a share in the troubles of the Baliols. In the reign of King David Bruce, for his valour, his Majesty gave him Charters on the lands of Cowie, Durris, &c. he was killed at the

Which move majestic with each gentle breeze.
The native beauties of the valley wear,
The robes of spring and makes one vernal year.

---

battle of Hallidon Hill. In 1373, Sir Alexander Fraser of Durris, (commonly called Alexander the Fourth, because he was in the fourth generation from the brave Sir Simon Fraser, the son of him who married the daughter of the valiant Cumming, so famous for his heroic bravery) succeeded to the Baron of Durris, that was son to the brave Alexander Fraser, Lord Chamberlain. He was a faithful servant to King Robert II. and obtained a valuable Charter from him, which shewed clearly the legitimacy of King Robert III. whose bastard brother, named John, is also inserted with him as a witness. He married Jane Ross, daughter to William, Earl of Ross, and had with her the lands of Philorth, Faithly, Pitsligo, and Aberdour. Walter Leslie had all the other lands belonging to the Earl of Ross, by marrying her sister.

This Baron took into his armorial the pearl lion, as arms of the Earl of Ross. Issue, Sir William Fraser his successor, who married Mary Douglas, daughter of Archibald Douglas, Earl of Douglas, and sister to Maria, who married Prince David of Scotland, who was starved to death at Faulkland This William had issue two sons and a daughter, Sir Alexander his successor; John, to

Fields, woods, and vallies, all their grandeur shew
With bosoms open to the falling dew.

---

whom he gave the lands of Memzie, and Mary, married to Sir William Forbes, second son to Sir John Forbes of Drumminor, to whom he gave the lands of Pitsligo, which laid the foundation of that noble family, who still carry the arms of Fraser.

This gentleman falling low in means, was obliged, in 1416, to part with the land of Durris, which he sold to William Lord Hay, predecessor to the family of Erroll, and was succeeded by his son and heir, the above mentioned Sir Alexander Fraser, Esq; of Philorth, who was served heir at Kincardine to his grandfather, Sir Alexander Fraser of Cowie, and first of Philorth, Sept. 13, 1461. The Charters are yet extant, where, among many others, the Frasers of Lovat and Durris are two persons upon the inquest, and swear Fraser of Philorth heir to his grandfather, the Baron of Cowie and Durris.—*Rudiments of Honour, vol.* 3.

In 1621, Sir Peter Fraser of Durris built part of the Chancery of St. Machar's Cathedral, Aberdeen; and in 1718, Sir Peter Fraser of Durris was Lieutenant of the Militia in Scotland.

ARMS.—Quarterly, first and fourth gules; a lion rampant argent; second and third azure; three cinquefoils argent.

Exhaling fragrance o'er the verdant lawn,
Each cup expanding hails the orient dawn.
The feather'd fowls, perch'd on the leafy spray,
Their grateful hymns of adoration pay.
O'er the clear tide the birch enwoven hing,
And with each breathing dip their verdant wing;
In Dee's bright cup, by power elastic rise,
And shake the odour thro' the fleeting skies.
The hind in ev'ning to the grove is led,
And rests his head beneath the verdant shade.

---

Crest.—A mound covered with strawberries, leaved and fructified, or.

Motto.—All my Hope is in God.

There are several monuments of antiquity in this country, such as tumuli, circles, encampments, &c. and the ruins of an old castle, said to be held by some of the family of Durris until 1330, when the present Villa was built.

In 1645, Montrose encamped near the seat of Durris, and plundered the house and lands; but, on the approach of the army commanded by the Earl of Huntly and Donald Farquharson of Monaltrie, he marched off.

The proprietor, in 1819, is Lady Maria Mordaunt Fraser, of Peterborough and Monmouth, and inhabited by James Innes, Esq.

Marks every bubble, skims the liquid plain,
Rise, disappear, rise and immerge again.
The winged insects buz from flower to flower,
And from the calx sip the nectarine store.
Branch towers o'er branch in grand sylvanic pride,
Wave crowds on wave on the soft surface glide,
Meand'ring urns display aquatic store,
With juce nutritious feeds the infant flower,
The falling cascades we with joy admire,
The jet d'eau and music of the lyre.
But for a moment soon, ah! soon we cloy,
And thirst some other pleasures t'enjoy;
Each zephyr hums a soft Æolian song,
Mellona's virgins move their choral tongue.
O'er Flora's gems adorn the landscape fair,
And with soft breath perfume the liquid air.
The moving shrubs emit a fragrant gale,
The gentle breeze the smelling balms inhale.
See Drum's tower,† where the valiant Irvine long

---

† Drum, (Gaelic) i. e. rising ground, seat of the Irvines. Alexander Irvine, son to Irvine of Bonshaw, served as armour-bearer his Majesty Robert Bruce, and in 1324 was presented with the lands and forest by his Majesty. The tower was built in 1360, during a feud

Has grac'd the dance, and soft harmonious song.
When hoarse war call'd the Irvines bold appear,
With polish'd axe, hauberk, and pointed spear,
The cuirass clear, the shield and burnish'd mail,
And Ostrich feathers waving in the gale.
When Western Donald sought the diadem,
And on his brow to bear the regal gem.

---

between the Keiths and Irvines. The walls are 12 feet thick above ground, and 13 under; and in the centre of the lower apartment is a draw-well. The tower, from the roof to the ground is 63 feet, the length 40 feet, and the breadth 60 feet. In 1428, Alexander Irvine was created Baronet, and received the lands of Birse, Cromar, and Strachan. The villa of Drum was built in 1619, which date is on one of the windows. In 1411, Alexander Irvine fell at Harlaw. In 1642, Alexander Irvine married Catherine Gordon, daughter to the Earl of Huntly. In 1642, Captain O'Lare's Irish regiment, 500 strong, encamped at Drum, and destroyed the lands; they returned in 1644, 800 strong, and committed great havock.

The proprietor, in 1819, is Alexander Irvine, Esq.

ARMS.—Argent, three holly leaves vert.

CREST.—A Bundle of Arrows.

MOTTO.—Semper Virens—Ever Valiant.

Encas'd in arms the Irvines bold advance,
And at Harlaw† display the pointed lance.
From rebel clan, the Stuarts and Gordons bore
The laurel trophy, which in pomp they wore.
The Irvine clan, turn'd to Dee's winding stream,
And o'er the bowl rehears'd the martial theme;
Or hand in hand with blushing females go,
To see the primrose and the cowslip blow.
Breezes of summer thro' the arbours play,
And tears of morning hang on ev'ry spray.
The branches bend and kiss the silver tide,
Rise more refulgent, with fresh sweets supplied.
The liquid urns emit a chrystal store,
And roll in grandeur to the German shore.
The margins cloath'd with trees and blushing flow'rs,

---

† Harlaw, a field 19 miles west of Aberdeen, the field of engagement in 1411. Also, in the reign of Mary of Guise, was fought the feudal combat between the Frasers and M'Ronalds: in this battle, 4000 were left dead on the field. The Fraser clan was near extinguished by this blow, but now fewer than 80 posthumous sons were born, which again encountered and vanquished the M'Ronalds—[*Buchanan's Rise of the Clans.*

Where winged cherubs fix their woven bowers,
Or high in air or in the leafy grove,
The Linnet sings of harmony and love.
The feather'd natives, with their infant brood,
Hail every sunbeam darting thro' the wood,
With vocal anthems welcome in the spring,
And flutter sporting on the downy wing.
Dee's mantling billows o'er the pebbles flow,
And flaky Naiads raise their crest of snow.
The trees a fragrant smelling odour shed,
And o'er the flowers a sheeted napkin spread;
There dwells the little harbingers of morn,
And sing love duets on the blushing thorn.
The little minstrels elevate the soul,
To songs of thought beyond this fragile pole;
Where spirits live nor feel their time decay,
But balmy life in flowing currents play.
See on the left the House of Culter* rise,

---

* Peterculter, on the north side of the Dee. Here are a great many tumuli, druidical circles, encampments, &c.; but the most remarkable piece of antiquity is the Norman Dikes, the site of a Roman encampment—the vestiga are yet visible, and has been erroneously cited by many writers as the real Roman Devanha, which, owing

The smoky curls salute the passing skies.
Æolian breezes thro' the foilage play,
And plumy tenants sing on every spray.
Umbrageous branches raise a murmuring song,
Grac'd by the warbling of the downy throng.
New charms arise, and in full splendour ride,
O'er painted lawn and soft cerulaen tide.
The circling woodbine in sylvanic grace,
Expands its arms the tow'ring pine t' embrace.
The flowers and shrubs in vernal liv'ries bloom,
And æolian breathings waft the sweet perfume
To distant lands. Hark, the sweet Throstle tell
To Cynthia's myriads his mellifluous tale.
The fields rich Ceres golden gifts display,
Amalthaen horns in autumn to convey.

---

to the situation, and the maritime spirit of the Romans, is egregious.

The Villa of Culter belonged to the Cummings. In 1718, Sir Alexander Cumming was Representative for the City of Aberdeen.

ARMS.—Azure, three garbs within a bordure, or.

CREST.—A garb of the last.

MOTTO.—Courage.

The proprietor, in 1819, is Colonel Robert William Duff, Esq; Fetteresso.

Here Peggy comes with innocence and love,
In Colin's arm to range the shady grove,
To hear the warblers ope their little throats,
And on each branch pour out their dulcet notes.
Look on the right Pitfoddel's ancient bowers,*
Where gallant Menzies often spent his hours.
In grove the linnet with the new-born day,
His pure oblations, and sweet anthems pay.
Flower lock'd in flower in an exuberant chain,
Extend their beauty o'er the verdant plain.
Crown'd with green wreaths the rural pastors tread,
To tune their spinnets 'neath the flow'ry shade,
There Chloris sings of Strephon till the song,
Is cadenc'd by the aerial echoing throng.
The morning herald with the rising sun,
Carrols in air 'till Phæton's race is run.
Then claps his pinions closer to his breast,
And quietly drops into his woven nest.
Then all the children of the Queen of May,
Fold up their foilage 'till returning day.

---

* Maryculter, on the south side of the Dee. This country, with the lands of Tullynessle, on the Don, belonged to the Knights Templars.

The Villa is held, in 1819, by Wm. Gordon, Esq.

When the sweet rose, the autumn virgin's crown,
Expands its leaves the genial bliss to own.
Crown'd with sweet flowers the empress of the groves,
Comes in her chariot drawn by azure doves.
At her introit the spreading tree sends forth,
A balmy odour o'er the south and north.
Ere Boreas blasts the verdant grove bereaves,
Of all its beauty, and umbrageous leaves.
But come fair Flora with thy garb of flowers,
Come vernal Queen and rule our painted bowers.
Delightful prospect, woodbines wet with dew,
And cowslips spreading all their charms to view.
Hail lovely Goddess of the blushing spring,
The conclave meet thee, and sweet anthems sing.
Each gale Favonian from thy conduits bear,
Volumes of odour and perfumes the air.
See on the mound Gordon's gay Villa* stand,
With sylvan grandeur beautifies the land.
Fields cloth'd in verdure, grace the lov'ly scene,
And Ceres yields sweet horns of yellow grain.

---

* Murtle, (Gaelic) from Muir-till, i. e. the turn or reflux of the sea; a neat Villa on an eminence, seat of John Gordon, Esq. in 1819.

In every grove the little natives sing,
And tune their shells till vales and mountains ring.
Mosaic pavements laid by Flora's care,
Perfume the ground and fleeting liquid air.
The flocks are grazing on the verdant hill,
And Norval pipes beside the chrystal rill.
See on the brow Kingussie's* turrets shine,
Conspicuous the birch and towring pine.
Volumes of incense round the Villa play,
And little cherubs wanton on each spray.
Each promenade clad in exotic flowers,
Where Flora shews all her botanic powers.

---

* Kingussie, or Kingcausie, (Gaelic) from Kin or Cean, a head, and Ghousie, a fir wood, a neat Villa, on the south banks of the Dee; belonged to the Irvines, a branch of the family of Drum, possessed by J. Boswell, Esq; 1819.

ARMS—Quarterly, first and fourth argent; the arms of Drum within a bordure, cheque vert and argent; second and third, an eagle displayed gules, within a bordure of the second, Ramsay.

CREST—A Decussis like the letter X. within a circle sable.

MOTTO—Deo, Regi, et Patria. For God, my King, and Country.

Blairs* next appears to charm the gazing eye,
With gardens cloth'd in variegated dye,
With every gale they shake their stringy hair,
And with sweet odour scent the liquid air.
Enamel'd fields o'erhung with tufted trees,
Distilling fragrance with each gentle breeze.
The fluid graces skim Dee's shining plain,
Emerge, spring up, sail, and emerge again.
The sloping banks with fruit and flowers are crown'd,
Where fragrance revels ever on the round

---

* Blairs, a seat of the Menzies; this family are of an ancient Danish extraction, and were honoured with the title of Baron. Sir Gilbert Menzies, in 1527, was chosen Provost of Aberdeen; and, in 1643, John Menzies was elected Convener for the Sheriffdom, at the Act of Convention at Edinburgh.

The Proprietor, in 1819, is John Menzies. Esq; Justice of Peace, Aberdeen: and carries, within a bordure or, a chief party per pale, second ermine. Gules, a bend azure, three cinquefoils, or.

Crest—A Phœnix with wings expanded, proper.

Supporters—Two grey hounds, argent; collared, or.

Motto—Malo mori quam fœdæri. I am more willing to die than be dishonoured.

The virgins meet to spend their noontide hours,
And 'neath the shade cull bouquets of sweet flowers.
On either verge the pearly cowslip grows,
And thro' the allers peep the blushing rose.
The lov'ly daisy lifts its speckl'd head,
And purple vi'lets o'er the ground are spread.
Devenicus* next claims a moment's stay,

---

* Devenicus, i. e. Banchory Devenick. The Church was dedicated to St. Devenicus, and received a Charter, August 17, 1160.

Among the many altars which adorned the Cathedral of St. Machar, Aberdeen, there was one erected to St. Devenicus.

The Church of Banchory was joined to Aberdeen, August 20, 1075.—[*Orem's History of Old Aberdeen.*

In this country, on the north side of the Dee, is a place called the Two Mile Cross, where the Citizens of Aberdeen, on the 16th of September, 1644, marched to meet Montrose; but he not being there, they returned to Aberdeen. Montrose encamped there on the 17th, and sent a drummer to the city, summoning them to surrender, but they murdered him. Montrose marched into the city to revenge his death, and the citizens drew up to oppose him, and had a smart engagement, where 118 were killed.—[*Spalding, vol.* 2.

Where holy fathers touch'd the vocal lay.
Where priests display'd the wafer'd flesh and blood,
Of him who was our ransom on the wood;
From death the children of the earth to save,
His face to buffets our Redeemer gave.
Within the grove beside the mountain brow,
The house of Banchory* rises next to view.
Each mantling shrub array'd in garb of green,
And herds of cattle beautify the scene.
The smiling milk maid bears her load to town,
The festive board of citizens to crown.
And then returns with heart devoid of care,
Boasts of the ribband that adorns her hair,
Untaught in arts practis'd by nymphs in town,
For shoes, and cap, and silk embroider'd gown.
Pleas'd with the garb wrought by her careful hand,

---

* Banchory House, a neat Villa, surrounded with plantations, seat of the Thomsons.

This family carries argent, a stag's head, cabossed gules, attired or; and on a chief azure, a cross crosslet fitched of the third, between two spur rowels.

CREST—A full blown Rose, gules.

MOTTO—Christo provedebit.

From fleecy flock and produce of the land,
The distanc'd mill affords a rich supply,
With milk of kine, or the aquatic fry.
On every hand the hacks are posting on,
With rattling noise, bearing some Belle or Don.
Or cent. per cent. cloy'd with his moni'd ware,
Buys some small farm, and rides to take the air.
There to the peasants shews his lacer'd lace,
Swears all is gold, a present from his grace.
Move down the verge, more beauties rise to sight,
The city spires, and vessels rigged tight.
The music chang'd from birds and rural sound,
Buzz, rolling drums, and carmen's oaths rebound.
In every alley jar and bustle show,
Confusion reigns, nor rural pleasures know.
Hail rural scenes, free from the grating jar.
Nor tainted are with wild urbanic war.
See that great fabric* o'er the falling stream,

---

* Bridge of Dee, an elegant fabric of seven arches, thrown over the Dee. On the side is seen the arms of Bishops Dunbar and Elphinston. The Bridge was founded in 1529, by Bishop Elphinston, but dying before it was completed, he bequeathed a fund of money for the support of the work. His successor, Bishop Dunbar,

Tells to the world the great bequeather's name.
In fame to last till time's revolving wheel,

---

aided the building, and the pile was finished in 1530, by Mr. Thomas French, architect.—[*Orem's History of Old Aberdeen.*

In 1588, there were some factions at Court. His Majesty's favourite, the Earl of Huntly, was promoted Captain of the Guards, at that time held by the Earl of Glammis, who, piqued at the preferment, collected all his companions, and joined the English army, then lying in Edinburgh, and whispered to his Majesty, that many of Huntly's letters were intercepted in England, going to his Catholic Majesty. On this Huntly was summoned to answer the charge, and denied that the letters were wrote or sent by him, and the charge was a fabrication by some of his enemies, in order to wean his Majesty's regard from him. Reports of the letters were still blown about; and Huntly was confined in Edinburgh Castle from the end of February until the 7th of March, when he was brought to the bar, where his innocence was proved, and he was fully acquitted. Then the Earls of Huntly, Erroll, and Crawford, marched northward to the city of Perth, where they learned that the Earls of Athol and Morton had assembled to entrap them. With what army they had, they withdrew from Perth and encountered the Earl of Glammis, whom they put to flight, but was overtaken

Shall cease to move, and angels break the seal.
Near the great pile were floods of purple shed,

---

at Kirkhill, made prisoner, and carried north. Maitland and others of Glammis' faction, heard of his confinement, and inflamed his Majesty against Huntly, and persuaded him to collect an army and pursue him. In the interim, Huntly raised a corps of 10,000 men, and marched to the Bridge of Dee to meet his opponents, April 20, 1589. Huntly finding the King at the head of the army, dismissed all his soldiers, and threw himself at his Majesty's feet, trusting entirely on his clemency. After giving orders for the liberation of Glammis, Huntly was escorted to Edinburgh a prisoner, from that to Borthwick, and then to Finhaven, where he was very soon released by his Majesty. The Earl of Erroll was confined in Edinburgh Castle until ransomed by a great sum of money, which was given to Chancellor Maitland.—[*Conflicts of the Clans.*

In 1644, Lord Lewis Gordon, son to the Earl of Huntly, encamped at the Bridge of Dee with 2700 men, to check the proceedings of Montrose; who, knowing their aim, marched to the Church of Banchory, crossed the Dee unobserved, and descended on the flank of the Gordons. Burleigh, indeed, might have suspended the victory with his cannon, had not Lord L. Gordon im-

And fields were cloth'd with blood and bodies dead.
When covenant was made the passport word,
And solemn league, or faggot, fire, and sword;
Graham with five hundred southron soldiers came,
To vanquish Huntly trans Devana's stream.
Aboyne and Huntly heard the clarions sound,
Bound on their mail and call'd the clans around.
The voice of Huntly Enzie's sons obey,
Mar, Badenoch, Garioch, Don, Aboyne, and Spey,
March'd forth to save Strathbogie's Chief from woe,
And hurl destruction on each hated foe.
The warlike youth were dress'd in rich array,

---

prudently advanced to the charge.—[*Thom's History of Aberdeen, vol.* 2.

Here our belief is strongly exacted, to think of the defeat of 500 cavalry, by 44 horsemen traversing alternately from wing to wing. The Irish threw down their musquets and drew their swords. The Highlanders resumed their targets, rushed on the Grahams, and precipitated them to an ignominious flight. The Gordons pursued them with great slaughter to the city of Aberdeen.—*Laing's History of Scotland, vol.* 2.

Togas of tartan beautiful and gay,
As fields when flowers perfume the liquid air,
And charming fragrance moves on liquid sphere.
The chequer'd helmet binds each manly brow,
And moving plumes were nodding to and fro.
The swelling bagpipe caus'd each heart beat high,
And glittering armour raised to the sky.
Behold the soldiers muster'd on the plain,
Brisk for the charge, and wild belligerent scene.
Hark the loud clarions call each man to arms,
And patriotism every bosom warms.
The hosts engage, the Irish soldiers drew
Their blades of steel, and ground with carnage strew.
Unheaded, hard the southron phalanx fire,
The ranks cut down, and made the foe retire.
War breath'd her terrors fraught with slaughter fell,
And every line attunes the carnage shell.
Smoke, steams of blood, obscures the man from man,
And lifeless bodies sink from rear to van,
The highland clans with polished broad swords fight,
Till blood bedews the shining tartans bright,
The muskets pil'd the highland soldiers round
With targe and claymore made the groans resound.
From southron rank, the leaden meteors flew,

And death oft kept, the winged ball in view,
Till drench'd in blood, the soldier bath'd in gore,
Sinks on the ground and lifts his head no more.
Confederate courage aids the Gordon line,
Aboyne and Huntly's martial spirits join,
Love for their country both their breasts inspire,
The palm of honour every soldier fire.
'Twas thirst of glory fir'd the Celtic van,
And ties of blood enervated each man.
Thus front to front the Grahams and Gordons meet,
Those for the cov'nant, these for freedom sweet.
The contest rag'd, and eye to eye they fix,
Break, form close column, and their armour mix,
At Huntly's word the clans more firmly fight,
For him they bleed, or conquer in his sight.
Now the brave horsemen Huntly's signals hear,
And on the field dismay'd Graham van and rear.
The soldiers all before the coursers flew,
And Gordon troops the fugitives pursue.
The combat o'er the olive branch came down,
And on the Gordons stood the wreathed crown.
Charm'd as ye walk surveying every scene,
The verdant meads and fields of yellow grain.
The distant spires and crouded promenades,
The vistas green and variegated shades.

See Crabestone's* fields, here for a moment stay,
And learn the cause of that belligerent play.

---

* Crabestone, a field on the contour of Aberdeen, remarkable for the skirmish in 1571.

The Gordon and Forbes clan, at that period, had the supreme power and authority in the North of Scotland. As they were both potent and valiant, but shaken by a long and inveterate feud, which not being extirpated, grew more prolific, and would not be restrained. The Gordon family lived in great amity among themselves, and by a regal toleration ruled as petty Princes, and their yoke being easy, they seemed engrafted both Prince and People, which was rivetted by the adjusting of causes and redressing of grievances. On the other hand, the Forbes family were immersed in conflicts among themselves, which impaired their strength, and proved a fund of sorrow to them in their combats.

The two families lived in secret emulation, and not open envy, and seemed hushed by an intermarriage. But the Gordons were ever mindful of Corrichie; the rancorous flame now burst forth, and was the cause of factions and divorces. John Forbes, Viscount of Drumminor, repudiated his wife, Margaret Gordon, daughter to George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, instigated by Black Arthur, who mortally hated the whole of the Gordons. Arthur was ambitious and daring, and willingly followed

'Twas feudal discord made them take the shield,
And dare each other in the tented field.

---

any scheme, for the reconciliation of his own clan and the overthrow of the Gordons. From the first of the feud, the Forbes clan joined his Majesty, and the Gordons adhered to the interests of the Queen. By the blandishments of Black Arthur, the Forbeses appointed time and place to assemble for a reconciliation among themselves, and to devise schemes against the Gordons, and others of the Queen's favourites in the North.

Sir Adam Gordon no sooner heard of the coalition, than he went in lieu of his brother, the Earl of Huntly, who was in Edinburgh, and with his chosen friends marched to Tullyangus, fully resolved to thwart the Forbeses, in the year 1572. The Forbeses perceiving the approach of the Gordons, fortified and intrenched their camp, and then divided their army in two divisions. The right wing, lying nearest to the Gordons, was commanded by that noble hero Black Arthur. Adam Gordon having but a handful of men, attacked the first division, while his brother, Robert, engaged the second, broke their intrenchment, and plied them briskly with the spear. Black Arthur and many of the Forbeses fell. On seeing him fall, the army fled, and were pursued by the Gordons to the Castle of Drumminor. In this en-

Where bullets flew, and strew'd the grassy plain,
With broken mail and myriads of slain.

---

gagement, John Gordon of Buckie fell, and a few others.

Nothing was attempted to revenge this overthrow, until the nephew of Black Arthur, John Forbes, made his escape from the enemy, and fled to Edinburgh to the Court, where the Earl of Mar was Regent, in hopes to find aid. The Regent gave him some horse and five companies of foot, with letters to the Noblemen that favoured the party, willing them to join the Forbeses. This reinforcement so animated Drumminor, as to make him think himself master for the Gordons. Blown up with this thought, he marched to Aberdeen to expel the Gordons from it, in 1572. Sir Adam Gordon, knowing of the Forbeses intentions, assembled as many friends as could be found, and led them out of the town, and sent a company of soldiers, under the command of Captain Thos Carr, to lye in ambush at a place where he knew the Forbeses had to pass, with orders not to move, until the commencement of the battle. He then sent a party of Highlanders, expert bowmen, who had retired during the minority of the Earl of Sutherland, ordering them to draw a compass, and set upon the rear of the Forbeses, and his brother and self would wait them at Crabestone. The Forbeses being near Aberdeen, held council what

The plumy casques mov'd with each gentle gale,
And purple drops stood pending on each mail.

---

was best to be done; some of them proposed to go and encamp at Old Aberdeen, and make different parties to New Aberdeen, to compel Adam Gordon to retreat from it by the experience of the soldiers sent by the Earl of Mar. But to this the Viscount of Drumminor would not hearken, but desired present battle, which was assented to. They then advanced with great courage against the Gordons, who received them with similar resolution, the the musqueteers who lay in ambush started up, and slew many of the Forbeses; then the combat became severe for some time: Forbes of Pitsligo and some more of the Forbeses fell. The soldiers sent by the Regent, under Captains Chisholm and Wedderburn, were put to flight by the activity of the Sutherland Highlanders, who pursued them with great slaughter. In this pursuit Captain Chisholm and three of his officers fell, which the Forbeses seeing, quitted their post and fled, and many were taken in the flight. Among the prisoners was John, Master of Forbes. Sir Adam Gordon behaved with honour and humanity, and suffered none of the prisoners to be slain, but sent them under a guard to Strathbogie Castle, while he and his Captains went to Aberdeen, and returned thanks to God for the victory. Alexander Forbes of Strathghirnoc, the fomenter of this feud, and who stirred

The Gordon clan thought on departed shades,
And on the field uncas'd their edged blades.

---

up Black Arthur, was sentenced to be beheaded, and carried to Strathbogie among the other prisoners; but, after a short confinement, was released with the rest.—*Conflicts of the Clans.*

Sir Adam Gordon retired to Auchindown, and Robert to Terpersy in Tullynessle. This place is famous for giving rise to the popular Scottish ballad—

Blink o'er the burn sweet Betty.

The family were descendants of Thomas Gordon of Lesmoir, and were famous in the field, but are now extinct. The Castle is situated in a romantic glen, about three miles from Drumminor, and, in 1819, is inhabited by a farmer.

ARMS.—Azure, a lion passant and guardant argent, between three boars heads erased or.

CREST.—A hart standing at gaze.

MOTTO.—Non Fraude sed Laude. By Honour not by Fraud.

The feuds ended not with this battle, for, in 1573, Sir Adam Gordon came to the Castle of Towie, on the south banks of the Don, the seat of Alexander Forbes, and set it on fire. Lady Jane Campbell, and to the number of 37 people, perished in the flames.—[*Scots Magazine*, 1803.

And fought till blood each springy sabre wet,
And sulphur smoke with floating sky had met.
Sir Adam cried, " My soldiers briskly charge,
" While yet your arms can move the bossy targe."
Soon as the Gordons heard the hero's word,
They quit the musquet and draw forth the sword;
Forbes dismay'd, from the dire combat flew,
While Gordon all the broken troops pursue.
So dire the carnage on Drumminor's plain,
That unborn babes wept for their parents slain.
The battle o'er the gallant Gordon cries,
" My Celtic youth has gain'd the laurel prize;
" To Mary's Church we will this night repair,
" Before the altar raise our souls in prayer;
" Thrice shall Te Deum by the priest be sung,
" And incense smoke till matin bells are rung;
" Largesses immense we to the poor will give,
" And you my sons shall sheep and lands receive.
" Ye noble bowmen I this trust command,
" To guard the captives to Strathbogie land,
" And I this day your bravery will commend,
" And tell your valour to my noble friend.
" The Sires will bless you, Nymphs with heav'n
of charms,
" Will kindly greet you with expanded arms.
" But see the day sinks in the western main,

" Go guard your charge till morn appear again ;
" Then lead them on to Huntly, and await,
" My further orders at the folding gate."
Now morning op'd the massy gate of day,
And chas'd the clouds of sullen night away.
The golden monarch left the azure deep,
And drives his chariot to the Olympian steep.
The rural swains forsake the thatched cot,
T' inhale the morning as the zephyrs float.
The cities now seem envelop'd in smoke,
And bustling cits break the dead Morphean yoke.
See on that summit, rising to the view,
A hallow'd fane,* where laics pay their vow.

---

* Chapel of Ease, a Supplementary Church to the Parish of Old Machar. This Chapel was dedicated to St. John the Evangelist. Prior to the twelfth century, there was but a small farm called Seaton; but in 1137, the See was founded and consecrated to St. Machar, Bishop of Elgin, who flourished in 887.

There was a small Seminary in this part, in the year 1113, having Doctors and Professors, founded by David I. called Studium Generali in Collegio Canonicarum, and received Charters from Alexander II. in 1213. From the foundation of the See, under Bishop Nectanus in 1137, the College flourished, and was called Collegio Sancto-

Where Clerics point the safe unerring way,
Eve's offspring walk to gain eternal day.

---

Mariâ Virgini. The Church, anterior to the foundation of the See, was dedicated Domina ad Nives, in memory of that miracle, in 367. This Church continued until the Reformation, and was entirely demolished by Dr. William Guild, and the stones removed, which incensed the inhabitants, and the burial ground is all that remains. The city now began to flourish, and the Cathedral was thrown down in 1357, and a more stately one erected, which continued unmolested until 1688, when it was destroyed, except the Vestry and Choir, which are yet occupied as the Parochial Church. The high Altar was one of the finest pieces of workmanship in Europe; yet, by order of the Minister, William Strachan, was ordered to be hewn down. Awed with the beauty of the work and the sanctity of the part, the carpenter, William Charles, threw down his hatchet, and refused to demolish it; but our pseudo divine, with Gothic enthusiasm, snatched the hatchet and commenced. The wainscoting was richly adorned with foilage, and ornamented with crowns on the top. One of the crowns was superior in size and beauty to the others, and this our Reverend Friend wished to preserve, as a trophy of victory over the errors of Popery, or for ornament. But whatever were his motives, they were frustrated; for, as

Turn from the fane and see the turrets rise,
From Machar's fabric pointing to the skies.

---

the workman was striking the supporters, the whole fell, and the weight ploughed up part of the pavement, and broke in a thousand pieces.—[*Douglas' Tour.*

In 1281, Henry Cheyne, brother to the great Sir Reginald Cheyne, Lord Chamberlain of Scotland, who in 1298 swore fealty to Edward, along with the Cummings of Strathbogie, being allied by blood, was chosen 15th Bishop of this See, and added four Prebends to the Cathedral, built the Bridge of Don in 1329, and died in 1339.

Alexander Kininmonth, the 17th Bishop, built two Episcopal Palaces, one at Aberdeen and the other at Fetternear. In the reign of this Bishop, the city suffered greatly by fire; the English set both cities on fire, which continued for six days.

William Elphinston, descended from the noble house of Elphinston. His father, William Elphinston, married Lady Margaret Douglas, descended from the Douglases of Mains, Dumbartonshire.

His son, the learned Dr. William Elphinston, was born in 1437, and from his early years received a suitable education, being remarked for his virtue and piety. His parents took great care of him in the inferior Seminaries, and in the University of Glasgow, a Colleg

See the tall columns raise their spiral head,
And point o'er hills and verdant woodland shade;

---

founded by Bishop Turnbull. In this University he studied Philosophy and the Belles Lettres, and took his degrees in 1457, and in a short time took holy orders. After remaining some years in orders, he sailed for France to complete his studies, and obtained the degree of LL.D. In 1471 he returned, and was made Parson of Glasgow, and Official in the Diocese and University. After the death of Bishop Muirhead, he was made Official of Lothian, by Bishop Chevez of St. Andrews. On the reputation of his parts, his Majesty elected him a Member of Parliament. Some words falling out between James III. of Scotland and Louis XI. of France, the result promising nothing but an ensuing war, to compose all animosities and link the chain of peace, Bishops Livingston and Elphinston, with the Earl of Buchan, were sent to France as Ambassadors. Here the talents of Bishop Elphinston broke forth in full lustre, in his prudence in the embassy, and so powerfully and pathetically harangued on the advantage of the conjunction of the Crowns. His speech was successful, and peace agreed on. On his return, he was made Archdeacon of Argyle, in 1479; and in 1481, on the death of the Bishop of Ross, he was placed in that See; in 1483 he was removed to Aberdeen, as 27th Bishop.

Where science blossoms, and fresh branches shoot,
And every branch fill'd with delicious fruit.

---

After being settled in this See, he petitioned Pope Alexander IV. and interceded with King James IV. for a grant to erect an University for the service of the Church. His Majesty wrote to the Pope, and in 1487 his Holiness granted a Bull, which runs thus—(ad instantiam nostram et requestiam) at our instance and request, says the King) by which he erects (Universitatis generali studium in Civitate Veteri Aberdonia, cum omnibus privileges Universitibus Parisientum et Canonicum; suum ac quibuscis aliis studio generalibus concessio, aut inibi favento Deo Viram producat alti concilii, et scientiarum Margaritas ornato tam in Theologia, Juri, Canonico et Civili, quam Medecini et artibus liberalibus, et qua libet alia licita facultate perpetuis, futuris temporibus. That the University for general study, to be erected in the City of Old Aberdeen, be endowed with every privilege enjoyed by the University in Paris; and that their general aim and study be to gain favour from God and esteem from man; and that every branch of science be an ornament, whether Advocate, Priest, Physician, or Magistrate, or any other of the liberal arts whatever, that are lawful in the present age, or in ages to come.)

The Bull was dated Rome, Feb. 4, 1494, and the University was privileged, and was consecrated to the

'Twas Royal James and the great See of Rome,
That gave thee birth, and ages yet to come

---

Virgin Mary, and called Collegio Sancto Maria Virgini. But the foundation stone of the present fabric was laid by the Bishop, in the name of the King, in 1500. Per serenissum illustrissium J. IV. R. 4 nonas Aprilis, anno millesimo quintesimo, hoc insigne Collegium latomi inceperunt ædificare. The foundation stone of this College was laid, in the name of the most august and illustrious King James IV. This is above the west door of the College Chapel. His Majesty, by Letters Patent, under his Royal Seal, granted great privileges to this University. From this time the Bishop strained his outmost thought, as far as his vocation would permit, upon the new University, and expended great sums in furnishing the Bells, and fitting up the Library with choice and valuable Books, and in founding the Bridge over the Dee. While thus employed, the fatal accounts of the battle of Flodden, where his Majesty was worsted, and flew from the field to a neighbouring seat hoping for protection, but was here murdered, and buried between the walls of the house. The accounts of Flodden broke the health of the good Prelate, and took from him his wonted cheerfulness. The Queen Dowager, then Regent of the kingdom, had also a great regard for this venerable Pastor. The Archiepiscopal See being vacant, by the death

Will hail the star propitious to thy birth,
Where fruit and odour spreads o'er all the earth.
Long may it flourish, and each year send forth,
Branches of learning, eminence, and worth.
The Altar, Bar, and Esculapian Art,
Are nurtur'd by thee in their nobler parts:
Hail seat of learning distant nations sing,
When blest with fruit rais'd 'neath thy spreading
wing.
Now leave the town, and see the des'late scene,

---

of Archbishop Stuart, the Queen wrote in haste to the Pope in his favour. About this time a Parliament was called to settle the divided state of the kingdom, and notwithstanding the advanced age of the Bishop, he resolved to be present, and accordingly set out for Edinburgh, but fell sick on his journey, and died the 25th October, 1514.—[*M'Ure's History of Glasgow.*

Near this is a burial ground on an eminence, in view of both cities, where the Monks had an Hospital, called Maison Dieu, Hospital or Spittal Church, the first Christian Chapel at Aberdeen, dedicated to St. Peter. The Church and Hospital were destroyed at the Reformation, but the church-yard is occupied, and known by the name of the Spittal Church-yard—Spittal being an abbreviation for Hospital, as is evident from Shakespeare and others.

Where once was seen a venerable fane.
No trace remains but the grass covered bed,
That shrouds the dust of the forgotten dead.
No more the spires in Gothic grandeur rise,
Nor arched domes point to the fleeting skies.
All are eraz'd, the sacred walls are gone,
And chaos keeps the register alone.
What savage ire drove man to such a deed,
To blast his name and make his memory fade;
To walk and ravage on the holy ground,
To pillage what to sacred use was crown'd.
Ages to come will the great loss bemoan,
And drop a tear where stood the altar stone.
Then turn and see Devanha* meet the eye,

---

* Devanha or Devanna, (Celtic) from Dhee, the river Dee, and Bhan or Van, down or ending, a City at the mouth of the river Dee, on the border of the German Ocean, 57. 12. North, and 1. 45. West, of the meridian of London.—[*Douglas' Tour.*

This City is on the eastern extremity of Mar, and within the north temperate zone, rather bending towards the frigid circle, being much nearer the pole than equinoctial line; from the line it is 57. 10. and 32. 50. from the pole. And the longitude, from the meridian of the Canary Isle, is 22. 50. making it parallel with New Bri-

Where spiral columns point to fleeting sky.
A second Athens, where the muses wait,

---

tannia in America, the Southern Cape in Norway, Livonia, Stockholm, the centre of Russia, Muscovia in Europe, &c. The longest day is 17 hours and 40 minutes, being within the tenth climate, reckoning the first climate to begin where the longest day is 13 hours, and every climate to be that space in latitude, where the longest day increases 30 minutes, and consequently the length of the shortest day at Aberdeen is 6 hours and 20 minutes, or as much as the longest day wants of 24 hours. From the 1st of May until the 22d of July, there is a constant supply of light, as the sky never goes down, but continues bright, until the sun be 16 degrees under the horizon; during the 83 days, the sun is not so low at midnight. His depression below the horizon, the longest day, is 9. 20. at midnight, and his meridian, at the shortest, is equal. At this City, the meridian of the sun the longest day, at 12 o'clock, is 56. 20. nearly one degree lower than the height of the pole on the north side.

The frigid zone begins 560 miles north from Aberdeen, where the sun, on the shortest, never riseth nor setteth on the longest. The fixed stars, within 75. 10. of the north pole, never set at Aberdeen; and those within 76. 10. of the south, never appear.

Aberdeen lies under the middle star of Ursa Major's

Where erudition sits in chair of state.
The natives all are hardy as the oak,

---

tail and the Chair of Cassiopeia. A degree of latitude is 60 miles from north to south; and in this parallel a degree of longitude is only 32, equal to a degree of latitude, by reason of the circles of longitude growing lesser nearer the pole. The tide flows here S and by W. and N. and by E. consequently is full tide at the change and full moon, 45 m. past 12. On the longest day, the sun wants 33. 40. from being vertical.—[*Philopoliteius.*

It is 57. 8. 59. north latitude, and 2. 8. 0. west longitude.—[*Thom, vol.* 1.

Mr. Thom, in his history, says, that the place was first inhabited by the Taixali, who are, as we learn from the Rev. Patrick Ninian Weems of the Society of Jesus. This Father, in his Geography, says, the Taixali were the inhabitants of Buchan. Taixali, Tazali, or Tazalium, signifies Buchan, from Ta, Here, or a definite place, and Izel or Issel, according to the ancient pronunciation of turning the ss into x, signifies low ground; and Buchan lying lower, and running further into the German Ocean than any other part of Scotland, made it obtain the name Tazali, and the inhabitants were called Taixali.—[*Father Weems' Caledonia.*

The Romans finding it a commodious situation, fixed on it and made it their Capital, and gave it the name

Laugh at the storm and waves burst on the rock.
Their manly sinews dares the raging wave,

---

Devanha, it being but three leagues from the camp of Norman Dikes.

Claudius Ptolemy of Alexandria, a famous mathematician, who flourished about the year 150, in the reign of Antonius Pius, gives an exact detail of Scotland, provided what were east were turned north. He mentions the city of Devanha, on the border of the German Ocean, parted from the fortification of Bodotria, or the Forth, by a chain of mountains called the Grampians, in 58. 45. But this is a pardonable error, owing to the ignorance of the age, and the accounts he collected from travellers, which made the scale from west to east.

In the 420, or 270 years after, there appeared another Book speaking of the city of Devanha, at the mouth of the river Dee, capital of the Taixali.—[*Thom, vol.* 1.

Devana urbs per antiqua a Ptolemo, nunc vero Aberdonia id est Deva, ostium Britannia dictione ab ipsis Scotis appelatur. By the ancient city of Ptolemy, at the mouth of the river Dee, in that part of Britain called Scotland, is fixed on and is the city of Aberdeen.—[*Philopoliteius.*

Christianity seems to have been received in Aberdeen at a very early period, as, in the year 203, his Holiness, Pope Victor, sent over two Fathers, Mark and Dennys,

When call'd to arms they every toil outbrave.
Shall cities boast their arts and genius fine,

---

who were kindly received by the citizens, so that the city bore great honour before and after the departure of the Romans.

After the departure of the Romans, the city became very flourishing; and for the loyalty of the citizens, Gregory the son of Dongallus, the 73d King of Scotland, who for his justice and clemency was surnamed the Great, and was Maormor of the Garioch in the year 893, gave Charters and Letters under his Royal Seal: this Monarch, as Mr. Thom tells us ironically, that could not read nor write. Query, could none of his friends write?

The city was built on three hills, and had a strong castle for defence. The Church was dedicated to St. Nicholas, Patron of Virgins; and on the end of this was the Church of St. Mary Magdalen. The Church within the rampart of the Castle was dedicated to St. Ninian.

Arms of the Castle are azure, a temple argent, St. Nicholas standing in the porch mitred and vested proper, his dexter hand extended to heaven, praying over three children in a boiling caldron of the first. In his sinister hand a crosier proper.

Motto.—Semper Eadem. (See the City Seals.)

The city had, in the year 1310, Duncan Melville for Provost, which is found in the Charters and Bishops

Sage chemists, painters, vot'ries of the nine.
This City shews her artists to the eye,

---

Registers of Old Aberdeen. There were a great many of the records and charters lost, when Edward ravaged Scotland. The oldest Charter is 1217, Alexander II. After the death of Alexander III. to the accession of Robert Bruce, the city suffered greatly, all the records and charters were burnt or carried off. During the interregnum, Sir William Wallace visited Aberdeen, but found the Castle was strongly garrisoned, and returned to Angus.—[*Muses Threnodie. Drake's History of Scotland.*

In December 10, 1320, Aberdeen received a charter from King Robert. In the year 1326 Simon Gellan was Provost of this city, and contributed much to the improvement of the same.—[*Ancient Records.*

The city was governed by Provost William Strabrok in 1329. John Randal, Earl of Moray, Governor of the kingdom, thought it most expedient for the good of the nation to pursue David Cumming, Earl of Athol, appointed by Edward of England, as Governor. Randal having collected his forces came to Aberdeen, where David Cumming was, and pursued him. Some years after, the English continued their cruelty in Aberdeen, under the command of Lord Henry Beaumont, who married Jane Cumming, heritrix of the Earl of Buchan

That like the rose perfumes the passing sky.
The Menzies long time have grac'd the land,

---

who fled to England, and kept a strong garrison in the castle.—[*Muses Threnodie.*

The citizens held council how they might free themselves of the English yoke, resolved to fall upon the garrison, whom they cut off, and levelled the castle to the ground. For this his Majesty presented them with an armorial bearing, gules within a double tressure, counter flowered with fleur de lis argent, three towers triple towered or.

SUPPORTERS.—Two Leopards proper.

MOTTO.—Bon Accord.

After the castle was taken and ruined, the English being deeply affected for the loss of their men and the city, coalesced their forces to revenge the injury against Aberdeen. The citizens were headed by John Fraser, a friend to David Bruce. This army valiantly fought the English in the church-yard of St. Nicholas, and were victorious, although with great loss.

In 1342, David Fingask was Provost, who behaved with great resolution against the English. Edward III. to revenge the defeat in the garrison and city, fitted out a fleet and sailed for Aberdeen in 1330, where they landed; and after robbing the churches and city, killed all they could find, men, women, and children, sparing

And beat our enemies with a strenuous hand;
When free from war and all its dire alarms,

---

none but such as saved their lives by flight. After plundering, they set fire to the city, which burnt for six days; and after being rebuilt, it obtained the name of New Aberdeen.—[*Boethius, Spottiswood.*

His Majesty, David Bruce, then granted a new Charter to Aberdeen, dated Perth, March 28, 1365, in the 34th year of his reign, which Charter is yet to be seen in the Book of Records.

In 1349, Simon Linton was Provost of the city, and built part of the wall which surrounded it.

In 1350, Robert Eddie was Provost, and continued until 1352, when William Leith was Provost; and in 1360, 1361, Thomas Mercer was Provost, who contributed largely to adorn the city.

In 1366, Laurence Garvock was Provost, and was succeeded in 1367 by Laurence Foote.

In 1382, Alexander Bannerman was Provost, and Laurence Foote in 1384 and 1385.

In 1392 and 1393, William Cameron was Provost, and was succeeded by William Anderson in 1395, and again by William Cameron in 1396 to 1398.

In 1399 and 1400, Adam Benzie was Provost, and was succeeded by Laurence Leith in 1401; and in 1404 William Cameron, who was succeeded in 1405 by

The Bar and Court have felt their potent charms.
The city annals bear the Menzies' name,

---

Robert Davidson, and by Robert David in 1407, and in 1408 Robert Davidson.

In 1409, Robert Fitchet.

1410, Robert Davidson, who fell at Harlaw in 1411.

1411, Andrew Giffard.

1412, Thomas Chalmers.

1413, William Jackson.

1416, Thomas Rollo.

1419, Andrew Giffard.

1423, Gilbert Menzies.

1425, John Vaus.

Gilbert Menzies again filled the Chair, and was succeeded by John Vaus.

1434, Thomas Chalmers.

1435, John Scroggie.

1437, John Fyfe.

Thomas Chalmers was again elected, and Gilbert Menzies in 1439.

1440, John Fyfe.

1441, Mathew Fitchet.

1442, John Marr.

1443, Alexander Chalmers.

1445, John Vaus.

1446, Alexander Chalmers.

And ages yet will read their noble fame ;
True to their King, in ev'ry action just,

---

1447, William Sherrar.
1448, John Fyfe.
1450, John Scroggie.

John Vaus and John Scroggie founded the Convent of the Observantines, a religious order founded by Saint Francis of Assisum in 1226, and called Friars of Regular Observance. This Convent occupied the ground where Marischal College now stands. This Order were more fully established in 1419, by St. Bernardine of Sienna.

1452, John Fyfe.
1453, John Marr.
1454, Andrew Menzies.
1455 to 1457, John Scroggie.
1459 to 1466, Richard Kintore.
1469, Alexander Cameron.
1470, Alexander Allanson.
1471, Richard Kintore.
1472, Andrew Sherrar.
1473, Alexander Allanson.
1474, Alexander Chalmers.
1475, Alexander Menzies.
1476, Andrew Sherrar.
1477, Alexander Chalmers.
1478, Andrew Sherrar.

Nor once were known to deviate from their trust.
Ross, Collison, and Irvine next appear,

---

1479, Alexander Chalmers.

1480, Alexander Menzies.

1481, James Leslie.

1482, Robert Blinshell.

1483, John Rutherford of Migvie.

1484, Alexander Chalmers.

1485, Sir John Rutherford of Tarland, who received from his Majesty James II. along with the Lords and Barons, orders to assemble the citizens on the beach, four times in the year, and that they use archery every Sunday, each man to have a butt to shoot at, and to be allowed drink money; and every parish in the country to have six butts to shoot at —Act, James II. cap. 71.

1486, Alexander Menzies.

1487, Sir John Rutherford of Tarland.

1488, David Menzies.

1489, 1490, Sir John Rutherford of Tarland.

1491, John Cullen.

1492, Sir John Rutherford.

1493, Alexander Reid.

1494, David Menzies.

1495, Alexander Chalmers of Murtle and Sir John Rutherford filled the Chair from 1496 until 1500.

1501, Alexander Menzies for three years.

Each in his turn have grac'd the little sphere.
Those are her boast, and those she will record,

---

1504, John Leslie of Wardouse.

1505, Gilbert Menzies.

1506, Andrew Cullen.

Gilbert Menzies was re-elected in 1507, and continued until 1513.

In 1514, John Marr; in this year Thomas Erskine, Earl of Mar, built a Castle in the Gallowgate for his winter lodging, which Castle is yet extant in 1819. John Marr continued until 1516, and Gilbert Menzies was chosen, and continued until 1520.

1521, John Collison was chosen by the Burgesses, on a day ordered by virtue of the city statutes.

In 1560, the Barons of Kincardine, accompanied by some sacrilegious robbers, demolished the Convent of the Dominicans in the School-hill. The Dominicans were called by some Jacobites, and by others Predicant or Preaching Friars; in England they were called Black Friars. The name Dominican came from Dominic, their founder, a Spaniard, born in 1170 at Calagora in Old Castile: he was first Canon and Archdeacon of Orma, and afterwards preached with great zeal and vehemence against the Albigenses. This order was approved of in 1215, by Pope Honorius III. and obtained a Bull in 1216. Gilbert du Fresnoy and some of his

With civic wreaths their temples still are stor'd.
Wash'd by the ocean the heath clad Grampians guard

---

brethren were sent to Britain, and erected their first Monastery at Oxford. The Monastery in the School-hill was founded by Alexander II. in 1227, and the Monks had L.5 sterling, from his lands of Barrydenny, to pray for the soul of his Spouse, Margaret Logie.

They then proceeded to the Convent of the Carmelites in the Green, which they also demolished. They were called Carmelite or White Friars, and formed one of the four Orders of Mendicant or Begging Friars, taking both name and origin from Mount Carmel in Syria, formerly inhabited by the Prophets Elias and Elisha, and by the Children of the Prophets, from whom this Order pretend to descend in an uninterrupted succession; and tell, that on the very ground where the Prophet Elijah ascended they first built a small Cottage, and afterwards a Chapel, where they led very austere lives in labour and solitude. The manner in which they make out their antiquity has something in it too ridiculous to be rehearsed, as many of them pretended they were the immediate descendants of Jesus Christ. Others go yet farther, and make Pythagoras a Carmelite, and that the Druids were a regular branch of this Order. Phocus, a Greek Priest or Monk, speaks the most reasonably; he says, that in

Thee as a wall whose pointed tops are rear'd.
Aloft in air, there dwells contentment pure,

---

his days, viz. in 1185, Elias Cave was extant on this mountain, near which were the vestiga of a building, which intimated there had been a Monastery. Berthold, an old Monk, a Priest of Calabria, pretended a revelation from the Prophet Elias to fix there, and assembled ten of his brethren. In 1209, Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave these solitaries a rigid rule, since printed by Papebroch, and which, in 1217, or according to others Pope Honorius III. approved and confirmed, though it was afterwards mitigated by Pope Innocent IV. Saint Louis brought some of these Carmelites to France. Many of the Popes gave them the name of Fratres de Maria Beata, Brethren of the Blessed Virgin.—[*Encyclopædia Britannia.*

The first of them came to England in 1240. In 1350, Philip Arbuthnot founded a Convent of Carmelites in the Green, in honour of the Virgin Mary; and in 1355 gave the Monks 13s. 4d. yearly, to keep the house in repair. At the demolition of this Monastery, there was found among the rubbish, a Silver Chain six feet in length, with a rosary at one end and a pearl at the other. *Thom's History of Aberdeen.*

August 13, 1562, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, came to Aberdeen, and staid several days in the house of

And semper eadem blooms the genial flower.
Hail Caledonia! hail my native wild,

---

Mr. Charles Thomson, Exchequer-row. In 1576, Gilbert Menzies of Coul was Provost.

1577, Thomas Menzies of Pitfoddels for 11 years.

1588, Thomas Menzies of Durn for 2 years.

1590, Alexander Cullen.

1591, Alexander Rutherford.

1592, Thomas Menzies, Junior of Durn.

1593, John Cheyne. In this year George Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland, founded an University in the Broad Street, on the ground where the Observantine Convent stood, and gave for its support, the tenements formerly held by the Black and Grey Friars. The noble family of Keith are early ranked in Scottish history. In the year 997, a Captain, under Malcolm, called Catti or Cathi, (Keith) fought and distinguished himself in the war with the Danes, for which Malcolm bestowed on him a Knighthood. In the year 1001, a few days after the Danes were defeated at Mortlach, Swegan their King collected an army from Denmark and Norway, under the command of Prince Camus. The corps landed in Angus, and laid siege to the Castle of Brechin, but found it impregnable at that time. Malcolm and Cathi marched to oppose them, and a smart battle ensued; Malcolm obtained the victory, in which Prince Camus fell, and

Thou nursing parent of the muses' child.
My native soil, I hail each hill and wood,

---

Malcolm stooping to the dying man, dipped three of his fingers in his blood, and touching the right shoulder of Cathi, said—Veritas vincit—Truth conquers; which fingers are still held in the arms of Keith.

In 1594, John Collison was Provost.
1596, Alexander Rutherford.
1597, Alexander Chalmers of Cults.
1598, Alexander Rutherford.
1599, Alexander Cullen.
1600, Alexander Rutherford.
1601, Alexander Cullen.
1602, Thomas Menzies of Durn.
1603, Alexander Rutherford.
1664, David Menzies, senior.
1605, Alexander Rutherford.
1606, Alexander Cullen.
1607, Alexander Rutherford.
1608, Alexander Cullen.
1609, Alexander Rutherford.

1610, Alexander Cullen, who died October 31, and Alexander Rutherford was elected in his stead, and continued four years.

1615, Thomas Menzies of Cults was Provost, and was created a Knight in 1617, and in September, 1620,

The heath clad mountains and each silver flood,
That like a mirror shews the rugged height,

---

departed this life on his return from England, and Alexander Rutherford was elected in his place.

1621, David Rutherford.

1622, George Nicolson.

1623, Paul Menzies of Kinmundie for ten years. In this year, William Keith, son to George Keith, Earl Marischal, granted a Charter of Confirmation to the University.

In 1630, Paul Menzies was knighted.

In 1632, Dr. William Guild erected the old Trinity Monastery, for a Hall to the Trades. This house was a Palace to his Majesty William the Lion, and founded in 1181; as also, his house on St. Catherine's Hill, afterwards used as a Convent for the Grey Sister's of the Order of St. Catherine, a Society founded in 1342 by a Lady. His Majesty made over his Palace to the Trinity Friars for a Monastery. This society were early founded, obtained great gifts from his Holiness Pope Innocent III. and were fully confirmed in 1211.—[*Barclay's History of Aberdeen.*

They were called Red Friars, and pretended to be Canons Regular, and took the name Trinity Friars or Mathureans, from their Monastery in Paris dedicated to St Mathurus; as also, De Redemptione Captivorum,

The flowers, and woods, the sky in beauty bright.
Hail Scotland, country of the vale and hill!

---

their office being to redeem captives from Turkish slavery. His Majesty William also gave them the lands of Banchory, Cowie, Merecloff, the fisheries of Dee and Don, the ground of Tillquhilly, Rothney, and Monymusk. Abbot Howe, of Trinity Convent, Aberdeen, is mentioned in the Ragman's Roll, or the oath of fealty made to King Edward by all the Bishops, Abbots, Priors, Monks, Parsons, Friars, Vicars, Abbesses, Prioresses, Nuns, Earls, Barons, Knights, Citizens, Burgesses, Aldermen, Committees of Cities and Boroughs, and others inhabitants of Scotland, as appears by four large Rolls in the Tower of London, intituled—De Juramentii homagii et fidelitatis Edwardo Regi Anglia, nominatim praestitis per unam quamq; individuam personam regni Scotiæ. The Oath of homage and fidelity, sworn to Edward King of England, by every person in the kingdom of Scotland. These Rolls are called the Ragman's Roll.

John of Matha and Philip of Valois were the first founders of the Trinity Friars. There was another order, founded by Peter Nolasco, and called the Order of St. Mary. Philip, or as he is sometimes called Felix, of Valois, was an Anchorite of Cerfrad, two miles distant from Grandoles, and the Order was confirmed by Innocent IV. by a Bull, dated Nov. 26, 1216: they were

Hail soil paternal dear to me are still !
The dusky shades and every prospect drear,

---

also called Robertines. The Grey Sisters had a Convent in the Guestrow. They were of the Order of St. Mary: on the gate is seen this inscription—Domine da quod pubes—Lord give what seemeth to thee meet.

Each Order of these Monks were distinguished by their dress. The Black Friars wore a white garment, and over that a black robe, and were the inventors of the rosary of the B. V. The Grey Friars wore coarse grey cloathing, with a cowl fixed to their cloaks, and a girdle of rope round their loins; they walked bare-footed.

The Trinity Hall received their Charter from Dr. William Guild in 1633. Over the gate is Jupiter, a lion sol, within a bordure of the first: crest, an imperial crown, G. R. 1181.

Dr. Guild's Arms —Or, three roses gules, parted by a bend azure, Dr. W. G. Fundateur, 1632.

To the Glory of God, and the Comfort of the Poor, this House was given to the Craft by William Guild.

He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that what he hath given he will repay.—Prov. xix. 17.

In 1634, Peter Leslie of Eden was Provost, but resigned until 1639, when he again was called.

Sir Paul Menzies was chosen in 1634.

1635, Robert Johnston of Crimond was elected Pro-

Are scenes of joy to every Scotsman dear.
The haughty Dane and Roman sought in vain,

---

vost, but was deposed by the Privy Council, and Alex. Jaffray of Kingswells was chosen in his room.

1637, Robert Johnston of Crimond.

1638, Alexander Jaffray.

1639, Peter Leslie of Eden for two years.

1641, Alexander Jaffray.

1642, Peter Leslie for two years.

1644, Robert Farquhar of Munie.

1645, Thomas Gray for two years.

In 1647, the Council was held in Gilcomston, as the plague then raged in the city. In this pestilential disorder, there died 1760 persons.

1648, Thomas Gray.

1649, Alexander Jaffray of Kingswells. The Parliament unanimously voted for the coronation of Charles II. and inaugurated him King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and from the Three Estates of the kingdom selected Commissioners to go in form, and loyally invite his Majesty to a Crown and Kingdom, legally descended from 108 Sovereigns.

Provost Jaffray was appointed by Parliament as Commissioner for the expedition fitting out for Holland, where his Majesty was. Being known long for his fidelity, he entreated the Parliament to take into considera-

The free-born spirit of thy youths to chain.
Thou Caledonia mock'd their threats and war,

---

tion the most important articles of his commission, that he might with more facility rectify the affairs of the city of Aberdeen, relating to the public in general. To this the Parliament assented, and appointed some able managers, and by Act declared themselves the Nation's Representatives, acknowledging the debt of 969,000 merks, or L.53,833 17s. 9⅓d. sterling, borrowed from Aberdeen, granting them the city cess, for as many months as would clear 18,000 merks; because such an enormous sum had almost drained the city coffers, and exhausted most of the mortified money belonging to Colleges, Hospitals and Schools, and the supplies for the indigent. But this sum was all that could be granted, until opportunity should offer to make full restitution, which hopes proved abortive, produced a list of weighty taxes, and procured a grant to the city for the space of six years to the Magistrates, who by their loyalty had incurred the displeasure of a few selfish individuals, which they more readily bore than suffer the nation to smart, having the adage in view, from two evils chuse the least.

Alexander Jaffray obtained from Parliament an Act, that no soldiers should be balloted for three years, and then shipped for Holland to bring home the King.

After his return, he was made Commissioner for the

The Danish eagle and the Roman car.
Still as a queen upheld thy standard free.

---

Convention of Burghs, held at Queensferry, and obtained by petition ½ a merk from L.100 of stipulated rent.

On his Majesty's arrival from the Hague he landed at Aberdeen, and was hailed with demonstrations of joy, bonfires, &c. and Provost Jaffray presented his Majesty with the silver keys of the city.

Thus, let us take a retrospective view of the opulence of Aberdeen in the 17th century, and we will find the population list 10,740; and the astonishing grandeur of of its funds, let us examine by logarithms—the 969,000 merks, or L.53,833 17s. 9⅓d. sterling, and we find that the simple interest for 169 years, viz. from 1649 to 1818, amounts to L 595,654 11s. 5⅓d. sterling; or should we rate it at compound interest, at five per cent. the amount must astonish us Aberdonians in the 19th century--the sum is in merks Scots 205,136,331, or L.11,396,462 16s. 8d. sterling. What economy, for such a city as Aberdeen to save such a sum as 969,000 merks; and what loyalty filled their breasts, to give it for the national support, and not expending it on pompous grandeur to appear pseudo gentlemen.

But to return from the digression, and resume our history of Aberdeen, which in loyalty, opulence, and fine arts, seemed to outrival the other cities in Scotland.

True to the Guelph and every royal tree,
Religion's prop and firm support of truth.

---

The typographic art found its way to this city in 1635, and was carried on by Mr. Ed. Raban, and was succeeded by Mr. John Forbes in 1680; since that period the art has flourished in this city, so that in the present year, 1819, there are two regular Offices, besides several lesser branches, and the city increased in population.

In 1650, Robert Farquhar was Provost.

1651, Alexander Jaffray.

1652, George Morison of Pitfour for three years.

1655, Thomas Gray.

1656, George Cullen, who died while in office, and was succeeded by John Jaffray for three years.

1660, Gilbert Gray for two years.

1662, William Gray 1663, Gilbert Gray.

1664, Robert Petrie for two years.

1666, Gilbert Gray.

1667, Robert Petrie for four years.

1671, Robert Forbes of Rubislaw for three years.

1674, Robert Petrie.

1675, Robert Forbes.

1676, George Skene of Fintray, who continued until 1685, and unanimously elected until 1689, when Alex. Gordon was chosen.

1690, John Sandilands.

The staff of age and guardian shield of youth.
The charming nine have left the hill and vale,

---

1691, Walter Cochrane for two years.
1693, Robert Cruickshank.
1696, John Johnston.
1697, Alexander Walker.
1698, Thomas Mitchell for two years.
1700, John Allardyce for two years.
1702, Thomas Mitchell for two years.
1704, Alexander Paton for two years.
1706, John Gordon for two years.
1708, John Allardyce for two years.
1710, John Ross for two years.
1712, John Allardyce for two years.
1714, Robert Stuart for two years.
1716, John Gordon for two years.
1718, George Fordyce for two years.
1720, Robert Stuart for three years.

In 1721 was built St. Paul's Chapel, Gallowgate, 80 feet by 30, and has an aisle on the north side, 36 feet in front, and 21 feet backward. The galleries are supported by columns of the Tuscan order, over which are placed columns of the Ionic order.

1723, George Fordyce for two years.
1725, Robert Stuart for two years.
1726, George Fordyce for two years.

In Caledonia's verdant groves to dwell.
Dear native plains, can pomp or time efface,

---

1728, William Cruickshank for two years.

1730, James Morison for two years.

In the year 1731, the beautiful Gothic church, 120 feet long, dedicated to St. Nicholas, Patron of Virgins, built in 1482, was condemned. It was built on the ground where the Dominican Convent stood, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, founded in 1220 by Alexander II. In 1742 the Church was pulled down, and an elegant fabric erected on the ground, called the West Church.

The old Church of St. Nicholas had no carvings nor decorations of any kind, but a grandeur and simplicity run through the whole, which at once awed and charmed the spectator. The middle aisle was broad and lofty, the arches very high, and the pier light and well turned.

The new Church was opened Nov. 9, 1755, and the Rev. John Ogilvie preached, from Exod. xx. 24. The Church measures in length 100 feet 6 inches by 66; the middle is 25 feet broad, and each of the side aisles, including the thickness of the piers, is 20 feet 6 inches. The piers between the arches are 4 feet 6 inches by 3 feet; the side walls are parallel with the East or New Church, and although 15 feet 6 inches shorter than the old Church, it will contain double the number of people.

From this my heart, my first, my natal place,
Where Dee majestic laves the verdure gay,

---

The windows are in the modern stile. In the west gable is a large arched window, from the bottom of which is projected, with a gentle slop, a gallery for the Masters and Scholars of the Grammar School. From the front of this gallery spring two side ones, on a line with the inside of the piers, till they close the square, by intersecting the corners of a superb gallery in the East end, appropriated for the Magistracy. In the centre of this gallery there is a Canopy, supported by four fluted mahogany columns of the Corinthian order, with their capitals gilt. There is a pediment in front, on which the town's arms are cut in alto relievo, and properly coloured. Over the breast of the gallery hangs a deep covering of crimson velvet, with a gold fringe. Here the Magistracy sit. On a dead wall, at the back of the gallery, are two pieces of tapestry, one representing Ahasuerus holding forth the golden sceptre to Queen Esther, the other Jephthah meeting his daughter. A very elegant pulpit and reader's desk stand on the centrical pier, on the south side wall of the middle aisle.

The East Church is a fine Gothic building, 86 feet in length to the breast of the altar. The arches which divide the middle and side aisles are lofty, and supported by strong pillars. The Church has a double row of gal-

And on the verge I spent whole hours in play;
And when fatigu'd with the juvenile dance,

---

leries in the west end, and a single row on each side; the breasts of them in a line with the pillars. In a large bow window, divided into three lights by small stone piers, stood the altar. This projection is 22 feet broad in front, 18 feet deep, and was called the Sanctum Sanctorum; but is now filled with pews. In the body of the Church hang several brass chandeliers, and before the upper gallery, in the west end, hangs a small ship in full trim.

1732, William Cruickshank was Provost, and was elected for two years.

1734, Hugh Hay for two years.

1736, John Robertson two years.

1738, William Chalmers two years.

1740, Alexander Robertson two years.

1742, Alexander Anderson two years.

1744, Alexander Aberdein.

1746, William Chalmers.

1748, Alexander Robertson.

1750, Alexander Livingston.

1752, James Morison.

1754, William Mowat.

1756, Alexander Robertson.

1758, John Duncan.

I stoop'd to see reflecting landscapes glance,
In the clear stream, and from the grassy side,

---

1760, William Davidson two years.
1762, John Duncan.
1764, George Shand.
1766, John Duncan.
1768, James Jopp.
1770, George Shand.
1772, James Jopp.
1774, Adam Duff.
1776, James Jopp.
1778, William Young.

In 1437, Elizabeth Gordon, heritrix of Huntly, founded a Chapel at St. Leonard's Altar, in the old Church of St. Nicholas.

The Church of St. Ninian, on the Castle-hill, was entire in 1638; and the Marchioness of Huntly, on her death, was conveyed there to obtain several masses for her soul, and then carried to St. John the Evangelist's aisle, on the north side of St. Machar's Cathedral, and there interred in the vault purchased by George Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, from Dr. Alexander Scroggie, in 1630.

In 1780, James Jopp was Provost for two years.
1782, William Young.
1784, William Cruden.

Selected flowers, the vernal Empress' pride.
On either verge methinks there yet appears,

---

1786, James Jopp two years.

1788, James Abercrombie.

1790, William Cruden.

1792, George Auldjo.

1794, James Abercrombie two years. In 1794 was founded the Barracks; the foundation stone was laid with great ceremony by the Most Noble the MARQUIS of HUNTLY, Honorary Mason, and followed by a splendid procession and ball. The pile was finished 1796, at the expence of L. 16,000.

In 1796, George More was Provost; and in that year the Barrack Hospital was founded.

In 1798, Thomas Leys two years.

1800, John Dingwall two years.

1802, James Hadden two years.

On the east end of the market-place stands the Roman Catholic Chapel, founded in June 1803, and dedicated to St. Peter, 90 feet by 33. The altar is of exquisite workmanship and elegantly covered. The decorations in front are, first, the Angel Gabriel conveying the tidings to Mary, and our Saviour presenting the keys to St. Peter, and giving him commission to feed his sheep, and on the left the Ascension. On the top of the altar stands the Sanctum Sanctorum, surrounded by a rail; and at

The strong record of youth and passing years,
Ties such as these are platted on my heart,

---

the back is the representation of a large Gothic window, elegantly finished. On a dead wall on each side are two Gothic pillars, supporting the two angelic virtues, Faith and Hope. On the wall over the Vestry is a painted window, on the opposite side is another window of painted glass, and the whole is heightened by an octagon cupola, which makes a splendid appearance. Round the wall, within the altar railway, are beautiful painted Gothic fret work, and clusters of pillars with pedestals; on each pedestal stands one of the Twelve Apostles and other saints—the whole paintings done by Mr. George Lamont, jun. Painter, Aberdeen. The pulpit is raised on a fine pedestal, and is in form of a cocoa nut, crowned with a globe and cross; on the canopy is seen the Holy Ghost, descending in form of a dove, attended by legions of angels. On the opposite wall is a beautiful Horologe, crowned with bald-pated time, in the attitude of flying with his scythe. The walls are painted round the church in the modern or ashler form, and adorned with three beautiful cut chrystal chandeliers, suspended from the roof, and the whole gradually warmed by two stoves, at the south west end of the church. The gallery and pulpit are hung with a fringed covering of crimson velvet. In the front are seats for the choir, who chaunt

Nor from those scenes can aught make me depart
From all that oft my infant years employ'd,

---

to the sound of an organ, and the gallery is lighted by an oblong square cupola.

1804, Thomas Leys two yeare.

1806, Alexander Brebner of Lairney two years.

1808, George More. In 1809 Bridwell was founded, and completed in 1812, at L.10,000.

1811, James Young two years.

1813, James Hadden two years.

1815, Alexander Fraser.

1816, 1817, Vacancy.

On the east side of the King Street stands the Episcopal Chapel, dedicated to St. Andrew, founded in 1816, an elegant fabric of florid Gothic work. The Surgeon's Hall was founded in 1818.

1818, 1819, Alexander Brebner of Lairney.

By the extent of the buildings and the New Pier, which alone wasted L.120,000, the city was greatly reduced and almost failed; but by rules of economy and some aid, the difficulty was surmounted.

We have now seen an abbreviate account of the city of Aberdeen, from infant period until the present year, for the space of one thousand years. The city rose by slow degrees, for the population table in 1755 was 15,730—in 1801 it was 25,000—and in 1812, 35,200;

From woe and bless I suffer'd and enjoy'd.
Mix'd are all these, those well known views arise,

---

but in 1819 it was increased to 40,000. A little from this stood St. Clement's Chapel, or Footdee.

Nigg, on the south side of the Dee, on the border of the German ocean, where the chain of mountains called the Grampians terminate. Here are to be seen several monuments of antiquity, viz. tumuli, barrows, and druidical circles. Here are two remarkable Barrows or Cairns, but whether they had been used as sepulchres or beacons is not known, the former has most probability. Prior to 1798, on removing the turf from one of the four conical mounds above the inner entrance of the harbour, there was found a Kistraen, consisting of two side stones, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length; the end stones were much shorter, and all covered with a broad stone, but there is no mark of an instrument on any of them. Within this chest was found an urn, six inches high, formed of baked clay, and having a yellow crust simply figured. The ruins of an old building, a part belonging to St. Vigean's Abbey, Arbroath, were found on digging at the upper part of the harbour.

The Abbey of Arbroath was founded by William the Lion in 1178, and dedicated to St. Vigean. By the remains of this Abbey, it appears to have been a very spacious and magnificent edifice, and was erected for the use

And each new object all the past supplies;
Each childish sport that my attention drew,
Or charm'd my heart when life and health were new.
Hail sea beat island, Caledonians sing,
The yoke is broke, peace spreads her balmy wing,
And o'er the isle displays her plumage bright,
Discord and feuds are sunk in realms of night.
Astrea reigns, and Vulcan's Cyclops are,

---

and entertainment of the Tironesian Monks, in honour of Thomas a Becket. This Abbey was granted by John, King of England, privileges equal to any monasteries or English subject, exclusive of those peculiar to the city of London. Many were the immunities and benefactions granted to this Abbey, among which was that of Pope Benedict, who granted to the Abbot and his successors, the right to wear the mitre, rings, robes, and other pontifical ornaments. This Monastery, by its land receipts and records, in 1562, were in Money, L.2553 14s — Wheat, 30 chalders, 3 bolls, 3 firlots, and 2 pecks.— Bear, 143 chalders, 9 bolls, 2 pecks.—Meal, 196 chalders, 9 bolls, 2 pecks.—Corn, 27 chalders, 11 bolls.— Salmon, 3 lasts and 1 barrel. The small receipts, viz. Beasts, Fines, and Poultry, are omitted.—[*Keith's Church History.*

To ploughshares beating helmet, sword and spear.
The Gallic bird no more extends his throat,
No more ca ira o'er the Lilies float.
The Fleur de Lis and Rose in friendship join,
With Hemp and Oak and purple shafted Pine.
And the green Shamrock decks Hibernia's shore,
Will spread her leaves and danger fear no more.
Then strike the harp ye aged minstrels all,
Let mirth abound in every stately hall,
Till rocks and woods reverberate again,
The pleasing echo of the jocund strain.
Sing of the island compass'd by the sea,
Long sought, long envy'd, yet for ever free;
Tell how Minerva left the choir above,
To dwell with Scotsmen firmly join'd in love;
Tell how she said Jove, Father hear a maid,
Let filial tears o'er sterner vows pervade.
Call me not back from Caledonia more,
But let me dwell on Dee's enamell'd shore;
To hear the Patriot of his country sing,
Till rocks and woods reverberating ring.
The young men sing, Hail Scotland, land of truth,
Land of my sires and friend of strenuous youth.
What gold or gems in an unknown land,
Could ever tempt me from my native strand;
A land of love, say can I quit the shore,

And shape my way beyond th' Atlantic's roar.
Sweet is my land and dear my native stream,
Dear is the friend who owns a patriot flame;
What charming view in April and in May,
To see the surge and gentle billows play.
When on the beach to see the whiten'd sail,
Expanded wide, and brac'd to catch the gale.
The mingled music of surrounding shores,
Is heighten'd by the lab'rous dashing oars.
As the small barque skims o'er the heaving main,
The well known shore and safer port to gain.
My native isle each mountain I revere,
Each vale where lives men warm, just, true, sincere.
Firm as the rock, a people ever brave,
To guard the land of their forefathers grave.
'Tis scenes as these makes Scotland dearer still,
Each heath clad brow and gentle purling rill.
Near Aberdonia let me musing stray,
And flowing poesy guide me on my way,
Till this frail barque, of argillaceous form,
Is wreck'd by death and weather'd by the storm.
'Tis then the hulk is gnaw'd by worms again,
What once was dust turns dust and skims the plain.
O Bon Accord, my native city dear,
In thee I first inhal'd my vital air;

There let me die, 'tis here my father's sleep,
And daisied mounds are spread below our feet,
To mark the ground, the animate behold,
And see the brass make room for age of gold.
Honour and pomp are seen on every side,
And Bon Accord in Orient splendours ride.
In the rich gardens see the roses bloom,
And fill the air with balmy light perfume.
Each velvet leaf gemm'd with the pearly dew,
That shew in mirror fields and clouds of blue.
Before gay Phœbus thro' the conclave guides,
And throws his radiance o'er expanding tides;
While stellar earth exalts and sinks her poles,
And on her axis most triumphant rolls.
But when the monarch of the day appears,
The pines and flowers wipe off the morning tears.
Earth, water, air, revere the diurnal flame,
And every herb presents a pearly gem.
Hail light celestial from the morning born,
Eternal beam and to eternal morn.
Effluense d'or, bright essence increate,
None knows thy birth, nor one thy pompous state.
From thee the chemic art and maxims spring,
And gives to matter its elastic wing.
Fair Aberdonia, every hill and grove,
Raise new felt joys of patriotic love;

Where civic taste with rural is combin'd,
In all their charms to captivate the mind.
Hail vale of bliss, and softly swelling hills,
Sweet cultivation grows beside the rills.
How sweet to view the gem bespangl'd morn,
And hear the linnet warble on the thorn.
By Dee's clear streams soft ripling in the wind,
And fumy Naiades leave their mates behind.
And the grand mirror gently doth display,
Objects of wonder, vessels rigged gay;
Who gently spread their pinions to the gale,
And o'er the wide cerulean world sail.
The Indian treasures to the merchants bring,
Fine cochineal and riches to our King;
A King we love, and all his laws revere,
His lenient sway, nor rigid nor severe.
May he long rule, and grace the British throne,
And point new graces to his Royal Son;
Till winged time shall call him to the shore,
To reign where worlds shall changing know no more.

END OF THE DEE.

# ON WAR.

O! si vous l'avez vue, mon cher Telemaque, avant le regne de Pigmalion; vous auriez ete plus etonne. Vous ne trouvez plus ici maintenent que le tristes restes d'une grandeur, qui menace ruine. O malheureuse Tyre en quelle mains es tu tombe, autrefois le mere t'apportoit le tribut de tous les peuples de la terre.

TELEMAQUE.

HASTE quit thy car, Bellona, break the reins,
With devastation load no more our plains.
Since War exults thee and is all thy choice,
Fly to the Styx, where every hellish voice
Still sings of war, and throw around their head,
The poisons that Pandora there convey'd.
Man now is wearied with the galling yoke,
And wish thee chain'd in the realms of smoke:
With join'd accord they vow to break the chain,
And hurl thee headlong to the Stygian plain.
Collect thy furies, fly from earth afar,
In h—— throw forth thy baneful shafts of war,
Bid an adieu and visit us no more.

But come Astrea, with thy lenient store
Of Peace and Love, the tales of woe appear,
As shocks electric on the human ear.
Let us look back and view the shocking scene,
The curling flames, and blood besmeared plain.
What transmigration where fair Flora wore
Her spangl'd robe, is cloth'd in purple gore?
And see the frenzied adverse armies join
With sulphur'd smoke, and men and steeds resign,
Their vital fluid thro' every gashing wound,
And rolls in currents o'er the stained ground.
Hark the harsh bugle every line alarms,
And host meet host and wield their flexile arms.
The leaders move, the Generals bawl with pride,
From wing to wing the foaming troopers ride.
Their plumage shaking with each blast of wind,
And seem to float and leave the helm behind;
At every stroke we hear a dying groan,
A soldier sinks and none the loss bemoan,
But some dear friends on a far distant shore,
Who look in vain, the hero is no more.
With eye reverted pity breathes a gale,
Of sighs, and shudders at the awful tale.
The orphans mourn, the widow drops a tear,
For him that once was to her bosom dear;
To concave skies her prayers and tears are sent,

With hair dishevelled and her garments rent.
Then weeps again, and mourns her dismal fate,
Her infants orphans in a wretched state;
Who now must roam for help from door to door,
And bear the insults showered on the poor.
Whence spring those ills ye letter'd genius say,
To cause man deviate from the beaten way?
And stain his hands with his own neighbour's blood,
To wade to riches o'er the reeking flood,
When him that made us, and first gave us life,
Bade us not kill but fly from noise and strife.
Fly then, Bellona, let these horrors cease,
Let altars fume with hecatombs of peace.
Hear, hear, O heaven, and from thy august throne,
Bow down thy ear and seal us for thy own:
Let not our crimes impede the ærial way,
Nor blasting winds convey the seed away.
May every soul thy Majesty adore,
While here and where death shews his face no more.

# BRITISH LIBERTY.

THE Moon in majesty array'd,
Had shaken off old Neptune's chain,
Ten thousand nymphs in azure clad,
With lighted flambeaux in her train.
The ev'ning gun had warn'd to rest,
The camp, and watchmen left to tell,
The hours, and with distended chest,
Around the walls they sung all's well.
Lo! on a silver car appears,
About the silent hour of prime,
An ærial guest with flaxen hairs,
Made all the guards forget their chime.
A golden cloud around him stood,
Like Phœbus rising from the sea,
The guardian angel cried aloud,
Britannia ever shall be free.
The twinkling forgot to dance,
But stood around in silent awe,
More brighter seem'd the wide expanse,
A heav'n of light the watchman saw.
They now fell prostrate with surprise,

Ne'er us'd such brilliant light to see,
Fear not the guardian angel cries,
Britannia ever shall be free.
To earth the golden cloud descends,
And rested on the tented plain,
The angel thrice his wand extends,
Then sung a grand melodious strain.
Can Vulcan's bolts and Gallia's yoke,
Tie up thy boasted liberty,
Fear not each gin and charm are broke,
And you shall dwell in harmony.
His head a crown of stars adorn'd,
Celestial grandeur round him shone,
The radiant flambeaux brighter burn'd,
A triple row of stars his zone.
Again he spoke in dulcet sound,
Can France link fetters hard for thee,
Their mighty power heav'n will confound,
Britannia ever shall be free.
Tho' Gallic Lilies warfare wage,
The Rose and Thistle still shall reign,
The monarchs on the British stage,
And Neptune's bulwarks guard the main.
Britannia sits in freedom's chair,
Vain boasting Lily where's the charm,
The Rose from off its stalk to tear,

Her spines will all your rage disarm.
Then sing ca ira on your shores,
Rome, Denmark, fought in vain with me,
The trumpets sound, the lion roars,
Huzza for British Liberty.
Behold him lift his Royal paw,
To guard the oak, the bulwark tree,
Smiles at Franconian faux pas,
Britannia ever shall be free.
Their hosts en masse, a General great,
Who sighs to have the world his own,
But Thistle, Rose, and Hemp, all wait,
To shake the haughty tyrant's throne.
They draw their swords in freedom's cause,
Their country's their paternal tie,
Their King and Church, their home and laws,
And smiling dove-eyed Liberty.
But hark, I hear the dunghill King,
Proclaim the morn, I dare not stay,
Aurora's coursers upward spring,
And morning jubars sweetly play.
When Phæton sinks in Thetis' lap,
I will return and visit thee,
Cheer up my sons, I dare not stop,
Britannia ever shall be free.
Aurora rob'd in orient bloom.

Rose gently o'er the horizon brow,
The flowerets wrought in Flora's loom,
Expand their cups to morning dew.
Drums beat and clarions harshly sound,
The call to arms, and soon we see,
The ranked phalanx tread the ground,
To fight and keep Britannia free.
The General calls, shall the proud foe,
Set foot on our insular shore,
His germ of anarchy to sow,
And from the nose stalk pull the flower.
No, no, it never shall be said,
Fair Albion bows her royal knee,
For help: no, Neptune crowns her head,
Britannia ever shall be free.
Bright Horus now with Neptune sleeps,
And Luna rose in argent dye,
Transcendantly the chariot skips,
Across the azure ev'ning sky.
The messenger again descends,
And in hand an olive tree,
Glad tidings to thy isle portends,
For Britons ever shall be free.
Sound fife and drum and hautboy c'ear,
The bells shall sound along the shore,
Peace comes to break the hateful s,ear,

And war is hush'd for evermore.
Meek dove-ey'd Pax with thee will stay,
Hail Britons, hail the auspicious morn,
War shall no more lead thee astray,
But fly beyond the Stygian bourne.
The jackdaw, reft of borrow'd plumes,
Lies on St. Helena's rocky shore,
The Fleur de Lis more lovely blooms,
The Bourbons wear the regal flower.
Long had the nightshade bloom'd in pride,
And stood in borrow'd plumes array'd,
The Vine and Pine, the Rose for guide,
Made the usurped foilage fade.
The borrow'd lustre once his boast,
Is fallen and none the loss bemoan,
Trode under by the allied host,
And Louis once more bears the crown.
Again sing praise, and welcome peace,
And hymns of adoration pour
Thro' earth, nor let the triumph cease,
But Zion's Three in One adore.

## TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WHEN Beasts and Birds, and Flies of old,
Harangu'd in every town,
And crawling Insects were so bold,
To claim the regal Crown.
A Rat well vers'd in courtly chime,
Such as sycophants make,
A banquet made with strain sublime,
Bids every friend partake.
A country Rat among the crowd,
The City Beau espy'd,
To him he bow'd in form la mode,
In every action ey'd.
With civic grace the courtier grinn'd,
And firmly grasp'd his hand,
My honour'd long respected friend,
Thrice welcome to this land.
But tell me, Sir, what power has charms,
That you secluded dwell,
With ignorance and her hated germs,
Where rustics fix their cell.
Forsake, my friend, that vulgar life,
And join the wits in town,

The charming belles, the civic wife,
And sage in ermine gown.
Come live with me rare viands share,
On cedar tables plac'd,
The floors mosaic carpets rare,
Each room with brilliants grac'd.
He half consents, the courtier swore,
No jars nor strife should move,
Nor loose their union, they would soar,
On wings of peace and love.
They then retir'd to share the fete,
As they no danger found,
But forks and knives, and dishes neat,
With harp and timbrel's sound.
Scarce seated at the groaning board,
With smoking sirloins spread,
When trembling seiz'd the lace-cloth'd Lord.
And soon his fear display'd.
A hasty sound and quick'ning step,
Resounded on the floor,
Each to their distant corners creep,
Or where they thought secure.
The footstep died as they retir'd,
All hush'd again they meet,
With love urbanic all are fir'd,
To taste the desert sweet.

We will return and sip again,
What in the glasses shine,
There's nothing cheers the gods and men,
But sparkling cups of wine.
No, no, replied the rural boor,
I vow my heart doth beat,
I'll sip the pressed grape no more,
But seek my rustic seat.
Within these walls no more I'll stay,
I hate a civic life,
I love where kids and lambkins play,
And knows nor fear nor strife.
Piqu'd at my stay, in haste I will,
My thatched cot explore,
Nor smoking sirloins, goblets full,
Shall tempt my mind no more.
Though you with ermin'd Lords and King,
Can breakfast, sup, and dine,
And hear the female Syrens sing,
When warm'd with rosy wine.
I to the village instant hie,
No luxury shall move
Me from my cot, tho' small, yet I
Can undisturbed rove.
Where dove-ey'd peace sits on my board,
Tho' poverty is seen,

'Tis nature's gifts that crown the hoard,
Yet all are neat and clean.
Adieu vain Courts, Flirts, Belles, and Beaux,
Adieu for evermore,
Nor more shall these break my repose,
With bawbles garnish'd o'er.

# HYMN.

AURORA from the golden cloud,
With morning beams illum'd the air,
Bright Phœbus' coursers told abroad,
That morn of light would soon appear.

The sun resplendent leaves the deep,
All nature hails the genial ray,
The winged world a concert keep,
In grateful songs their thanks to pay.

On Sion Hill the radiance shone,
The silver Silo's mirror clear,
Reflects the monarch's flaming throne,
The verdant grove, the dewy tear.

Fair Mary with the morning rose,
To see where JESUS' tomb was made,
And on the grave to tell her woes,
And pour sweet oil upon the dead.

She came, and bent in fervent prayer
Her knee, and humbly sought the LORD,
Her tender mind oppress'd with care,
Made her forget the sacred word

How was she seiz'd with tremor o'er,
As prostrate on the ground she lay,
When holy angels instant bore,
The sealed stone far from his clay.

One angel stood in raiment white,
And in soft strains of music spoke,
His countenance appear'd more bright,
Than Moses' vision 'midst the smoke.

I know thou seekest CHRIST the King,
Fear not, he's risen, and here no more,
Why does thy swelling bosom bring
Such sighs, think what he said before?

In rapid currents flow the tears,
Her heart rack'd with alternate pain,
Sigh crowds on sigh, and still she fears,
Him lost, not rais'd to life again.

More copious the tears now roll,
As by the sacred tomb she stood,
Deep sorrow wrung her weakly soul,
For him who bore the heavy load.

Those tears how vain she instant saw
The Lamb, but yet he was unknown:
He said, why read'st thou not the law,
Nor seek the LORD? know that he's gone.

Tell me, my noble Master, where
Can be his cold but holy clay?

That I may wash it with a tear,
Then to a grave the corse convey.
With accent harmonious and soft,
Mary, he said, she view'd her LORD,
She prostrate fell, and called oft
For mercy, as the tears quick flow'd.
O Mary dear suppress the sigh,
Dry up each tear, rejoice not mourn,
I rise no more again to die,
But to my father's courts return.
My feet are bath'd enough arise,
Thy crimes shall all forgiven be,
Go tell my friends that they rejoice,
And that they mourn no more for me.
For all thy tenderness and care,
An Alb and Crown thou shall receive,
And all the joys of heav'n to share,
And as the holy angels live.
To sing how GOD triumphant rose,
From sin and hell lost man to free,
His victory o'er the combin'd foes,
Dear Mary weep no more for me.

## APOCALYPSE, CHAP. XXII.

THE angel shew'd a river clear,
As chrystal round the throne,
Or as pure gems transparent are,
So bright the currents shone.

On flow'ry banks along the tide,
The city met the view,
Life's tree threw round its branches wide,
Green with celestial dew.

'Twas near the temple of the Lamb,
The healing tree arose,
Rear'd by the great and good I Am,
On which twelve balsams rose.

Each month a new blown blossom bears,
And healing fruits arise,
To cure all woe, to dry the tears,
And raise a heav'n of joys.

Tho' palsied limbs and putrid sores,
Distress the tender frame,
Eat of the fruit, the pains are o'er,
And health displays his fame.

No oaths are heard, no murmurs dare,

Arise where reigns the trine,
But hymns of praise eternal are,
Sung to the Lamb divine.

The countenance of God they see,
And that they still revere,
The sacred name of one in three,
They on their forehead bear.

Night shews her sable face no more,
Where reigns eternal day,
Pale moon, nor lamp, illumes the shore,
Nor Phœbus golden ray.

There Father, Son, and Spirit reign,
Brighter than mid-day sun,
Their beaming essence twist as vine,
And thro' the heav'ns run.

Give ear my son, all these are true,
And more than I have spoke,
'Tis God the Lamb has made the vow,
That never can be broke.

The Lord of Prophets, angels, saints,
A servant sent below,
With tidings glad to him that wants,
Aid in this vale of woe.

Lo ! Jesus comes, and happy they,
Who his commandments keep,
The prophecies these leaves display,

Nor yield to sin and sleep.
I, even I, have seen indeed,
The angel heard his sound,
I homage paid, nor rais'd my head,
But prostrate kiss'd the ground.
Rise, quickly rise, my son look up,
Behold I am like thee,
I am a servant, and my lips
Sings praises to the Three.
I am as thee, who hears my word,
Sent from the most Supreme,
We both are servants to the Lord,
Then laud his holy name.
God from on high forbid the seal,
For ever to be laid
On the law book, that all our zeal
May be to us display'd.
The sacred book shall open stand,
No more shall closed be,
Behold the time is near at hand,
When our reward we'll see.
Extortioners who usury love,
Let them still be unjust,
But all who justice laws approve,
Be faithful to the trust.
Those who delight in filth to lye,

And spurn God's word and will,
Let them exterminans obey,
And be as filthy still.

All ye who holiness respect,
Maintain the glorious cause,
The bawbles of the earth reject,
And still hold dear God's laws.

Walk on revere the sacred scale,
Unsullied faith preserve,
And all obnoxious thoughts expel,
That tend to make you swerve.

Quick as the lightning God will come,
And will reward each deed,
And every soul shall hear his doom,
Which guilty wretches dread.

God is the first, God is the last,
His works o'er all extend,
Alpha and Omega, holy, just,
Beginning, medium, end.

How happy they who in the blood,
Of Christ their vesture dy'd,
And swam triumphant o'er the flood,
To the Emanuel tide.

The tree of life, and every fruit,
For ever is their own,
And every porch and Israel's gate,

Are open every one.
Without what dogs and sorcerers,
In wild disorder lye,
Whoremongers and idolaters,
And men who speak a lie.
An angel to each church is sent,
As witness of the spring,
Of Sharon's rose from Jesse's tent,
And our Emanuel King.
The spirit and the bride shall say,
Let him that heareth come,
His hunger and his thirst allay,
And a new soul become.
To every one keeps pure these words.
The Lord of life declares,
To give rich crowns and silken cords,
Which he for them prepares.
Keep holy then Jehovah's law,
His august judgment fear,
Nor add one line, nor from it draw,
Think on the pangs severe:
God will inflict on those who look,
With contempt on his name,
Who will abridge this sacred Book,
Or add unto the same.
From living fount, and tree of life,

And the angelic train,
Consign'd to dwell in endless strife,
Where howling furies reign.

Who testifies these sacred things,
An angel is become,
The precursor of Christ King of Kings,
Come then Lord Jesus come.

May heav'nly grace as dew descend,
And purge the from all stain,
The Father, Son, on the attend,
And bless thy soul. Amen.

# CROMA.

LIST, list, I hear my lover's voice,
Let nature silence keep,
But ah! too seldom are my joys,
And those short joys in sleep.
Toscar thou mighty lord of shield,
Wide open gates and hall,
Each bolt unhinge, and strew the fields,
Ye Harpers raise the ball.
For in my sleep a voice I heard,
To flattring rais'd my soul,
I thought the silver lake appear'd,
In foamy surge to roll.
The breeze re-echo'd from each tree,
Malvina saw and fled,
She saw her lover cross the lea,
And wind his toga shed.
The sun upon his buckler glanc'd,
Like gold in stranger's hands,
I beck'd and thought he quick advanc'd,
A dream he seldom stand.

But in Malvina's breast thou lives,
Son of Prince Ossian strong,
For thee my gentle bosom heaves
A sigh, and tears along
My cheeks, like dew upon the rose,
Like weeping Birch I stand.
Each flexile bough my Oscar shews,
They are at thy command.
But fate, cruel fate, thy death stroke came,
Like a fierce winter gale,
That blasted both my health and fame,
And made my courage fail.
Spring with her balmy train arrives,
But health returns no more,
My maidens griev'd, nor were their lives
So cheerful as before.
How oft the cheering harp was strung,
My sorrow to allay,
How oft the aged minstrel sung,
To dry my wat'ry eye.
Upon my cheek the glist'ning tear,
Stood like the May morn dew,
My handmaids griev'd and strove to cheer
My mind, and ease my woe.
Why art thou sad fair Lutha's maid?
Say wherefore dost thou mourn?

For Oscar, tho' he was array'd
Like rosy beams of morn.
To Ossian's ear sweet is thy song,
Fair maid of Lutha's stream,
Oft when the nymphs sideral throng,
Thou heard him in each dream.
Sing of departed bard, thy eyes
Were shut for a short rest,
At Momouth's voice return'd from chace,
His loins with ardour grac'd.
When morning came oft hast thou heard,
The silver haired bard,
Sing as the lark in air when rear'd,
Each song commands regard.
Sing Malvina, thy dulcet voice
Can captivate the soul,
Extirpate grief give cheering joys,
When angry tempests roll.
Sharp are thy sorrows lovely maid,
They Toscar's daughter waste,
As the bright rose begins to fade,
Beneath the surly blast.
When winter and sharp frosts appear,
No springing flowers are seen,
This tale attend Malvina dear,
Tho' old I young have been.

The King commands I raise my sail,
And steer for Croma's bay,
The harbour of Green Innisfail,
Where kids and lambkin's play,
The castle and the towers are seen,
Of Crothar strong in war,
But hoary years have chang'd the scene,
He scarce can wield the spear.
Against the Cheftain Rothmar drew,
The sharp and glancing steel.
Brave Fingal saw, and to him flew,
His manly passions swell.
A plumy helmet bound his brow,
He Ossian sent to meet,
The haughty Rothmar now in view,
Bound in his mail complete,
The faithful Croma for his guide,
Who never shrunk in war,
With studded faulchion by his side,
He mounts the harness'd car.
With harp and song, bards went before,
To aged Crothar's Hall,
Where sat the warrior of yore,
Dangers could ne'er appal.
And still he sung of former years,
The walls with echo rung,

While round his staff the silver hairs,
He twisted as he sung.
The harpers whisper'd in his ear,
He stretched forth his hand,
Bless'd Ossian thrice and dropt a tear,
Before the chosen band.
O ! Ossian Crothar's strength is fail'd,
Thou mighty Prince of shields,
Could I but go, I would have sail'd,
And gain'd the tented fields.
Thy father Fingal gave me praise,
And fix'd my glitt'ring arms,
Those arms that Calthar gain'd in chase,
But death has reft their charms,
See and behold upon the wall,
The bossy shield of him
That is no more, his spear and all,
But ah ! mine eyes are dim.
Have ye yet strength like thy good sire,
Come let me feel thine arm ?
Has thy breast felt his martial fire ?
Has years yet made it warm ?
My hand I gave unto the King,
He cordially grasp'd the same,
While griefs his aged bosom wring,
The sight convuls'd my frame.

My soul could not the shock withstand,
To see the pearly shower,
Drop thick upon my uncloth'd hand,
Like dew drops on the flower.
Yes, thou art strong, the Monarch said,
But sighs withheld the sound,
But never Ossian will be said,
A Fingal's strength is found.
Tho' every valiant Chief combin'd,
And all their feats display,
An equal Fingal cannot find,
To cull the laurel bay.
Then let the harp and hautboy sound,
And every table spread,
Let wine in every hall abound,
And every soul be glad.
Strike harps ye bards in Fingal's praise,
And tell in Crothar's halls,
Till every wall in sound replies,
And his great manhood tells.
Come sons of Croma raise your voice,
Ye bards and minstrels sing,
Pour forth the wine and all rejoice,
Touch the citherean string.
But ah! too soon the louring cloud,

Their joy and mirth dispells,
They rend their hair and weep aloud,
And sighs each bosom swells.
Like the dark sky when Horus beams,
Are banish'd from our view,
Then frozen hail or liquid streams,
Roll from the mountain brow.
Their flowing wine and music cease,
When the crown'd Monarch spoke,
The tears descend his flexile knees,
He bent and silence broke.
Oscar, my valiant Oscar see,
The cloud that dims my eye,
The eye that beam'd, the mind was free
When all my sons were nigh.
In stranger's camp I cheerful sung,
Of Ossian in the hall.
Alas! the parting bell is rung,
Cold are the shroud and pall.
And is the son of Fingal slain,
And sunk beneath the blade,
The Chief of Tromlo's verdant plain,
Beheld my colour fade.
He learn'd that I possess'd the arms,
And all his pride arose,
His brow now flower'd with angry storms,
And shew'd his inward throws.

To Croma he came instantly,
And fought where many fell,
I bound my faulchion to my thigh,
And lac'd my brow with steel.
Friend Crothar's eyes alas! were clos'd,
My steps unequal slow,
Each look my inward grief disclos'd,
And all my pain and woe.
I wish'd in vain for days that past,
When young upon the field,
When I the barb'd weapons cast,
And bore the massy shield.
The fair hair'd Fovar Gorma came
From chace, but yet too young,
His puerile arm too weak for fame,
Nor are his sinews strong.
But he for martial glory thirsts,
To gain the verdant prize,
He look'd and saw the coursing bursts,
Fall from his father's eyes.
Great King of Croma he repli'd,
Have ye nor stay nor shield,
Your Fovar Gorma cannot guide,
His buckler in the field.
On hearing this fresh griefs arose,
I felt my strength decay,

I saw my features discompose
My son, and heard him say.
My father dear cast cares aside,
I've tri'd the bow of steel,
My sword thro' mail and helm shall guide,
My rising strength I feel.
In ev'ning shade I drew the cord,
Was fixed to my yew,
The arrow past thro' æther soar'd,
A hart and hind I slew.
My son the King repli'd, then go,
Alas! I cannot see,
Avenge my inward grief and woe,
And my supporter be.
Let all the host march on before,
That I thy footsteps hear,
A sound I fear to hear no more,
My Fovar Gorma dear.
He met the foe, he fought and fell,
Great Rothmar took the aim,
And pierc'd his bosom with the steel,
And left a breathless frame.
I bound my aged brow and rose,
And thrice my shield I rung,
The Captains came at ev'ning's close,
And loud the slughorns sung.

Night now her sable curtain threw,
Our fire illum'd the heath,
Until Aurora met the view,
To light the globe beneath,
When rosy day had left the deep,
And horizon of gold,
Rothmar beside a flow'ry steep,
We saw, and cross'd the wold.
Between our hosts a torrent pours,
And rais'd a murmuring call,
Each wave a mirror where our corps,
We view'd, spears helms and all.
Again the slagan sounds, we drew,
The sharp and glancing steel,
We aim'd the aim was sure and true,
The mighty Rothmar fell.
His arms were brought ere setting sun,
The arms his grand sires gave,
Old Crothan cried my valiant son,
Kneel and my blessing have.
Again his wonted joy appear'd,
As dew upon the heath,
He rose and strok'd his silver beard,
For joy of Rothmar's death.
Then to my hall the warriors came,
The shells alternate ring,

On every heath the bonfires flame,
Ten harpers touch the string.
Five bards by turns then rais'd the song,
And sung of Ossian's fame,
The feats of Fingal brave and strong,
Their eyes in raptures beam.
The olive branch wav'd o'er the land,
Old Croma's joys were great,
Till night had wav'd her sable wand,
Then meek ey'd silence sat.
Aurora shew'd her golden car,
No foes to us appear,
No glitt'ring instruments of war,
Great Crothar's host to fear.
Ere since the gloomy Rothmar fell,
Crothar exulting sung,
For Fovar Gorma I the shell,
Touch'd till the echo rung.
For him I heav'd a parting sigh,
And searched for the wound,
The clott'd blood seem'd to convey,
Me till the gash I found.
Once more the tide of joys arose,
I came, I saw, I spoke,
To the King of Spears then I disclose,
My mind and silence broke.

My son the darling of my heart,
Sleeps in his silent grave.
On the wide heath stones mark the part,
Where sleeps the good and brave.
How happy cried I, are the men,
That fall in honour's cause,
Their names for ages endless reign,
Their merit gains applause.
To all their friends the maidens sing,
While tending their young store,
The halls with songs of praise shall ring,
Till time can roll no more.

ON OPENING A

## *LODGE OF ODD FELLOWS*

IN ABERDEEN.

YE Sages record it an Odd Fellow sings,
His soul each false action disdains,
His honor unsullied, fraud's gall piercing stings,
Must fly where an Odd Fellow reigns.
Avaunt cowan coxcombs the Odd Fellow claims,
A right to the hearts of the fair,
The bumper my sons and toast the gay dames,
Heart and hand in support of the chair.
Our patron old Adam, the World our Lodge,
The great Architecture oft said,
I make (Esto Fideli) your motto and judge,
How falsehood will visit the shade.
Hand fast lock'd in hand for armorial join,
Sweet concord each brother shall bear,
Philanthropy always will fasten the chain,
To support the brave Odd Fellow's chair.
Think how many brethren like rebels of old,

Stole forth from the temple of light,
To wander in mazes of night.
From our Royal Shepherd and well stored fold,
In the wilderness reared a fargile abode,
Light as the straw stubble and air,
Our good Noble Grand still pointed the road,
And bade them return to the chair.
Old Jove convocated the natives of Sky,
To see where fair virtue remain'd,
Flown far from the mushrooms who every art try
To have one more proselyte chain'd.
Cried Phæton, dear father, one day on my tour,
She beckon'd and call'd me apart,
Tell my father, she cried, I've built a new bower,
That bower is an Odd Fellow's heart.
Hark children, said Jove, descend to the earth,
Present them this gay diadem,
Give every young brother the museum of mirth,
As friendship alone is their aim.
Such unsullied honor what Lodges can boast,
With upstarts it cannot appear,
The bumper, each brother our favorite toast,
Heart and hand in support of the chair.
Love warms an Odd Fellow's heart to a friend,
Peace bids him forgive every foe,
Charity tells of life waters that never will end,

To those who such friendship bestow.
Such virtues can Lodges of renegades claim,
They dwell with of Odd Fellows and there,
Untainted they blossom come drink and proclaim.
Heart and hand in support of the chair.
When press'd with ennui nor can find relief,
To a Lodge of Odd Fellows resort,
Where Comus and Bacchus dispel ev'ry grief,
And Momus beats time to the sport.
The bumpers exuberant fly quickly around,
No faces tear furrow'd appear,
With circles, jests flourish, and time beats the ground,
In the Lodge near the Odd Fellows chair.
God save our good Monarch, and guard him from woe,
And graciously look on the Queen,
Their offspring, and teach them sweet virtue below,
Protect them from rancour and spleen.
Our Lodge, Noble Grand, the toast three times three,
And every supporter revere,
Heres a health to all brethren of every degree,
Heart and hand in support of the Chair.

# A PASTORAL.

WHY has sorrow found birth in my breast?
How look I so oft on the ground?
I wander and can find no rest,
My slumbers are short and unsound.
When I the fair Zara first saw,
I thought her a rose without thorn,
Indostan, may boast of its law,
The Seraglios where fair virgins mourn.
When first she attracted my view,
Love fix'd in my bosom his sway,
The flowers seem'd to lose all their hue,
Where stood the fair Queen of the May.
I gaz'd on the charms of the fair,
And drank poison'd draughts at my eyes,
But my sighs were all lost in the air,
No hopes of my gaining the prize.
I wish'd, and I could not tell how,
What eye could her see and not love,
I snatched my reed up to try,

The pangs from my mind to remove.
She withdrew, but her image remain'd,
The flame seem'd more fiercer to grow,
I sought but no rest I obtain'd,
Each hour but encreased my woe.
The tiger from ambush new rais'd,
Before her would prostrate fall,
Her beauty would strike him amaz'd,
And conquer his most urgent call.
I wrote to her again and again,
And will'd her to answer the same,
But ah ! I but met with disdain,
She smil'd at my passion and flame.
To my prayers, sighs, and tears she is dumb,
Farewell then all gambols and joy,
Come death and bear me to my tomb,
Earth's scenes my poor fancy now cloy.
Adieu to the meadows so gay,
That oft would the moments beguile,
Unheaded ye tender lambs stray,
Thy gambols no more make me smile.
Farewell ye green groves of tall pine,
And streamlets meandering along,
Where pebbles transparently shine,
As sweetly you chorus the song.
Fair alcove adieu where each spray,

Seemed in a soft concert to ring,
When oft in the ev'ning I lay,
To hear the sweet minstrels sing.
Come Sylvans and dig a deep grave,
And there lay my weak body down,
Ye warblers raise the requiem stave,
And all earthly pomp I disown.

# RECREATIONS.

## THE TWO FAULTS.

We Men have ten thousands faults,
The Women only two,
There is nothing good they say,
And nothing good they do.

## EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone a Lawyer lies,
Fame us assureth he was just and wise,
An able Advocate, and honest too,
How strange ye Gods? And can this tale be true?

## DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

Houses, Churches, mixed together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather,

Prisons, Palaces contiguous,
Gates a bridge the Thames irriguous.
Gaudy things enough to tempt you,
Shewy outsides, insides empty,
Baubles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows and carts,
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid,
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, Aldermen, and Footmen,
Lawyers, Poets, Priests, Physicians,
Nobles, simples, all conditions,
Worth beneath a thread bare cover,
Villany bedaub'd all over,
Women brunette fair and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray,
Handsome, ugly, noisy still,
Some that will not, some that will.
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling,
Many a bargain if ye strike it,
This is London, how d'ye like it?

## EPITAPH.

Go add this verse to Goad's hearse,
Goad is gone, but whether?
Goad himself is gone to God,
'Twas death's Goad drove him thither.

## ON WOMAN.

O Woman! O Woman vain whimsical thing,
Whose tongue drops sweet honey, whose tail hath a sting,
Whose bottom is cork, whose brains are all feather,
'Twould puzzle a joiner to put thee together.

## COMPOSITION OF WOMAN.

We are informed by an Amateur of Anatomy, after dissecting several of them of the various articles composing their bodies, being 32 distinct parts, which are as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vanity, | 8 | Fickleness, | 4 |
| Love of Rule, | 4 | Timidity, | 2 |
| Sexual Passion, | 4 | Innocency, | 2 |
| Artifice, | 4 | Superstition, | 4 |

This composes the fabric.

Q. Why is the Nine of Diamonds called the curse of Scotland?

A. Diamonds, as the ornamental jewels of a regal Crown, imply no more in the above-named proverb, than a mark of Royalty. For Scotland's Kings, for many ages were observed, each ninth to be a tyrant, who by civil wars, and the fatal consequences of intestine discord, plunged the divided nation into strange disorders, gave occasion in the course of time to form the proverb.

Q. How can the number 45 be divided into four such parts, if to the first part you add 2,
From the second part you substract - 2,
The third part you multiply by - - 2,
And the fourth part you divide by - 2.
So that the sum of the addition, the remainder of the subtraction, the product of the multiplication, and the quotient of the division be all equal?

A. The first is 8, which add 2, the sum is 10.
The second is 12, substract 2, the remainder is 10.
The third is 5, multiply by 2, the product is 10.
The fourth is 20, divide by 2, the quotient is 10.

45.

Q. There are two Letters in the Alphabet which always are together, and are never parted, which are they?——Ans. Q. U.

Q. When life and breath forsake a body, what doth that body stand in need of?

A. Both life and breath when you were born
Did from your mother go;
'Twas nourishment you needed then,
This you and I both know.

Q. I'm neither man, beast, fish, nor bird,
Insect or reptile none,
Yet live and breathe, tho' on my word,
My origin was bone,
As soon as ye have found my name,
All doubt will disappear,
Then fail not to reveal the same,
Unto us without fear.

A WOMAN.

## RECIPE TO MAKE A CONVENTION.

Take of Negotiation, five handfuls; of French Influence, seven pounds; of Spanish Arrogance, a sufficient quantity; of British Moderation, (a plant well known for its virtues, and needs no description) a sufficient quantity, one Gallon of the triple distilled Waters of Lethe, mixed with a strong decoction of Ministerial Ignorance: infuse

this in a proper quantity of a British Flower, which grows spontaneously, called modern Pusillanimity, add to this five pints of Asses Milk, and set the whole to simmer, for three months, on a Preliminary Fire, and you will have an admirable specific, called the Quintessence of Convention. Probatum est.

---

Q. Just One Pound Ten Shillings will name a man,
His sign likewise, 'tis not the Swan,
Tell me this Landlord's Name and Sign,
That John may know to call and dine?

A. Mark Thirteen Shillings and Fourpence—Noble Six Shillings and Eightpence—Angel Ten Shillings—Mark Noble at the Sign of the Angel.

---

## EPIGRAM.

Dick on his Wife could not bestow,
One tear of sorrow when she died,
Her life had made so many flow,
That all the briny font was dried.

Q. Come tell to me what figures three,
When multiplied by four,
Make five exact 'tis truth in fact,
This unto me explore.

A. In decimals 1.25 is $\frac{1}{4}$, which being multiplied by four, the product is five.

One thousand and five hundred place,
And add one thousand more,
A vowel between the numbers place,
A title you'll explore. MADAM.

Q. If from six ye take nine, and from nine ye take ten,
Ye wits this enigma explain,
And if fifty from forty be taken there then,
Just six you will find still remain.

A. If from SIX ye take IX, and from IX ye take X,
And from XL take L, then six will remain.

## EPITAPH.

Here lies one, believe it if you can,
Tho' an Attorney, was an honest man,
The gates of heaven will for him open wide,
But close again on all the tribe beside.

Q. 0, 6, and 500 will tell you the name of an ancient Poet, which is he ?

A. Ovid.

## A CURE FOR LOVE.

One end of a rope make fast to a beam,
But make a slip noose at the other extreme,
And then underneath let a cricket be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get,
Then over his head let the noose quick be got,
Below his left ear let him settle the knot,
Then kick down the cricket and take a full swing,
And leave all the rest of the cure to the string.

Q. Why are widows more forward to marry than young women ?

A. This needs no solution. All young men acknowledge that it is nothing but up and ride, and indeed almost ravish the widows into matrimony, which is a state they all sigh for, and they are eagerly sought, if they have any appurtenance worth angling for—this for the men's side. Then for the women's in the forementioned metaphor—

Whether of the two is easier to mount. An old pad hack, that has been beating upon the road these ten years; or a young skittish filly that was never backed before, but flouncing about like Bucephalus, when he stood in his own light.

## EPITAPH.

Here lies a Peck which some men say,
Was first of all a Peck of clay,
Wrought by a skill divine, while fresh,
Became a curious Peck of Flesh.
Thro' various forms the substance ran,
Till rolling years made Peck a Man,
For forty years he felt life's bubbles,
But death reliev'd a Peck of troubles.
Thus fell poor Peck as all things must,
And here he lies a Peck of Dust.

Q. Dick Guzzle in cue, I one night heard say,
He owed twenty shillings had them not to pay,
Ye sages in numbers unto me explore,
How the sum can be paid with nineteen and no more?

A. The one-half, one-third, one-sixth, one-nineteenth, are nine shillings and sixpence, six shillings and fourpence, three shillings and twopence, and one shilling—Twenty Shillings—One Pound.

## EPITAPH.

By the strength of the die, on his back here doth lie,
Our most audible Clerk, Master Hammond,
Tho' he bore many men, till threescore and ten,
By Death he at last was back-gammon'd.
But hark! neighbour hark, here again comes the Clerk,
By a hit very lucky and nice,
With death w're now even,
He step'd up to heaven,
And is with us again in a trice.

Q. Six hundred and sixty so ordered may be,
That if ye divide the whole number by three,
The quot will exactly in numbers express,
The half of six hundred and sixty not less?

A. If the tails of the sixes be reversed, the sum will be nine hundred and ninety, the third of which is three hundred and thirty, equal to the half of six hundred and sixty—e. g. 660. 990. 3(990) 330.

## EPITAPH.

Below this stone lies Catherine Gray,
Ta'en from this life, to lifeless clay,
By earth and clay she gain'd her pelf,
But now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends let me advise,
Your griefs abate, and dry your eyes,
For what avails a flood of tears,
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some deep pitcher or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again.

## EPITAPH.

Good passenger there lies one here,
That living did lie every where.

THE END.

# ERRATA.

Vol. I.—Page 12, Line 11, for American, read Armorican.
—— 78, —— 14, after thee, add laurel.
—— 85, —— 4, after green, add plots.
——126, —— 10, for 1562, read 1562.
——157, —— 7, from the bottom, for 1380, read 1480.
——208, —— 3, ibid, for 1761, read 1705.
——208, —— 5, ibid, for 1761, read 1705.
——209, —— 5, for 1782, read 1752.

Vol. II.—Page 13, Line 18, read Buckles Topaz.
—— 24, —— 18, —— name.
—— 42, —— 4, —— Mary.
——124, —— 6, —— Domine da quod Jubes.
——146, —— 17, —— twinkling orbs.
——149, —— 11, —— rose.
——149, —— 20, —— in his hand.
——177, Read line third, and then line second.

# SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

Messrs. Alexander Abel, Aquhirton, Kintore.
Francis Anderson, Mill of Blackford, Auchterless.
Robert Allan, Shipmaster, Aberdeen.
William Allan, Runallach, Cluny.
Joseph Anderson, Aberdeen.
Alexander Anderson, Gellan, Coul.
Alex. Anderson, Beltie, Kincardine O'Neil.
George Andrew, Kirktown, Kemnay.
James Barclay, Schoolmaster, Long Acre, Aberdeen.
George Birnie, Druggist, School-Hill, ditto.
Alex. Beaton, Freefield, Rayne.
Charles Begg, Miltown, Towie.
James Boyn, Schoolmaster, Glascoego, Kinnellar.
William Benton, Burnside, Keig.
George Berry, Village, Alford.
Alexander Berry, Slady, Midmar.
Thomas Black, Old Aberdeen.
Thomas Bowman, Midmill, Alford.
John Birse, Bottomend, Aboyne.
William Booth, Auchmenzie, Clatt.
John Brand, Bogmore, Birse.
William Brodie, Backease, Glenbucket.
William Christie, Schoolmaster, Kildrummy.
James Catanach, Schoolmaster, Tillyduke, Strathdon.
Mrs. C. M. C.
Messrs. Kenneth Clark, East Gallowhill, Alford.
James Clark, ——, Coul.
George Clark, Post Office, Ballater.
George Clark, Silverford, Auchindore.
James Cormack, Miltown Wartle, Rayne.
George Catanach, Bridge-end, Mossat, Kildrummy.

Messrs. Shaw Catanach, Birsebegg, Birse.
George Craigmille, Broomfold, Kincardine O'Neil.
William Cruickshank, Tocher, Rayne.
William Chapman, Kirktown, Aboyne.
John Carnegie, Gallowgate, Aberdeen.
William Carnegie, Gallowgate, Aberdeen.
Alex. Christal, Druggist, ditto
William Couts, Whitehaugh, Tullynessle.
John Cairns, Bridge-end, Birse.
David Campbell.
Charles Dawson. Schoolmaster, Kemnay.
James Davie, Musical Repository, Aberdeen.
Peter Donald, Excise Officer.
William Davidson, Balfour, Birse.
Alexander Davidson, Durno, Chapel of Garioch.
John Dickie, Sauchen, Cluny.
William Duncan.
John Duncan, Candacraig, Glentanner.
Alexander Deans, ——, Kemnay.
Francis Duguid, Auchmarran, Tullich.
William Duguid, Logie, Coldstone.
George Davie, Marywell, Birse.
William Ewan, Castle Fraser, Cluny.
Charles Ewan, Birchen Hillock, Glentanner.
Alex. Elles, ——, Auchindore.
James Ellethorn, Gordon's Mills, Aberdeen.
Right Honourable the Earl of Fife.
Charles Forbes, Esq. Edinglassie, M. P. 2 copies.
Mr. Charles Fraser, Aberdeen, 2 copies.
William Farquharson, Esq. Monaltrie.
Rev. John Forbes, Banff.
Captain George Forbes, Kinnord, Tullich.
Rev. Gordon Forbes, Towie.
Rev. James Farquharson, Alford.
Messrs. John Fyfe, Schoolmaster, Towie.
William Forbes, Ardgaethen, Alford.
Peter Forbes, Downenford, Tarland.
Alex. Forbes, Damfold, Tullynessle.
John Forbes, Dalhaiky, Kincardine O'Neil.
Robert Charles Grant, Esq. Advocate, Aberdeen.

Messrs. George Grant, Hadagain.
William Grassich, Gilcomstone.
James Grant, Haugh, Strathdon.
Charles Gordon, Croft, Balmorral, Crathie.
Alex. Gordon, Whiteside, Tullynessle.
Francis Gordon, Bridge, Glenmuick.
Thomas Gordon, Coul.
John Gray, Balgairn, Glengairn.
John Gordon, Oldtown, Kennethmont.
John Gibbon, Bridge of Led, Tullynessle.
Alex. Gibbon, Blairs, Towie.
Alex. Garioch, Moss-side, Culsalmond.
Peter Grant, Mains of Tillyfuor, Oyne.
Mr. Robert Garden, Gallowgate, Aberdeen.
David Gibb, Edinglassie, Tarland.
Rev. James Gordon, Glenlivat.
General Hay, Leith-hall.
Miss Margaret Harper, Kildrummy.
Messrs. James Hosie, Archballoch, Alford.
John Hay, Uppertown, Glenbucket.
David Henderson, Newbigging, Clatt.
Robert Hunter, Braco, Chapel of Garioch.
Lewis F. Innes, Esq; Ballogie.
Messrs. Peter Jaffray, Mid-mill, Alford.
Alex. Jaffray, Wellhead, ditto.
William Joss, Banley, ditto.
Rev. James Francis Kyle, Auquhorties.
Messrs. Alex. Keith, Copperplate Printer, Aberdeen.
Alex. Knowles, Bookseller, Spittal, ditto.
Walter King, Gallowgate, ditto.
John Kellas, Toman Chapel, Strathdon.
John Leslie, Esq. Balquhain, 3 copies.
Theodore F. Leith, Esq. Whitehaugh.
Messrs. J. Logan, Chapel Street, Aberdeen.
David Leslie, Castlefraser.
George Leslie, Alford.
William Leith, Alford.
John Low, Craigendinny, Aboyne.
Robert Laing, Fetternear.
James Laurence, Tarland.

Lewis Littlejohn, Aberdeen.
William Lawrie, Public Library, Gallowgate, Aberdeen.
Alexander Laia, Monymusk.
Lieut. Johnston Martin, ditto.
Messrs. James M'Donald, Old Aberdeen.
Normand M'Hardy, Cockbridge, Strathdon.
Mr. Hugh M'Connach, Schoolmaster, Alford.
Rev. John M'Hardy, Schoolmaster, Crathie.
Rev. William Malcolm, ditto, Cushnie.
Messrs. G. M'Donald, Druggist, Old Aberdeen.
William Minto, Nethermill, Alford.
William M'Knight, Nether Coulie, Monymusk.
Henry Michie, Surgeon, Strathdon.
John M'Intosh, Schoolmaster, ditto.
George Mortimer, Beltie, Kincardine O'Neil.
Peter Mathison, Kemnay.
John Middleton, Midstrath, Birse.
Thomas Middleton, Glentanner.
George Middleton, Coul.
Thomas M'Laggan, Clarich, Tullich.
Angus M'Intosh, Ballater.
Alex. Milne, Maryfield, Kincardine O'Neil.
Robert Milne, Bankhead, Midmar.
James Mitchell, Aberdeen.
James Mitchell, Clatt.
William Mitchell, New Inn, Alford.
Robert Mitchell, Craiglea, Balfour, Birse.
George Munro, Marywell, ditto.
George Mackie, Fetternear, Chapel of Garioch.
James Morrice, Alford.
Alex. Maitland, Tocher, Rayne.
George Murrion, Bonnytown, ditto.
Alex. Mellis, Taeloch, Clatt.
John M'Pherson.
James M'Leod, Tocher, Rayne.
Peter M'Robie, Newbigging, Culsalmond.
William M'Dougal, Kincluny, Durris.
James Middleton, Kinstair, Alford.
William M'Donald, Kincluny, Durris.
Thomas Ness, Glenkindy, Towie.

Charles Neill, Newkirk, Coldstone.
Peter Neill, Wreaton, Aboyne.
David Nicol, New, Strathdon.
John Nicol, Newton, Fetterncar.
James Ogg, Schoolmaster, Glentanner.
Rev. James Paul, Tullynessle.
Messrs. John Philip, Mill of Garchary, Tarland.
William Petrie, Mill of Glenkindy, Towie.
Robert Pirie, Moonhaugh, Keig.
Alex. Paterson, Sluie, Kincardine O'Neil.
Robert Paterson, Mill of Tolmads, ditto.
James Philip, Breda, Alford.
Robert Petrie.
Rev. Alex. Reid, Kildrummy.
Messrs. William Reid, Schoolmaster, Tullynessle.
George Reid, Schoolmaster, Baud, Lumphanan.
James Reid, Templetown, Kildrummy.
John Reid, Huntly.
George Reid, Westhaugh, Tillyfuor, Oyne.
Alex. Reid, Glenkindy, Strathdon.
John Reid, Auchmillan, Auchindore.
Joseph Reid, Wester Durris.
John Ritchie, Torran, Glengairn.
Archibald Ritchie, Glentanner.
Thomas Robertson, Sauchen, Cluny.
Rev. James Sharp, Auquhorties.
Rev. Robert Scott, Glenbucket.
John Stuart, Esq. Dee Castle, Tullich.
Messrs. Raymond Stuart, Breda. Alford
James Sadler, Mill of Aboyne.
William Stuart, Gallowgate, Aberdeen.
William Smith, Drumniachie, Birse.
James Smith, Miltown, Kildrummy.
Thomas Smith, Montgary, Tullynessle.
Jane Skinner, Boggyshalloch, ditto.
Isabella Souter, ditto.
Mr. Alex. Simpson, Park, ditto.
Mrs. Agnes Simpson, Crookmore, ditto.
Messrs. John Sutherland, Gallowgate, Aberdeen.
Elspet Stuart, Spittal, Aberdeen.

John Smart, Marywell, Birse.
John Strachan, Officer, Aboyne.
James Sheriffs, Tullich.
George Simpson, Wester Skellater, Tarland.
Alex. Taylor, Esq. Wellhouse, Alford.
Rev. William Thomson, Ballogie, Birse.
Rev. James Thomson, Schoolmaster, Kennethmont.
Messrs. John Touch, Boghead, Auchindore.
Alex. Taylor, Castle Forbes, Keig.
Charles Thain, Kinnaldy, Coldstone.
William Valentine, Craigour, Kincardine O'Neil.
John Watt, Esq. Nethercluny, Mortlach.
Messrs. Robert White, Surveyor, Glentanner.
James Walker, Chapel of Garioch.
William Watt, Birse.
John Watt, Dorsell, Alford.
Alex. Wright, Coul.
James Wright, Rothmaise, Rayne.
David Will, Midmill, Alford.
James Walker, Ardhuncker, Kildrummy.
John Wight, Tocher, Rayne.
James Watt, Braeline, Glentanner.
Andrew Youngson, Esq. Keig.
James Young, Birsebegg, Birse.

UNIVERSITY OF B.C. LIBRARY
3 9424 03082 8526

University of British Columbia Library

DUE DATE

ET-6